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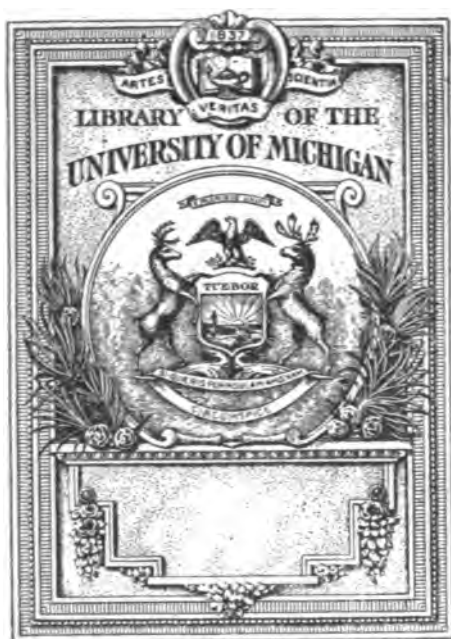
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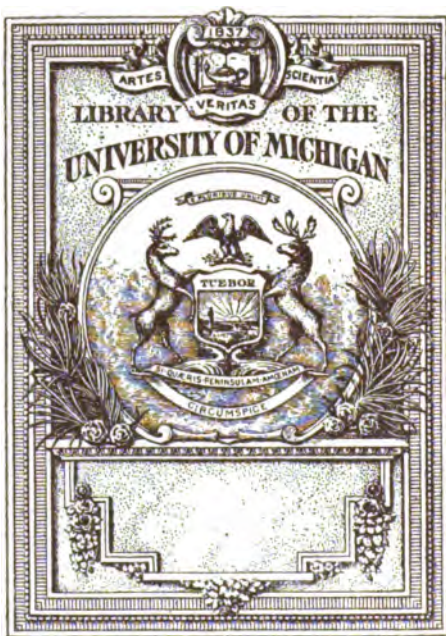
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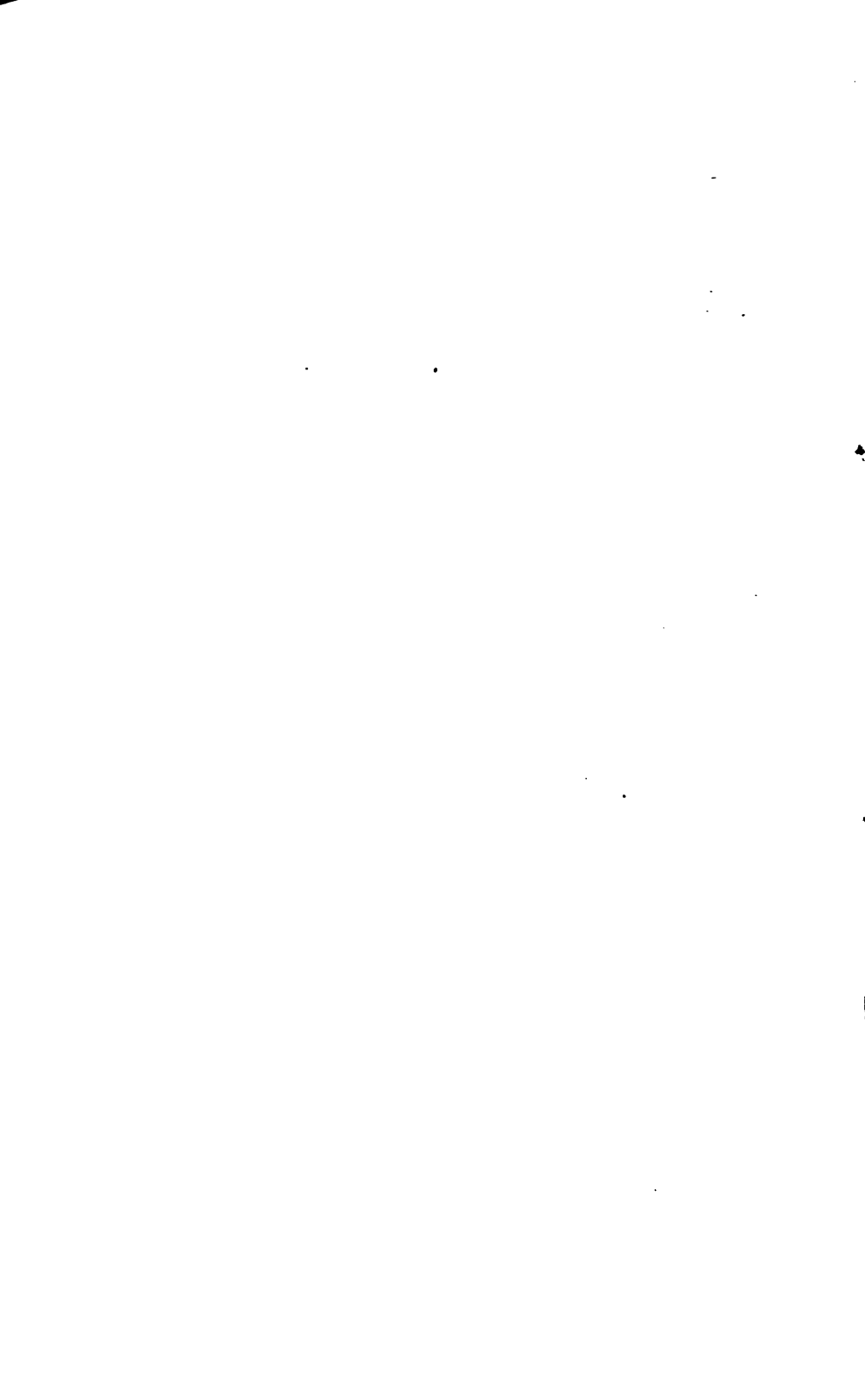
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WHY is Ethical Science, as pursued in this country of late years, even to reflecting men, so little attractive and so little edifying? The cognate study of metaphysics has, after long neglect, recently, in a wonderful way, renewed its youth, but to moral science no such revival has as yet come. And yet human character, the subject it deals with, is one, it would seem, of no inconsiderable interest. Physical science has no doubt drained off the current of men's thoughts, and left many subjects which once engaged them high and dry. But man, his spiritual being, his possibilities here, his destiny hereafter, these still remain, amid all the absorption of external things, the one highest marvel, the paramount centre of interest to men. It cannot be said that modern literature—the great exponent of what men are thinking—circles less than of old round the great human problems. Rather with the circuit of the suns, not only

have the thoughts of men widened, but also their moral consciousness, we will not say their heart, has deepened. Modern literature, as compared with that of last century, has nothing more distinctive in it than this,—that it has broken into deeper ground of sentiment and reflection, ground which had hitherto lain fallow, non-existent or unperceived. About the deeper soul-secrets, literary men of last century either did not greatly trouble themselves, or they practised a very strict reserve. But our own and the preceding age has seen an unveiling of the most inward—often of the most sacred feelings—which has sometimes gone beyond the limits of manliness and self-respect. This bringing to light of layers of consciousness hitherto concealed, though sometimes carried too far, has certainly enriched our literature with new wealth of moral content. In the best modern poetry it has shown itself by greater intensity and spirituality; in the highest modern novels, by delicacy of analysis, discrimination of the finer tints of feeling, variety and fine shading of character hitherto unknown; in the modern essay, by a subtleness and penetrative force which make the most perfect papers of Addison seem slight and trivial. It farther manifests itself in the growing love and keener appreciation of the few great world-poets, who are after all the finest embodiments of moral wisdom. It may be that so much ethical thought has been turned off into these channels that it has left less to be expended in the more systematic form of ethical science. It may be too, that, as the field of moral experience widens, and the meaning of life deepens, and its problems become more complex, it demands proportionably stronger and rarer powers to gather up all this wealth, and shape it into systematic form. Certain it is that the modern time produces no such masters of moral wisdom for our day, as Aristotle, and Marcus Aurelius were to the old world, or even as Bishop Butler was to his generation. Wide, many-sided, sensitive, deep, complex, as is the moral life in which we now move, if we would seek any philosophic guidance through its intricacies, any thinking which is at once solid, clear, practical, and instinct with life, we must turn, not to any modern treatise, but to the pages of these bygone worthies. What help ardent spirits, looking for guidance in our day, have found, has been not from the philosophers, but from some living poet, some giant of literature with no pretension to philosophy, or some inspired preacher. Wordsworth, Coleridge, Carlyle, Newman, Frederick Robertson, these, not the regular philosophers, have been the moral teachers of our generation, and to these young men have turned, to get from them what help they might. And now it seems that in these last days many, wearied out with straining after their high but

impalpable spiritualities, have betaken themselves to a style of teaching which, if it promises less, offers, as they think, something more systematic and more certain. In despair of spiritual truth, they are fain to fill their hunger with the husks of a philosophy which would confine all men's thoughts within the phenomenal world, and deny all knowledge that goes beyond the co-existences and successions of phenomena.

From aberrations like this perhaps no moral philosophy would have delivered men. But it would be well if, warned by such signs, it were to return closer to life and fact, deal more with things which men really feel; if, leaving general sentiments and moral theories, it would attempt some true diagnosis of the very complex facts of human nature, of the moral maladies from which men suffer, the burdens they need removed, the aspirations which they can practically live by. Instead of this,—instead of dealing with the actual and the ideal, which co-exist in man, and out of which, if at all, a harmony of life is to be woven, philosophers have been content to repeat a meagre and conventional psychology, taken mostly from books, not fresh from living hearts; or they have lost themselves in the metaphysical problems which no doubt everywhere underlie moral life, but which, pursued too far, distract attention from the vital realities. These two causes have exhausted the strength and the interest of moral study—either a cut-and-dried conventional psychology, or absorbing metaphysical discussion. The former, in which moral truths appeared shrivelled up, like plants in a botanist's herbarium, is the style of things you find in the most approved text-books of the last generation.

'Never before,' as one has smartly said, 'had human nature been so neatly dissected, so handily sorted, or so ornamentally packed up. The virtues and vices, the appetites, emotions, affections, and sentiments, stood each in their appointed corner, and with their appropriate label, to wait in neat expectation for the season of the professorial lectures, and the literary world only delayed their acquiescence in a uniform creed of moral philosophy till they should have arranged to their satisfaction whether the appetites should be secreted in the cupboard or paraded on the chimney-piece; or whether certain of the less creditable packets ought in law and prudence, or ought not in charity, to be ticketed "Poison." Everything was as it should be, or was soon to be so—differences were not too different, nor unanimity too unanimous—opinion did not degenerate into certainty, nor interest into earnestness, moral philosophy stood apart, like a literary gentleman of easy circumstances, from religion and politics, and truth itself was grateful for patronage, instead of being clamorous for allegiance. Types were delicate, margins were large, publishers were attentive, the intellectual world said it was intellectual, and the public acquiesced in the assertion. What more could scientific heart desire?'

This description may contain something of caricature, and yet there are books enough on moral science which justify it—books which no doubt have been successful in disgusting many with the subject of which they treat. Nor has moral philosophy suffered less from those deeper and more abstract discussions which have often in modern times been substituted for itself. Men of a profounder turn have so busied themselves with investigations of the nature of right, the law of duty, freedom and necessity, and suchlike hard matters, that these have absorbed all their interest and energy, and left none for the treatment of those concrete realities which make up the moral life of man. Not that such discussions can be dispensed with. They are always necessary, never more so than now, when the spiritual ground of man's moral being is so often denied by materialistic or by merely phenomenal systems. It were well perhaps that they should be made a department by themselves, under the title of *Metaphysic of Ethics*, to be entered on by those who have special gifts for such inquiries. For when substituted for the whole or chief part of moral inquiry, they become 'unpractical discussions of a practical subject,' and as such alienate many from a study which, if rightly treated, would deepen their thought and elevate their character.

For what is the real object with which moral science deals? Every science has some concrete entity, some congeries of facts, which is called in a general way its subject-matter. Botany, we say, deals with plants or herbs, geology with the strata which form the earth's crust, astronomy with the stars and their motions, psychology with all the states of human consciousness. What, then, is the concrete entity with which moral science deals? It is not the active powers of man, nor the emotions, nor the moral faculty—not these, each or all. It is simply human character. This is the one great subject it has ever before it. About this it asks what is character, its nature, its elements, what influences make it, what mar it, in what consists its perfection, what is its destiny? This may seem a very elementary statement, but it is quite needful to recur to it, and even to reiterate it, so much has it been lost sight of in the pursuit of side questions branching out of it. At the outset, before any analysis is begun, the student cannot too deeply receive the impression of character as a great and substantive reality. Some vague perception of character all men, of course, have. They are aware, whether they dwell on it or not, that men differ not only in face and form and outward circumstances, but in something more inward, they cannot exactly tell what. But farther than this confused notion most persons do not go. Others there are who see much more than this, who have a keen penetrating glance into every man they meet, apprehend his

bias, know what manner of man he is, and deal with him accordingly. This gift, so useful in practice, we call an eye to character; those who possess it, good judges of character. It is the same gift of discerning the quality of men which some persons have of judging of horses and other cattle. Hence *Æschylus* spoke of a good judge of character as *προβατογνώμων*. But this practical insight, so useful in business, and it may be to a certain extent in speculation, is something distinct from a fine and deep perception of the higher moralities of character. Shrewd observers of human nature are often keen to discern the weaknesses and foibles of men, and even to exaggerate them, but slow to perceive those finer traits of heart which lie deeper. The apprehension of character with which the student should begin, and which his moral studies ought to deepen, is something very different from this. It is an eye open to see, a heart sensitive to feel the higher excellences of human nature, as they have existed, and still exist in the best of the race. It is a spirit the very opposite of that of the cynic, one which, while it looks steadily at the moral maladies and even basenesses into which men fall, yet, without being sentimental, loves more to contemplate the nobler than the baser side,—which, behind the commonplaces and trivialities, can seize life's deeper import, and look up, and aspire towards, the heights which have been attained, and are still attainable by man. To call out and strengthen in young minds such perceptions is one main end of moral teaching. No doubt there are influences which can do this more powerfully than any teaching. To have seen and known lives which have embodied these fair qualities, to have felt the touch of their human goodness, to have companioned with those

‘ Whose soul the holy forms
Of young imagination hath kept pure ;’

to have fed on high thoughts, and been familiar with the examples of the heroes, the sages, the saints of all time, so as to believe that such lives were once on earth, and are not impossible even now,—these are, beyond all teaching, the ‘virtue-making’ powers. But moral philosophy, though subordinate to these, is useless, if it does not supplement them; if it does not at once justify the heart's aspirations on grounds of reason, and strengthen while it enlightens the will to pursue them. Character, then, in the concrete, truthful, solid, pure, high, as ‘better than gold, yea than fine gold, its revenue than choice silver,’—as the best thing we know of in all our experience, the one thing needful for a man, which to have got is to have got all, to have missed is to miss all,—this cannot be too fully set before the learner at the outset, as the goal to which all his inquiries must tend, which alone gives his inquiries any value.

If this is not seen and grasped broadly and deeply at first, and its presence felt throughout all our reasoning, the discussion and analysis that follow become mere words—hair-splitting and logomachy.

To observe moral facts, and retain them steadily, requires a moral perception innate or trained, or both. Every one will remember Aristotle's saying that 'he should have been well trained in his habits who is to study aright things beautiful and just, and in short all moral subjects. For facts are the starting-point.' Quickness and tenacity of moral perception is not so much an intellectual as a moral gift. Nay, it is easy to overdo the intellectual part of the process. Too rigid logic, too exact defining and subdividing of that which often can be but inadequately defined, kills it. It is like trying to hold a sun-beam in an iron vice. The faculty that will best catch the many aspects and finer traits of character must be a nice combination, an even balance between mental keenness and moral emotion. It is the heart within the head which makes up that form of philosophic imagination most needed by the moralist. If moral character, in its higher aspects, were set thus truly and strongly before young minds, it would require little else to counteract materialism. Such elevating views might be left, almost without reasonings, to work their natural effect on all who were susceptible of them.

Character has been defined as 'a completely fashioned will.' This, as has been said, is to be kept continually before us in all moral inquiry as its practical end,—that which gives it solidity. But, when once we have looked at it steadily, whether as it has existed actually in the best men, or in the ideal, the question at once arises, How is this right character to be attained? How is the good that is within to be made ascendant,—the less good to be subordinated, the evil to be cast out? Of the numerous questions which this practically suggests, as to the standard by which character is to be tested, the foundation of moral goodness, and many more, the simplest and most obvious is to ask, What is in man? What are the various elements of man's nature? Thus we are at once landed in psychology. And so it has happened, that almost all great ethical thinkers, whatever their method, even when it depends mainly on certain great *a priori* conceptions, have attempted some enumeration of the various parts or elements which make up human life. Begun by Plato and Aristotle, carried on by the Stoics, revived in modern times by Hobbes, not neglected even by demonstrative Spinoza, this way of proceeding by observation of living men, and of our own minds, formed the whole staple of Bishop Butler's method. It is strange as we read the first fetches into human nature of those early thinkers, with how much more living power they

come home to us than modern psychologies. This comes probably of their having read their facts straight off their own hearts, or from observation of other men. There is something in the first thoughts of the world which can never recur, something in having been the first utterer of those words, the first noters of those distinctions, which thenceforth were to become the common inheritance of all men. Compared with theirs, the moral psychology of recent times has for the most part become stale and unprofitable, because, the first main outlines having been already explored, the moderns have but repeated with slight alteration the old analysis, presenting us with tabulated lists of appetites, desires, passions, affections, and so forth, at which men only yawn. In fairness, however, we must allow that although we dissent most entirely from the fundamental principles of Professor Bain's philosophy, we have found in his elaborate work on the 'Emotions and the Will' many facts which are either new, or at least which we have not before seen registered in systematic treatises. Certainly if psychology is to interest and instruct once more, it must leave the stereotyped forms, and enrich itself with new and hitherto unnoted facts, gathered partly from the more subtle and varied shades of feeling, partly from the wider survey of human history, and the deepened human experience, which our present civilisation has opened up. The surest method then for ethical science, is to begin with moral psychology; that is, with a close study of the phenomena which make up man's moral nature. This is its beginning, but not its end. From observation of these, it will be led down to fundamental ideas which underlie them; that is, it will land us in theology or religion.

There are two ways in which psychology may go to work. It may begin at the centre, the core of man's being, at the mysterious conscious 'I,' the fully formed personal will, and then show how the several powers and faculties group themselves round this centre. But perhaps the better way is, beginning at the outside, to follow what we may conceive to be the historical growth of the individual, as well as of the race, and to show how each of the phases of our being successively rises into prominence. Such a survey would place before us man in his earliest stage as a mass of natural appetencies or instinctive tendencies, each seeking blindly its appropriate end, the reaching of which is necessary to continued existence. Accompanying these primitive desires, we should find certain faculties which are the instruments by which the former reach their end,—the executive as it were of the blind impulses. During this stage, the spontaneous action of these appetencies engenders certain secondary passions, such as love of things which help the attainment of their ends, hatred of things which thwart them.

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Of these primitive outgoings, some we can see have reference to the good of self, some to the good of others, long before self-gratification can be set before us as a conscious object. Such is the earliest stage of our existence,—the appetitive, the spontaneous or semi-conscious, as we see it in infants, or in uncivilized tribes. This is the raw material, as it were, out of which character is to be formed. The aggregate amount of all these primitive elements, and the relative proportions in which the higher and the lower are mingled in each man, will go far to determine what he will ultimately become.

But out of the midst of this blind congeries experience develops new powers. Very early in the appetitive life the desires must meet with obstacles, and the faculties that purvey for them, being thwarted, are driven inward, and forced to concentrate themselves for a more conscious effort to remove the hindrance. Here, then, is the first dawning, the earliest consciousness of will, within us. Again, out of the appetitive life, when experienced long enough, there rises a power of intelligence or reflection which, observing that each desire has its own end, and that the attainment of that end brings pleasure, generalizes from these separate goods the idea of a general good for our whole nature, a satisfaction arising from the permanent gratification of all our desires, or at least of as many of them as may be possible. Reflection soon perceives that desire left to act blindly,—our nature swayed now by this, now by that impulse,—does not attain to any stable happiness. Some kinds of action, it observes, make towards this happiness, others thwart it; the former it calls useful actions, the latter hurtful. From these observations it generalizes the idea of a total personal good or self-interest as an end to be aimed at, and forms subordinate rules of conduct with a view to attain that end. Self-interest thus intelligently conceived may become an end of life, or what is called a motive—an ever present motive to guide the will. Governed by this motive, the will can control anarchic passion, and introduce order into a man's desires and conduct. In doing this, the will, besides the power of reflection, is fortified by the emotions; because, by a law of our nature, self-interest, when once conceived as an end, is eagerly embraced as a new object for the affections. This is the second or prudential stage of our nature. Some men remain all their lives in the former or appetitive stage, and these we call impulsive men. Others regulate their actions by well-calculated self-interest, and these we call prudent, or it may be, if self-interest is too absorbing, selfish, men. But though the two types of character are clear, yet so infinitely diversified are these simple elements in themselves, and in their degrees of strength, that perhaps no two

men ever lived in whom they were compounded exactly alike, in no two men was the same physiognomy of character ever reproduced.

But not any or all of the elements yet noticed, however mingled, would make what is called a moral being; they do not yet rise above the life of nature. To do this, there needs must dawn another and higher consciousness. Reflection cannot stop at the idea of merely personal good, for it sees that there are other beings of the same nature and desires as ourselves who have each a self-interest of their own as well as we. But as the personal good of others often collides with ours, and as one or other must give way, we begin to see that the good of others deserves as much respect, ought to be as sacred in our eyes, as our own. So we rise to feel that, above our sensitive and individual life, there is a higher, more universal order to which we and all individual souls even now belong, that this higher order secures and harmonizes the ultimate good of all rational beings, and that the particular good of each, though in harmony with this order, and an element of it, must be subordinated to it. To realize this spiritual order, and be a fellow-worker with it, is felt to be the absolute, the moral good, an end in itself, higher and more ultimate than all other ends. This idea, this end, this impersonal good, once conceived, comes home to us with a new and peculiar consciousness. In its presence we for the first time become aware of a law which has a right to command us, which is obligatory on us, which to obey is a duty. Seen in the light of this law, the good of others, we feel, has a right to determine our choice equally with our own, and our own good loses its merely temporary and finite, and assumes an impersonal and eternal, character. This consciousness it is which makes us moral agents. Only in the idea of such a transcendent law above us, independent of us, universal, and of a will determined by it, does morality begin. All other elements of our nature are called moral, only as they bear on this, the overruling moral principle. The consciousness just described constitutes the third or moral stage of human nature. Not that the second and the third stages occur in every man in the order we have followed. A man may become alive to the moral law, and to its obligation over him, before he has conceived of self-interest as an end of action. But the order here given marks the relative worth of the respective principles, and the culmination of our nature in that one which is its proper end.

It would be easy to show how all the moral systems have taken their character, from giving one or other of these three principles of action, the emotional, the prudential, and the moral, a special prominence, investing some one element, or

some particular disposition of all the elements, with paramount sovereignty. But we must pass on to notice a defect inherent in this and every attempt to map out human nature into various compartments,—a defect which, when unperceived, as it mostly is, distorts, if not falsifies, the whole work of the analysts. Even if the most exact enumeration, the most minute analysis could be made, would this give all that makes up character? It is a common mistake with psychologists to suppose that it does. They fancy they can grasp life by victorious analysis. There can be no greater, though there is no more common delusion. What is it that analysis, the most perfect, accomplishes? It gives the various elements which go to make up a moral fact, or it may be said to give the various points of view which a phenomenon or group of phenomena presents. But is this all? Is there nothing more than what is found in the analyst's crucible? The analysis, that is the unloosing, the taking down into pieces of the bundle, may be complete; but where is the power of synthesis, the bond which held the bundle together? Where is the life which pervaded the several elements, and made of them one entire power? It is gone, it has escaped your touch. Can the botanist, after he has divided a flower into its component parts, pistil, stamen, anther, petals, calyx, put them together once more, and restore the life and beauty that were there? This is the main error of psychologists. They fancy that when they have completed their analysis they have done all, not considering that it is just the most unique and mysterious part of the problem which has eluded them. What the late Professor Ferrier shows so well against the psychologists, that the 'ego,' the one great mystery, ever escapes them, the same takes place in the analysis of every other living entity. In a human character, when you have done your best to exhaust it, to give its whole contents, that which is its finer breath, has it not escaped you? must not you be content to own that there remains behind a something 'which no language may declare'? What end then serves analysis? By bringing out, separately and in detail, each side, aspect, or element in any problem, and fixing the eye on each successively, it helps to give distinctness and exactness to our whole conception of it. But it is only the multiplicity that is thus given, the unity or rather the unifying power still remains ungrasped. And if we are to see character in its truth, we must, after analysis has done its work, by an act of philosophic imagination remake the synthesis, put the elements together again; and if we do this rightly something will reappear in the synthesis which had disappeared in the analysis, and that something will be just the idiosyncratic element which gives individuality to the whole man. To a moral philo-

sophy which shall give the truth, this synthesis is not less essential than the analysis.

Of the many questions which have been, and may still be, asked respecting virtuous character, there is one, not the least important, and certainly the most practical of any, which has received less attention from moralists than it deserves. It is this:—Supposing that we have settled rightly what the true ideal of character is, how are we to attain to it? what is the dynamic power in the moral life? what is that which shall impel a man to persevere in aiming at this ideal, shall carry him through all that hinders him outwardly and inwardly, and enable him, in some measure at least, to realize it? Other questions, it would seem, more stimulate speculation, none has more immediate bearings on man's moral interests. For confused and imperfect as men's notions of right may be, it is not knowledge that they lack, it is the will and the power to do. Change one word, and all men will make the apostle's confession their own: 'To *know* is present with me, but how to perform that which is good I find not.'

N. 13.

On this subject, then, the dynamic or motive power in moral life, we would turn attention in the sequel. Under the word *motive* three things are included, which are usually distinguished thus,—the outward object or reality, which, when apprehended and desired, determines to action; the mental act of apprehending this object; and the desire or affection which is awakened by the object so apprehended. To this last step, which immediately precedes the act of will, and is said to determine it, the term 'motive' is often exclusively applied. But in our inquiry into the dynamic or motive power we shall use the word in a wider sense, including all the three elements in the process, and applying it more especially to that one which is the starting-point, namely, the outward object or reality, which, addressing the understanding, and stirring the affections, ultimately determines the will. And the question we ask is, What is that outward object, or class of objects, which determines the will in a way which can rightly be called moral? What are those truths which, apprehended and entering into a man, enable him to rise into that state of being which is truly virtuous or moral?

In doing so it will be well to ask first what answers to this question may be found in the works of some of the great masters of moral wisdom. In his survey of moral systems, Adam Smith remarks that there are two main questions with which moralists have to deal. The first is, What is virtue? or, more concretely, In what consists the virtuous character,—that temper and conduct in a man which deservedly wins the esteem of his fellow-men? The second is, What is the faculty in us

(a)

(b)

by which we discern and approve the virtuous character?—in other words, by what power do we distinguish between right actions and praise them, and wrong actions and blame them? Of the question we are now to consider, the dynamic power which enables us to do the right, it is remarkable that Smith makes no mention. In discussing this, which we may call the third main question of morals, we shall have occasion to advert to the former two, but we shall do so no farther than as they bear on the third, which is our more immediate concern.

(c) = Smith has classified philosophers mainly by the answer they give to the first of the three questions, according as they place virtue in the proper balance and harmony of all the faculties and affections which make up our human nature, or in the judicious pursuit of our own happiness, or in benevolence, that is, in the affections which seek the happiness of others. The first of these three answers to the great question, What is the virtuous character? has been sanctioned by the greatest names of past time,—by Plato, by Aristotle, by the Stoics, and by Bishop Butler. Let us glance at their theories, with a view to find what help there is in them as to the dynamic power we are in search of.

With Plato originated the idea that virtue is a proper balance or harmony of the various powers of soul; and though it has often since been elaborated into detail, it has never been put in so beautiful and attractive a form. It is one of those great though simple thoughts first uttered by that father of philosophy, which have taken hold of the world, and which it will never let go. Repeated in our ordinary language, it sounds a commonplace; but in the Greek of *The Republic* it stands fresh with unfading beauty. He divides the soul, as is well known, into three elements,—desire, passion or courage, and intellect; and this division, variously modified, has held its ground in philosophy till now. The *δικαιοσύνη*, or righteousness of the individual soul, he places in a proper balance or harmony of these three elements, in which each holds that position which rightfully belongs to it. The State is the counterpart of the individual soul, and its *δικαιοσύνη*, or right condition, is attained when the three orders of guardians, auxiliaries, and producers, answering to reason, passion, appetite, respectively stand in their proper order of precedence. This is the philosophy which Shakespeare makes Ulysses speak. 'In the observance of degree, priority, and place,' stands

'The unity and married calm of States.'

. . . 'How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,

Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
 The primogenitive and due of birth,
 Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
 But by degree, stand in authentic place?
 Take but degree away, untune that string,
 And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
 In mere oppugnancy.'

The man is righteous in whom each of the three elements holds its proper place, and does its proper work; and this inward harmony expresses itself in an outward life which is every way righteous. The power which discerns the right and orders all the elements of the soul, is intellect or reason, whose right it is to rule. But how is this harmony of soul, once discerned, to be reached, maintained, made energetic? Plato, of philosophers the least mechanical, the most dynamic, the most full of powers of life, cannot have left this question wholly unanswered, though he has not dealt with it systematically. His hope was that this may be done in the State by educating the guardians, who are philosophers; in the individual, by educating the reason, which is the sovereign principle, by the continual study of real truth, the contemplation of the ideal good. The highest object of all is the Essential Form or Idea of the Good which imparts to the objects known the truth that is in them, and to the knowing mind the faculty of knowing truth. This idea of the good is the cause of science and of truth. It gives to all objects of knowledge not only the power of being known, but their being and existence. The good is not existence, but is above and beyond existence in dignity and power. 'The purpose of education,' he says, 'is to turn the whole soul round, in order that the eye of the soul, or reason, may be directed to the right quarter. But education does not generate or infuse any new principle; it only guides or directs a principle already in existence.' So far in *The Republic*.

Again, in the famous myth where reason is imaged by a charioteer driving a chariot drawn by two horses, one high-spirited and aspiring, the other earthward grovelling, Plato makes the charioteer able just to raise his head, and look out for a moment on that super-celestial place, which is above heaven's vault, and to catch a glimpse of the realities that are there,—the colourless, formless, intangible substance on which the gods gaze without let or hindrance. The glimpse which the better human souls get fills them with love of the reality. They see and feast on it, and are nourished by it. It is this idea or essence of the good, the cause of existence and knowledge, the vital centre in the world of thought, as the sun is in the world of sight, which is the

object of contemplation to the reason. 'And reason,' Plato says, 'looking upwards, and carried to the true Above, realizes a delight in wisdom, unknown to the other parts of our nature.' This idea of good is the centre at once of morals and politics, the rightful influencing power in human action. It should be ever present to the mind; a full philosophic consciousness of it should be the ruling power in everything. Nor is it an object merely for the pure reason, but for the imagination also, and an attractive power for the higher affections which side with reason. This glimpse, then, granted only to the purest in their purest hour, may be supposed to be to them an inspiration that will not desert them all their lives after. It will make them hunger and thirst after truth and righteousness, and despise, in comparison of these, all lower goods. So far this intuition of the good will be a dynamic power. But this master-vision, if it be possible at rare intervals, for the select souls of earth, and if it were adequate to sustain them in the pursuit of goodness, is at best a privilege for the few, not an inheritance for mankind. And Plato did not dream of it as more. From the mass of men he turns in despair, and leaves them to their swine-troughs. He did not conceive that for all men there was an ideal, or any power sufficient to raise them towards it. In Plato, then, the moral dynamic force we are seeking is in small measure, if at all, to be found.

Shall we find it in Aristotle? Although the *Ethics* contains more than one division of human nature, which helped forward psychological analysis, yet the whole system is not determined by any such division, but by certain leading objective ideas. Foremost among these is that of an end of action. There is an absolute end of all action, an end in itself, and man's constitution is framed conformably to this end, and in realizing it lies the total satisfaction of his nature, his well-being. Everything in nature has its end, and fulfils it unconsciously, but a moral being must fulfil his end not blindly, but with conscious purpose. The end in itself consciously chosen and pursued, this is Aristotle's fundamental ethical idea.

The end or the good for man is a vivid consciousness of life, according to its highest excellence, or in the exercise of its highest powers. Sir Alexander Grant, in his very able dissertation on *ἐνέργεια*, shows, with singular felicity, how Aristotle regarded man's chief good as 'nothing external to him, but as existing in man and for man; existing in the evocation, the vividness, and the fruition of his powers. It is the conscious vitality of the life and the mind in the exercise of its highest faculties. This, however, not as a permanent condition, but one that arises in us, oftenest like a thrill of joy, a momentary

intuition. Were it abiding, we should be as God.' In order to find in which part of man this highest excellence is to be found, Aristotle has recourse to a psychological division, not of his own making, but apparently well known at the time. He divides the internal principle ($\psi\chi\eta$) into the physical or vegetative part, the semi-rational or appetitive, and the purely rational. The first has no share in human excellence, in the second lies moral excellence or virtue, in the third lies intellectual excellence. Aristotle here founds the distinction between moral and intellectual, beyond which we have not yet got. Practical moral excellence has its seat in the second division of our nature, in the passions, which, though not purely rational, have communion with reason. And though Aristotle, in the end, gives to the purely intellectual excellence, which consists in philosophical contemplation, a higher place than he assigns to the exercise of the moral virtues, yet it is of these he chiefly treats, and with these we have now to do. Moral virtue, then, he defines as consisting in a developed state of the moral purpose, in a balance relative to ourselves, which is determined by reason. This is Aristotle's famous doctrine, that virtue is a mean, an even balance, a harmony of man's powers. It is a mean as exhibited in particular actions, and also a mean or balance struck between opposite excesses of feeling. Feelings, passions, actions, are the raw materials out of which character is to be wrought by aiming at a balance. Right reason is the power which determines what the mean or balance is. It reviews the whole circumstances of the case, strikes the balance, apprehends the rule by which the irregular feelings may be reduced to that regularity in which virtue consists, virtue as well in particular acts, as in habits, and in the whole character. The mean is not a 'hard and fast line,' but a balance struck anew in each particular case, from a consideration of all the circumstances. The virtuous character is slowly elaborated by a repetition of virtuous acts; acts, that is, midway between extremes. And then as to knowing what the real mean is, man must begin and act from his own perceptions, such as they are. His own individual reason must be the guide he starts with, but he is not therefore shut up in subjectivity. He has a surer standard than individual judgment to appeal to, even the universal moral sentiment of men. Or rather in the wise man, the ideally perfect man, he has a kind of objective conscience, an embodiment of moral law; and he judges according as he knows that this ideally wise man would judge. Here then we have a theory of virtue and the virtuous character, but no answer to the question, What is the motive power which shall propel men towards this ideal? Indeed, full though his

Virtuous
Character

treatise is of wise and penetrating practical remarks on character; this subject is nowhere discussed by Aristotle; but if we may gather an answer for ourselves, it might have been something like this:—

Reason of itself cannot reach the will and mould the choice. Yet reason and those emotions which are most obedient to it, act and react on each other. In time, by the law of habit, they blend together and make up a moral habit of soul, which restrains and directs all the lower impulses. When intellect and the more generous emotions combine in seeking one end, and by repeated acts form a habit, the result is the perfected moral judgment or practical wisdom, which itself is both a guide and a sufficient motive power to impel the soul steadily to good. *Φρόνησις* is with Aristotle the perfection of the moral intellect. He does not say that it is an interpenetration of the moral with the intellectual side of human nature, but that there is an inseparable connexion between this practical wisdom (*φρόνησις*) and moral virtue. In his view, these two sides, if not blended in one habit, are brought much closer together than in Plato, and that, both in the discerning and in the ruling moral faculty.

The elaboration of the virtuous character by the formation of good habits is a long and slow process. Does Aristotle point to any spring of inspiration which may carry a man through it? Plato after his own fashion does. Far off and inaccessible as his idea of the good may be, there is something in it, and in his enthusiasm for it, which must kindle, as by contagion, all but the dullest. But in Aristotle, though at every turn you meet insights into human nature which you feel to be penetratingly true, yet, after all, you are left to evolve the virtuous habit out of your own inward resources. There is in him no pointing to anything which may come home to a man inwardly, and supplement his mortal weakness by a strength beyond his own. All that he suggests is of a merely external kind. Besides moral teaching, such as himself and other moralists give, he bids men look for help to such institutions, either domestic or political, as may assist them in the cultivation of virtue.

Amongst moderns, it is well known, Bishop Butler has been the chief expounder of the idea which originated with Plato, that the virtuous character consists in a harmony of the different powers of man. This, the leading idea of his sermons, has so worked itself through his teaching into modern thought, that it need not now be dwelt on. A system, a constitution, an economy, in which the various parts—appetites, passions, particular affections—are all ranged in due gradation under the supreme conscience; this is his doctrine of man. In working out this idea, while the great Bishop has contributed

much of his own, especially the masterly analysis by which he proves the existence in man of originally unselfish, as well as of self-regarding affections, he recalls here the teaching of Plato, there that of Aristotle. Though he deals entirely with individual man, he illustrates his idea of gradation and moral harmony by Plato's image of a civil constitution, with its various ranks subordinated under one supreme authority. On the other hand, his idea of conscience comes much nearer to that of Aristotle's *φρόνησις* than that of Plato's reason. But in Butler's 'conscience,' there is a much more distinct presence of the emotional or moral element, while the notion of an obligatory power or right to command, so characteristic of modern as distinguished from ancient thought, comes strongly out. But paramount as is this idea with Butler, it is strange that whenever we go beyond it, and ask for a reason why conscience should be supreme, he fails us. Entrenched within his psychological facts, he refuses to go beyond them. Ask what is the rule of right, the canon by which conscience decides, he replies, Man is a law to himself; every plain honest man who wishes it, will find the rule of right within himself, and will decide agreeably to truth and virtue. This is like saying that conscience decides by the rule of conscience. If asked, Why should I obey conscience? Butler can but assume that conscience 'carries its own authority with it, that it is our natural guide'—that it belongs to our condition of being, and therefore it is our duty to obey it. If a further sanction is sought, he seems to find it in the fact of experience, that the path of duty and that of interest coincide, 'meaning by interest happiness and satisfaction.' If there be exceptions, these will be set right in the final distribution of things. 'Duty and interest are perfectly coincident; for the most part here, entirely hereafter; this being implied in the very notion of a good and perfect administration of things.' In this coincidence of duty and interest, so far fulfilled in our present experience, and ultimately made sure by the existence of a Moral Governor of the world, seems to lie a great part of the dynamic power in Butler's system. To this may be added his remark, in the spirit of Aristotle, that obedience to conscience, when it has grown into a habitual temper, becomes a choice and a delight.

But in the sermons on the Love of God he strikes a higher strain. He there demonstrates to an unbelieving age that this affection he speaks of is no dream, but the most sober certainty. For as we have certain lower affections which find sufficing objects in the world around us, so we have higher faculties and moral emotions, which find but inadequate objects in the scattered rays of created wisdom, power, and

goodness which this world shows. To these faculties and affections God himself is the only adequate supply. They can find their full satisfaction only in the contemplation of that righteousness which is an everlasting righteousness, of that goodness in the sovereign mind which gave birth to the universe. This is Butler's highest doctrine, which he sets forth with a calm suppressed enthusiasm almost too deep for words. This contemplation would give rise to the highest form of happiness, but it is not for this that it is sought. It would cease to be the ultimate end that it is, if sought for the sake of happiness, or for any end but itself. There can be no doubt that if once realized, it would be, as we shall see, in the highest measure, the dynamic of the soul.

Butler's search for virtue is wholly through psychology. Plato and Aristotle, though they do not begin with it, very soon have recourse to it. Kant, on the other hand, when seeking for principles of morality, disdains to fumble after them among the *débris* of observation and experience, but searches for them wholly *a priori* among the pure ideas of the reason. We find nothing in him about the virtuous character consisting in a harmony of the mental elements, although it might be said that his idea of virtue is a will in harmony with the moral universe. Laying his hand at once on the individual will, and intensifying to its highest power the idea of responsibility, he starts with the assertion that the only real and absolute good in the whole world is a good will. And a good will is one purely and entirely determined by the moral law. This law is not a law generalized out of human experience, binding therefore only within the range of that experience, but a law which transcends it; is wide as the universe, and extends in its essential principle to all beings who can think it. Man, according to Kant, shut up on every other side of his being to a merely relative knowledge, in the moral law for the first time comes into contact with absolute truth, truth valid not only for all men, but for all intelligents. Human conscience is nothing but the entering into the individual of this objective law—the witness, as it has been called, that the will or self has come into subjection to, and harmony with, the universal reason, which is the will of God.

From the reality of this law Kant deduces three great moral ideas. First, since it commands imperatively, unconditionally, we must be able to obey it. Freedom, therefore, as a necessary consequence, follows from the consciousness of an imperative law of duty. Again, in this phenomenal life, we see the will that would obey duty hindered by many obstacles, crushed by many miseries, unrewarded with that happiness which rightfully belongs to well-doing. There must, therefore, be a life beyond

this phenomenal one, where the hindrances will be removed, where duty and the will to obey it will have full play, where virtue and happiness, here often sundered, shall at last meet. That is, there must be an immortality. Lastly, reason represents to us the moral will as worthy of happiness. But we see that here they do coincide, nature does not effect such a meeting. Man cannot constrain it. There must be somewhere a Power above nature, stronger than man, who will uphold the moral order, will bring about the union between virtue and happiness, between guilt and misery. And this being is God. Such is Kant's practical proof of the great triad of moral truths in which the morally-minded man believes,—Freedom, Immortality, and God. The necessity for the belief in these arises out of the reality of the moral law.

To Kant's ideal of duty it matters nothing, though it is contradicted by experience, though not one instance could be shown of a character which acted on, or even of a single action which emanated from, the pure unmingled moral law. The question is not what experience shows, but what reason ordains. And though this ideal of moral excellence may never yet have been actualized, yet none the less it remains a true ideal—the one standard which the moral heart of man approves, however in practice he may fall beneath it. On this pure idea of the moral law Kant would build a science of ethics, valid not for man only, but for all intelligent beings. Applied to man, it would need to be supplemented by an anthropology, and would then stand to pure ethics, as mixed stand to pure mathematics.

As to the relation in which, according to Kant, the objective moral law stands to the human conscience, there is a very ingenious speculation of the late Professor Ferrier, which will illustrate it. He asks the question whether it is the existence of our minds which generates knowledge, or the entering of knowledge into us which constitutes our minds? Is the radical and stable element mind, and is intelligence the secondary and derivative one? Professor Ferrier's reply is, that 'it is not man's mind which puts him in possession of ideas, but it is ideas, that is knowledge, which first puts him in possession of a mind.' The mind does not make ideas, but ideas make mind. In like manner, applying the same principle to poetic inspiration, he shows that it is not the poetic mind which creates the ideas of beauty and sublimity which it utters, but those ideas which, entering into a man, create the poetic mind. And so in moral truth, it is not our moral nature which makes the distinction between right and wrong, but the existence of right and wrong, and the apprehension of them by us, which create our moral nature. 'I have no moral nature,' he says, 'before the distinction between right and wrong is revealed to me. My moral nature

exists subsequently to this revelation. At any rate, I acquire a moral nature, if not after, yet in the very act which brings before me the distinction. The distinction exists as an immutable institution of God prior to the existence of our minds. And it is the knowledge of this distinction which forms the prime constituent, not of our *moral* acquisitions, but of our *moral* existence.' This very ingenious speculation is in the very spirit of the Platonic philosophy, and may serve to illustrate Kant's view of the priority and independence of the moral law to our apprehensions of it.

Where, then, is the motive power in the Kantian ethics? Kant's answer is plain. It is the naked representation of duty, — the pure moral law. And this, according to Kant, exerts so strong a motive power over the will, that it is only when a man has acknowledged its obligatory force, and obeyed it, that he learns for the first time his own free causal power, his independence of all merely sensitive determinators. The naked moral law, defecated, as he speaks, of all emotions of the sensory, is the one only dynamic which is truly moral. This, acting on the will, with no emotion interposed, will alone, he insists, place morality on a true foundation, will create a higher speculative ethics, and a higher practical morality, and will awaken deeper moral sentiments, than any system of ethics, compounded now of ideal, now of actual elements, can do.

In the rigidity with which he holds that in a pure moral action the law shall alone sway the will, that all emotion, love the purest, pity the tenderest, shall be excluded, Kant is ultra-stoical. The representation of duty, when embraced, will awaken reverence for the law, and this is a pure moral emotion. But in determining the act, the stern imperative must stand alone, and refuse all aid from emotion or affection. For these there is no place in a pure morality, except as the submissive servants of duty.

In making this high demand, it should be remembered, that Kant is setting forth, not an actual state which he expects to find in human nature, but an ideal, which nevertheless because it is an ideal, affects human nature more powerfully than any maxim merely generalized from experience. And perhaps if the moral idea is to be set forth in its native strength and dignity, it is well that it should be exhibited thus nakedly. It does come shorn of much of its power, when so largely mingled, as it is in Butler, with considerations of mere prudence.

As has been remarked, however, even Kant, much as he desired to get rid of experience in constructing his morality, was not able to do so. He was obliged to come to experience before he could give content to his moral law—'So act, that thou

couldst consistently will the principle of thy action to become law universal for all intelligents.' So Kant shaped his imperative. This is not very unlike Austin's utilitarian question, 'What would be the probable effect on the general happiness or good, if similar acts were general or frequent?' Again, as we saw, he is obliged to supplement his moral life here with the belief of a future, where virtue and happiness shall be one, where the ideal shall become actual; thus proving that human feelings cannot to the end be banished from a moral system, that some account must be taken of happiness, though Kant is right in giving to such considerations a subordinate, not a primary, place.

From this brief survey of the motive power as it appears in the systems of some of the most famous 'Intuitive Moralists,' it would have been interesting, had our space allowed, to have turned to the Utilitarian theorists, and examined at length the answers they give to the same question. As it is, however, a few remarks must suffice. This school of philosophers, as is well known, maintains that utility, or the tendency to promote pleasure or to cause pain, is the only quality in actions which makes them good or bad. They hold, moreover, that pleasure and pain are the only possible objects of choice, the only motives which can determine the will. These are the fundamental tenets of that school of philosophers represented by Epicurus in the ancient world, and by Bentham, and his followers Mr. Mill and Professor Bain, in our own day. If by the happiness which is said to be the end of action is meant merely the happiness of one's-self, the system is one of the plainest and most intelligible, the dynamic force is the most obvious, and the most surely operating that can well be imagined. But then the course of action dictated by the desire of exclusive self-interest is not, according to the view of most men, a moral one at all, and the motive is not moral, but selfish. The aim of all morality, as we conceive it, is to furnish men with a standard of action, and a motive to work by, which shall not intensify each man's selfishness, but which shall raise him in a great measure above the thought of self. If, on the other hand, it is said that it is not my own private interest, but the general interest, which I am to aim at, this may be said in two distinct senses: Either I am to seek the greatest happiness of all men, the sum-total of human interests, because an enlightened experience tells me that my happiness is in many ways bound up with theirs,—but then the good of others thus pursued is but a means to my own private good, and I am still acting on the motive of self-love—a strong but not a moral one: Or I am to aim at the general happiness for its own sake, and not

merely as a means to my own ; but then I am carried beyond the range of self-interest, and acknowledge as binding other motives which lie outside of the utilitarian theory. To the question, Why am I to act with a view to the happiness of others ? the utilitarian can, on his own principles, give no other answer than this, Because it is your own interest to do so. If we are to find another, we must leave the region of personal pleasure and pain, and allow the power of some other motive which is impersonal. With Bentham it is a fundamental principle that the desire of personal good is the only motive which governs the will. This is the one exclusive mode of volition which he recognises. He denies the other two, unselfish regard for others, and the moral law or the abstract sense of right, and yet these two exist as really as self-love. It is just as certain a fact that men do sometimes act from generous impulses, or from respect to what they feel to be right in itself, apart from all consequences, as that they do often act merely with an eye to their own happiness. In the naked form, therefore, in which Bentham puts it, utilitarianism is founded on a psychological mistake. But the utilitarian system takes many forms. Yet, as Jouffroy, who has discriminated between the varieties with great acuteness, observes—

‘ Whether a man pursues the gratification of impulse, or the accompanying pleasure, or the different objects fitted to produce it ; whether he prefers, as most fitted to promote his highest good, the satisfaction of certain tendencies and pleasures ; or finally, whether for the attainment of his end he adopts the circuitous means of general interest, or the direct pursuit of his own, it is of little consequence to determine : he is impelled to act, in each and every instance, by calculations of what is best for himself. Self-love remains essentially the same under all its forms, and impresses a similar character upon the various schemes of conduct to which it leads.’

In Mr. Mill's treatise on Utilitarianism there is no departure from the fundamentals of the utilitarian creed, though much straining of ingenuity to make it include principles and sentiments which do not readily come within that theory. Indeed, in this treatise one prominent characteristic of all the author's writings is more than usually conspicuous. On the one hand we see an amiably obstinate adherence to the sensational and utilitarian tenets which formed his original philosophic outfit. On the other hand, a redundancy of argument, sometimes verging on special pleading, to reconcile to his favourite hypothesis views and feelings gathered in alien regions, with which his wider experience has made him familiar. This effort continued throughout his *Utilitarianism* has occasioned, if we may venture to hint it, a want of clear statement and precise thought, with

sometimes a straining of the meaning of terms, which we should hardly look for in so trained a logician. This comes no doubt from the fact, that in order to adapt the utilitarian theory to the primary moral perceptions of men, it is necessary to go counter to the natural current of thought, and to give a twist to forms of speech, which have interwoven themselves into the very texture of language. One of these strange contortions is the following opinion—that it is the idea of the penal sanction which makes men feel certain acts to be wrong; not that they are wrong in themselves, and therefore visited with punishment. Or, as Mr. Mill otherwise expresses it, ‘the deserving or not deserving punishment lies at the bottom of the notions of right and wrong.’ This doctrine, which Mr. Mill seems to hesitate to state in all its breadth, else instead of ‘deserving’ he would probably have written ‘imposition of punishment,’ has been stated more explicitly by Professor Bain, who maintains that ‘the imposition of punishment is the distinctive property of acts held to be morally wrong;’ and again, that ‘the primary germ and commencement of conscience is the dread of punishment.’ Another equally startling position maintained by Mr. Mill, is that virtue is pursued primarily only as a means to an end, namely happiness, just as money is; but that in time it comes to be regarded as part of the end, happiness, and as such is pursued for its own sake, just as misers come to love money for itself, and not for its uses. He holds that in man originally there is no desire of virtue, or motive to it, save as a means to gain pleasure or avoid pain. But even when desired for its own sake, which he grants it comes to be, its worth arises, not from its own intrinsic excellence, but from its being the most important of all means to the general happiness. But what it more concerns us to remark at present is the answer which Mr. Mill gives to the question, What is the sanction of the utilitarian ethics, what the motive to conform to this standard? It is of two kinds, the external and the internal. The external motive is the hope of favour or the fear of punishment from our fellow-men or from the Supreme Ruler. The internal motive is primarily the desire of our own happiness, which, however, when enlarged by intelligence, expands into a desire for the good of others. It does so because the more we are enlightened the more clearly we perceive that our own good is inextricably bound up with theirs; because there is in us a natural desire to be in unity with others; lastly, because an unselfish regard for our neighbours springs, by the principle of association, out of intercourse begun at first merely from self-regard. It is observable, however, that Mr. Mill, though he stretches to the utmost the motive of self-regard, com-

binning with it as much as possible of what is otherwise admirable in human nature, and though he seems to allow the existence, in a certain subordinate degree, of purely unselfish sympathies, yet in the last resort makes self-regard the centre to which all the other feelings, as accretions, cling, and round which they are woven into 'a complete web of corroborative association.' In his ground-plan of human nature, the unselfish sympathies and the moral principle are not made to occupy—what we believe they in reality do occupy—as substantial and independent a place as the feeling of self-interest. Hence neither the standard of action, nor the motive power he sets forth, however much transformed by the magic touch of association, ever gets clear of the original taint of self-reference. Mr. Mill's utilitarianism does not, any more than other forms of the same doctrine, give either a really moral standard, or a self-forgetting and moral motive. As water cannot rise above the level from which it springs, no more can moral theories. Self-love may be, and as a fact often is, the first impulse that drives a man to seek to become morally and religiously better. And there is a measure of self-regard which is right, which, if kept in its due place, ought not to be underrated. But before a man can become either truly moral or religious, self-regard must have been wholly subordinated to, if not entirely exchanged for, a higher principle of action and a purer affection.

In the opening chapter of his work on Jurisprudence, Austin sets forth the utilitarian doctrine with a distinctness of outline, which, we think, far surpasses Mr. Mill's exhibition of it. He does not, like the latter, assert that conduciveness to general happiness is the essence, but only that it is the index of right action. The rightness and wrongness of all acts Austin grounds primarily on the Divine will or command. God designs the happiness of all His creatures; and as He has given us faculties to perceive what actions tend to produce this, and what actions tend to thwart it, He has given us therein a criterion by which to know what His will is, that is, what actions we ought to do, what to avoid. This representation of the theory furnishes a lever above and independent of utility, namely, the will of God—and therefore, in one point of view, a motive which, if once realized, is every way adequate to engender moral action. But still it does not rise above the utilitarian subjection to pleasure and pain. For Austin sums up the Divine will in pure benevolence, and grounds obedience to it solely on the fact that God can reward and punish to the uttermost. But to obey God chiefly or entirely for such a reason, does not amount to moral obedience, nor is such a motive a moral motive.

A recent subtle and original writer on metaphysics will

perhaps pardon us if we here allude to certain points in his ethical views, although he has not yet given these to the world. Differing from the utilitarian view, in that he regards virtue as consisting in a perfect harmony of all the faculties and functions of man; maintaining the existence of a moral sense, distinct altogether from a sense of interest, he yet agrees with the utilitarians so far, that he regards pleasure as the universal motive power. He maintains that in all cases where a choice is made, pleasure, or, as it is sometimes phrased, interest, is the determinator of the choice; that in all conscious actions, thoughts, feelings, where a preference is made, it is because the pleasure of the one preferred is felt by the agent to be greater than the pleasure of those not preferred. The maintainer of this theory would say that the commonly-received distinction between pleasure and duty is a misleading one. For whenever any act is preferred, this itself proves that that act, however painful it seems, is not only pleasurable, but the most pleasurable. Let there be two acts, he would say, one a gratification of sense, and as such pleasurable, the other a denial of this gratification, and so far painful, yet if the latter is done from what is called a sense of duty, the fact that it has been preferred proves that it was not only pleasant, but the most pleasant to him who preferred it. For that which in the event is chosen to be done is thereby proved to be the most pleasurable. To this it may be replied that to make the pleasurable synonymous with that which is actually preferred, is to give the term a quite new meaning. So to stretch the idea of pleasure is to change it entirely, and to render it wholly vague, and empty of content.

It may be true that in most, perhaps in all moral acts, there is present, more or less, a conscious pleasure, but it is present as a consequence, not as an antecedent of the choice. It is also true that virtue and pleasure are so far from being incompatible, that the higher a man advances in virtue the greater is his delight in it; indeed, that the measure of his delight is in some sort a gauge of his moral progress. But, on the other hand, it is no less true that while man remains in this state of moral struggle, in some of his acts of purest duty the ingredient of pleasure must be so faintly present as to be scarce, if at all, appreciable. To all theories of virtue which give pleasure or self-love a foremost place in it, whether as entering into its nature, or operating as its moving spring, it is enough to answer that they withdraw from moral action that which is a main constituent of it, namely, its unselfish character, and so reduce it to the level of at least mere prudence. They fail to recognise what Dr. Newman has so well de-

scribed as 'a remarkable law of ethics, which is well known to all who have given their minds to the subject. All virtue and goodness tend to make men powerful in this world; but they who aim at the power have not the virtue. Again, virtue is its own reward, and brings with it the truest and highest pleasures; but they who cultivate it for the pleasure's sake are selfish, not religious, and will never have the pleasure, because they can have never the virtue.' To our minds there is no truth of ethics more firmly established than this. And it is not merely an abstract principle, but one which embodies itself in practice every day before our eyes. How continually do we see that the pleasure-seeker is not the pleasure-finder; that those are the happiest men who think least about happiness! Because, in order to attain to that serene and harmonious energy, that inward peace, which is the only true happiness, a man must make, not pleasure, but some higher object the end he lives for. So true is it that, as has been said, the abandoning of some lower end in obedience to a higher aim, is made the very condition of securing the lower one. Or, as the author of *Ecce Homo* writes,—'It is far from universally true that to get a thing you must aim at it. There are some things which can only be gained by renouncing them.' And such a thing is pleasure. Does not this characteristic of it, that, when you make it your conscious aim, it is gone—at least the purer essence, the finer bloom of it,—prove that it is merely a subsidiary attendant on moral action, the attendant shadow, not the substance, and cannot be its end or propelling power?

Our survey of systems, ancient and modern, has been long, perhaps even to weariness, and yet we have not found the thing we seek. In what have been called the intuitive theories, the motive presented, if high, has been remote and impalpable, not such as would naturally come home to the hearts of ordinary men. The narrower forms of utilitarianism offer a motive near and strong enough—self-love; but then it is one which men of moral aspiration most long to rise above. And when the endeavour is made to combine with it benevolence, and to take in the whole human race, the motive is no doubt elevated, but at the expense of its power; it is emptied of the strength which self-love peculiarly possesses. On the whole, then, from this want of practical help in many ways, and especially from their lack of a moral dynamic, it is no wonder that most men turn from ethical theories with weariness approaching to disgust. Young students, and older men professionally interested in these subjects, can hardly imagine how widely this is the case, not with those so immersed in transitory interests as to have no time or heart for

higher matters, but with the devoutly religious, with men of ideal longings, with those who have been most exercised with earnest questionings. Men simply religious turn from theories of virtue, as not only useless, but as cold, hard, unloving—hindrances to all their heart holds commune with. Morality seems to draw all its help from man's own internal resources, and they feel too keenly that not in these is help to be found, but in a strength out from and above themselves. The inmost breathing of the devout heart is, 'Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.' Again, the deep-hearted poet, weary of abstractions, and longing for life, more life, and fuller, turns from moral theories with a passionate

'Away, haunt not thou me,
Thou vain Philosophy!
Little hast thou bestead,
Save to perplex the head
And leave the spirit dead.
Unto thy broken cisterns wherefore go?

Why labour at the dull mechanic oar,
When the fresh breeze is blowing,
And the strong current flowing
Right onward to the eternal shore?

Again, when we read the lives of those men who have had the deepest spiritual experience, to whom, on the one hand, the infinity of duty, the commandment exceeding broad, and, on the other, the depth of their own spiritual poverty, has been most laid bare—we find them confessing that the seventh chapter of Romans describes their condition more truly than any philosopher has done. With their whole hearts they have felt St. Paul's 'O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me?' Such are the men who, having come out of great deeps, become the spirit-quickeners of their fellow-men, the revivers of a deeper morality. To all such there is a grim irony in the philosophic ideals when confronted with their own actuals. So hopelessly wide seems the gap between their own condition and the 'Thou shalt' of the commandment. Not dead diagrams of virtue such men want, but living powers of righteousness. They do not quarrel with the moralist's ideal, though it is neither the saint's nor the poet's. They find no fault with his account of the faculty which discerns that ideal, though it is not exactly theirs. But what they ask is not the faculty to know the right, but the power to be righteous. It is because this they find not, because, that which reason commands, the will cannot be or do, that they are filled with despair. As well, they say, bid us lay

our hand upon the stars because we see them, as realize your ideal of virtue because we discern it.

But is there no outlet by which, from the mere forms of moral thought, a man may climb upward to the treasure-house of its power? Let us turn and look once more at the moral law, as exhibited in its purest form by Kant. In his view this law is not a higher self, but an independent reality, which, entering into a man, evokes the higher self within him. To the truth, as well as the sublimity of Kant's conception, all hearts bear witness, by the reverence they must feel in its presence. And yet we know that, when we lay this bare law to heart, it engenders not strength, but despair. A few there may have been who have been able to dispense with all tender feelings, and to live high lives by dint of the law of duty alone. All honour to such hardy spirits; no word shall be said in disparagement of them. However imperfect their principle may be, their face is set in the right direction; they are on the way, we believe, to all good. Yet their lives, upright though they may be, will be stern and unrejoicing, wanting in much that hearts set free should have. But for most men, and among these for many even of the nobler sort, such a life would be impossible. Under such an iron rule, a large, and that the finer part of man's being, would have no place; the soul's gentler, but more animating forces, would be starved for lack of nutriment. Still, as this law contains so much of highest truth, let us keep fast hold of it, and see whence it comes, and whither it leads.

On reflection we find that there are many facts of human nature and of the world, many separate lines of thought, all leading upward and converging on one spiritual centre. These are like so many mountain paths, striking upward in diverse directions, but leading all at last to one great summit. Of these the moral law is the loftiest, the directest, the most inward, the most awe-inspiring. But to begin with the outward world, there is we shall not say so much a mark of design on everything, as an experience forced in upon the mind of the thoughtful naturalist, that, penetrate into nature wherever he may, thought has been there before him; that, to quote the words of one of the most distinguished, 'there is really a plan, a thoughtful plan, a plan which may be read in the relations which you and I, and all living beings scattered over the surface of our earth, hold to one another.' The work of the naturalist, he goes on to say, 'consists only in an attempt to read more and more accurately a work in which he has had no part,—a work which displays the thought of a mind more comprehensive than his own; his task is to read the thoughts of — that mind as expressed in the living realities that surround us ;

and the more we give up our own conceit in this work, the less selfish we become, the more shall we discern, the deeper we shall read, and the nearer we shall come to nature ;' and, we may add, to Him whose thought nature is. Then when we look within, there is 'the causal instinct of the intellect,' as it has been called,—the mental demand for a cause of every event, or rather the ineradicable craving for a Power behind all phenomena, of which they are but the manifestations,—a craving ; which no form of Comtian philosophy will ever exorcise. Again, there is the passionate longing of the imagination, aspiring after an ideal perfection for ourselves and others, apprehending a beauty more than eye has seen or ear heard. Again, there is 'the unsufficingness of self for self,'—the dependency of the affections, feeling the need of an object like themselves ; yet higher, stronger, more enduring, on which they can lean, in which they may find refuge. Another avenue upward is the feeling of the derivative nature, not of our affections merely, but of our whole being. We are here a little while,—each a small rill of life,—with many qualities. We feel, think, fear, love ; no facts are more certain to me than these. Yet it is just as certain that I am not here by my own will. I did not place myself here ; cannot keep myself here. My life is in the grasp of powers which I cannot, but in the smallest degree, control. There must be a source whence this life, and all the other similar lives around me, come. And that source cannot be anything lower, or possessed of lower qualities, than mine, but rather something containing all the qualities, which I and all other beings like to me have, in infinite abundance. There must be some exhaustless reservoir of being, from which my small rill, and these numberless like rills, of being, come,—a fountain that contains in itself the all of soul that has been diffused through the whole human race, and infinitely more. This is no elaborate argument, but almost an instinctive perception. Call it anthropomorphic, if you please ; it is none the less a natural and true way of thinking, and as old as the Stoics. Cicero puts it in the mouth of his Stoic Balbus, and has supplied him with no better argument. Lastly, and chief of all, there is the law of duty, coming home to the morally awakened man more intimately, affecting him more profoundly, than anything else he knows. What is it—whence comes it—this law, which lies close to all his thoughts, an ever-present, though often latent consciousness, haunting him like his very being ? Mr. Mill speaks slightly, as it seems, of 'the sort of mystical character which is apt to be attributed to the idea of moral obligation,' but he has not as yet been able really to explain the mystery. If instead of trying to solve it, unsatis-

factorily we think, into lower elements, as the analyst is apt to do, or to shrink from it as the sensual nature always will do, or to act out merely the letter of it, as the legalist will try to do, we can but get ourselves to look at it steadily, and with open heart, the mystery of its nature and origin will not grow less to us, but more. What is it; is it a mere abstraction? That which reason apprehends, and the personal will bows to, as an authority superior to themselves, cannot be a mere abstraction, but something which is consubstantial with themselves. The moral law must be either a self-existing entity, like to our highest nature, or must inhere in One who possesses all that we have of reason and will, only in an infinitely greater degree. That which our inner self, our personality, feels to have rightful authority over it, must be either a personality, or something more excellent than personality, if that is possible. To some such conviction as this we are led up, by asking what is this moral law which we apprehend, and whence does it come? Here, if anywhere, we find the golden link which connects the human nature with the Divine.

Putting then all these converging lines of thought together, we see that they meet in the conviction that there is behind ourselves and all the things we see and know, a Mind, a Reason, a Will, like to our own, only incomprehensibly greater, of which will and reason the moral law is the truest and most adequate exponent we have. Not that these lines, any or all of them, are to be taken as proofs demonstrating the existence of God, which is, we hold, incapable of scientific demonstration. The notion of God we believe with Coleridge to be essential to the human mind, not derived from reasonings, though as a matter of fact actually called forth into distinct consciousness mainly by the conscience. When, however, we come to reflect on that conviction afterwards, we find hints and confirmations of it, mainly in the existence of our moral nature and of the law of duty, and secondarily in those other lines of thought which, as we have seen, converge towards the same centre. But these are dim tracts of thought, hard to tread with firm step. Yet though the lines here traced are, as we know, imperfect and broken, they may be taken for what they are meant to be,—hints for thought on an exhaustless subject.

In this discussion we have taken for granted that the morality of man is in its essence identical with the morality of God—that when we use the word *righteous* of man and of God, we do not use it in two different senses, but in the same sense. This position, implicitly held before by all, both philosophers and ordinary men, has been more explicitly brought out and established by the polemic which Mr. Mansel's denial of it has

called forth. The result of a real belief not merely in an abstract moral law, but in a Personal Being, in whom dwells whatever of highest is in ourselves, whose moral nature is imaged in our own, will be to let in on the soul a new motive power, a new centre of existence. This is the first condition of a living morality as well as of vital religion, that the soul shall find a true centre out from and above itself, round which it shall revolve. The essence of all immorality, of sin, is the making self the centre round which we would have all other beings and interests revolve. To be delivered from this, which is the condition of the natural man, is the turning-point of moral progress, and of spiritual renewal. The new and rightful centre which shall draw us out of our self-centre, and by its attraction make us revolve round itself, must be that which contains the moral law, and whatever is best in ourselves and in all other created selves. He only in whose image we are made can be such a centre to our creaturely wills. But farther, neither the God whom mere science leads to, nor the God whom the bare unrelenting moral law sets forth, is capable of being a real resting-place for the heart of man. There are warm emotions within it, which before the representation of a God of mere law, whether natural or moral, die down like herbs beneath an arctic winter. To call forth these, it requires the unveiling of a Living and Personal Will, in sympathy not only with whatever moral principle is in us, but also with whatever is most pure and tender in our affections. When we come to conceive thus of God, then, there becomes possible a going forth towards Him of the tenderer and devouter emotions, as well as of the more purely moral sentiments. Such a being becomes to a man the centre and the end for the reason, the affections, and the conscience alike—a foundation on which his whole being can permanently repose.

But a few only, and these the most favoured of men, have, apart from revelation, ever attained so to conceive of God. A pure-minded sage here and there, Plato when he drops his dialectics, and gives vent to his devouter mind, as in the well-known passage of the *Theætetus*, Marcus Aurelius here and there in his meditations, may have in some measure, though far off, so caught a glimpse of Him. To most men who have sought Him at all, outside of Christianity, it has been at best but a dim feeling after Him, if haply they might find Him. It required the appearance of Christ on earth to bring close to the hearts of large numbers of men the power of moral inspiration which is laid up in the very thought of God. Till then He seemed too high, too remote for this. But when Christ in human form came near to them, His presence touched the moral springs in men, hitherto dormant, and made new forces of

spiritual life to stir within them. Christ henceforth, both by His own personal teaching and example, and also by the new light of God's character which He let in on men's hearts, Himself the channel through which that light was let in, became a new dynamic power of virtue, an inspirer of goodness. The virtue-making power which He used was different from that which had been employed by the philosophers. They addressed the reason, He touched the heart by His words, by His deeds, above all by contact with Himself. The two methods are well contrasted in the following passage of *Ecce Homo*:—

'Who is the philosophic good man? He is one who has considered all the objects and consequences of human action; he has, in the first place, perceived that there is in him a principle of sympathy, the due development of which demands that he should habitually consider the advantage of others; he has been led by reflection to perceive that the advantage of one individual may often involve the injury of several; he has therefore concluded that it is necessary to lay down systematic rules for his actions, lest he should be led into such mis-calculations, and he has in this reasonable and gradual manner arrived at a system of morality. This is the philosophic good man. Do we find the result satisfactory? Do we not find in him a languid, melancholic, dull and hard temperament of virtue? He does right, perhaps, but without warmth or promptitude. And no wonder! The principle of sympathy was feeble in him at the beginning for want of contact with those who might have called it into play, and it has been made feebler still by hard brain-work and solitude. On the other hand, who is the good man that we admire and love? How do men become for the most part pure, generous, and humane? By personal, not by logical influences. They have been reared by parents who had these qualities, they have lived in society which had a high tone, they have been accustomed to see just acts done, to hear gentle words spoken, and the justness and the gentleness have passed into their hearts and slowly moulded their habits, and made their moral discernment clear; they remember commands and prohibitions which it is a pleasure to obey for the sake of those who gave them; they think of those who may be dead, and say, How would this action appear to him? Would he approve that word, or disapprove it? . . . They are never alone, because the absent Examples, the Authorities they still revere, rule not their actions only, but their inmost hearts; because their conscience is indeed awake and alive, representing all the nobleness with which they stand in sympathy, and reporting their most hidden indecorum before a public opinion of the absent and the dead.'

It was this last mode of appeal, one not wholly unknown before His day, that Christ adopted. But though the channel was familiar, the use He made of it was not; for the influence He poured through it was not only the purest human, but the Divine. The philosophers had addressed the reason, and failed.

Christ laid hold of a passion which was latent in every man, and prevailed. What was this passion? It was the love, not of man, 'not of all men, nor yet of every man, but of *the man in the man*.' But this in all men is naturally a weak principle; how did He make it a powerful one, make it 'a law-making power, a root of morality in human nature?' He gave a command to love all men without exception, even our enemies. Now a command cannot create love; but with the commandment He gave himself to love, and to awake the love that lies dormant in every man. This, which is the central teaching of *Ecce Homo*, must be given in the author's own words, so full of beauty and power:—

'Did the command to love go forth to those who had never seen a human being they could revere? Could his followers turn upon him and say, How can we love a creature so degraded? . . . Of this race Christ Himself was a member, and to this day is it not the best answer to all blasphemers of the species, the best consolation when our sense of its degradation is keenest, that a human brain was behind his forehead, and a human heart beating in his breast, and that within the whole creation of God nothing more elevated or more attractive has yet been found than he? . . . It was because the edict of universal love went forth to men whose hearts were in no cynical mood, but possessed with a spirit of devotion to a man, that words which, at any other time, however grandly they might sound, would have been but words, penetrated so deeply, and along with the law of love the power of love was given. Therefore, also, the first Christians were enabled to dispense with philosophical phrases, and instead of saying that they loved the ideal of man, could simply say and feel that they loved Christ in every man. . . . Christ believed it possible to bind men to their kind' (and to all goodness), 'but on one condition, that they were first bound fast to Himself.'

To His followers who walked with Him on earth, His presence, and to many in every age since, His image, has been the strongest of all levers to lift them out of selfishness, and to create goodness in them. They have found in His life and character an objective conscience better than all other ideals of perfection; in their sympathy with Him they have had the most unerring test by which to discern what was right and what was wrong to do; and in their love and veneration for Him, a motive power beyond all other powers, enabling them to do what was right from the love of it,—a power of loving God and of loving man, because they loved both in Him. To such the law of love absorbed into itself the law of duty, and became, in a new and pre-eminent way, the fulfilling of the law. Morality to them was no longer subjection and obedience to a dead abstract law, which they might revere but could never love, but an in-

spiration caught by contagion with Him, who contained the moral law and all the springs of morality in Himself. This is that central truth, long tacitly recognised, but enforced with such power in *Ecce Homo* as almost to appear new.

If we were to go no farther, we have enough to prove that Christ introduced into the moral heart of man that which all philosophers have been unable to find,—a new dynamic force, which not only told them what was good, but inspired them with the love and the power of being good. In short, He was the living centre of a new moral and spiritual creation. But if we go thus far, we cannot stop here, we must go further than the author of *Ecce Homo* does. For Christ claimed for Himself, and all who have followed Him most closely have acknowledged, that there are other powers and truths in Him, which in that able survey are either left in the background or altogether passed by. Those more transcendent doctrines,—Christ's atonement, His resurrection, the indwelling of His Spirit,—are as much part of the testimony about Christ, and of the agencies by which He has changed the world, as anything that we know of His character. You cannot cut off the one without shaking the foundations of the other; and these doctrines are, if true at all, not merely in conformity with the purest moral and spiritual principles, but must be their very essence, must lie at their very root. Those who have most laid to heart, and lived by these doctrines, have found in the Atonement the obliterating of the whole burden of past sin. This is not the place to enlarge on it. But no fact in man's moral history is more certain than this, that the simple statement of Scripture, 'Christ has appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself,' has been found efficacious to reach down to the lowest depths of men's souls beyond any other truth ever uttered on this earth. In the Resurrection, they have found the assurance that what conscience prophesies will in the end come true, that, though experience often seems against it, 'right is stronger than wrong, truth is better than falsehood, purity shall prevail over sensual indulgence, meekness shall inherit the earth; for right, truth, and purity are summed up in their champion Christ, and He has conquered death, the one unconquerable champion of the enemy.' In the promise of the indwelling Spirit, and its fulfilment, they have found a surety that the impulse which Christ first gave will not grow old, but will outlast time. One great practical result of these truths is the animating confidence they give that 'God is for us.' There is nothing so crushing to moral effort as the suspicion that however we may strive to live rightly, the great forces of the universe may be after all against us. But here the Atonement, the Resurrection come in. They tell us that this

suspicion is groundless,—that God is not against us, but on our side, that the faintest desire to be better He sympathizes with, and will help; that even on the heart where no such desire is yet stirring, He still looks tenderly, He wills its salvation. Can any greater strength for moral improvement be imagined than this?

The result of all that has been said is this, that only in vital Christianity, or rather, to speak plainly, in God revealed in Christ, lies the adequate and all-sufficient dynamic for man. For in Him thus revealed all the principles of man's composite nature find their object. The natural desire for happiness, the yearning of the affections, the moral needs of conscience, all are satisfied. And all these principles so centred are turned into motive powers, or rather into one composite motive power, in which the lower, more self-regarding elements, are gradually subordinated and absorbed by the higher.

But you say, perhaps, that these things, if true, are things of faith, and morality stands on grounds of reason. Is it so? Is it, then, certain that morality is independent of faith? To prefer an unseen duty because it is right, to a seen pleasure, because it is pleasant,—what is this but an act of faith? It requires faith to do the simplest moral act, if it is to be done morally. And the highest religious truths, if once they are apprehended vitally and spiritually from within, and not merely taken passively on authority from without, will be found to require but an expansion of that same principle of faith, by which, in its more elementary form, we realize simple moral truths.

There can be no manner of doubt that the promise 'I will put my laws into their hearts, and in their minds will I write them,' is the one great work which philosophy could not do, which the gospel has to some extent done. It has brought in that which moralists in vain sought after, and without which their schemes were vain—a living 'virtue-making power.' This was held forth as a hope in the Old Testament, 'All my fresh springs are in thee;' 'In thy light shall we see light;' 'Then shall I run in the way of thy commandments, when thou shalt enlarge my heart.' In the New it was abundantly fulfilled. To St. Paul and the first Christians the law became no longer a stern commandment, standing outside of them, threatening them from above, but a warm law of love within them—not only a higher discernment of the good, but a new and marvellous power to do it, cheerfully, and with joy. And down all the ages, whatever obscurations Christianity has undergone, this, the true apostolic succession, coming straight from the Divine Source to each individual recipient anew, has never failed.

In such as Augustine, A Kempis, Luther, Pascal, Leighton, Fénelon, Henry Martyn, the pure and sacred fire has been re-lit from age to age. They, by what they were, and what they did, became, each to their generation, the renewers of a deeper, more substantive morality. For the Christian light in them was not a tradition or an orthodoxy, but a living flame, enlightening and warming themselves, and passing from them to others. And so to this day their works are storehouses of moral and spiritual quickening, more than all the books of all the moralists. When you read Leighton, for instance, you feel yourself breathing a spiritual air, compared with which the atmosphere of the moral systems is dull and depressing. For in Leighton, and such men, morality is, as Mr. Arnold finely expresses it, 'lighted up with the emotion and inspiration needful for carrying the sage along the narrow way perfectly, for carrying the ordinary man along it at all.' The saintly Archbishop was but speaking of what few have a right to speak of, but what he had seen and known when he said—'One glance of God, a touch of His love, will free and enlarge the heart, so that it can deny all, and part with all, and make an entire renouncing of all, to follow Him.' Again, 'It is in His power to do it for thee. He can stretch and expand thy straitened heart, can hoist and spread the sails within thee, and then carry thee on swiftly; filling them, not with the vain air of men's applause, but with the sweet breathings and soft gales of His own Spirit, which carry it straight to the desired haven.'

This is the language of those who, like Leighton, have known most immediately, to use again his own words, 'the sensible presence of God, and shining of His clear-discovered face on them.' Perhaps ordinary men had better speak little of these things—they are so far beyond their experience. But because language like this has been often repeated as a mere hearsay, by those who had no experience of it, it has come to be considered by many a mere decorous tradition among religious people, which other men nauseate. Still, however overlaid it has been with words, and however remote from it most men must confess themselves to be, the thing here spoken of remains none the less a reality—towards which end not only the religious, but even the uprightly moral heart, must look and aspire.

In the light of these thoughts regarding the spiritual springs of morality, how vain appears that cry so often heard in this day, 'Give us Christian morality without the dogmas!' In as far as any dogmas may be the mere creations of Churches, or may be truths crusted over with human accretions, by all means let them be either swept away or purified. There is much need that all doc-

trines taught should be adjusted fittingly to the moral nature of men, so as, by manifestation of the truth, to commend themselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God. It is also true that as men advance in spiritual insight, their view of doctrine becomes more simple, more natural, more transparent with moral light. But still it is no less true that love to a transcendent object, to a living Person, is the one root of Christian virtue, and that to expect Christian well-doing without a soul based on Christian faith, is to expect fruit from a tree which has no root. As we have heard one say whose long life of Christian wisdom and love gives weight to his words: 'Renan and others admire the morality of the Sermon on the Mount, but reject altogether the doctrines or transcendent truths of Christianity. They would divide the one from the other as with a knife, and preserve this, and throw that away. Now, only think of it in this way. Take that one precept, "Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you." How am I really to fulfil this? If the law of my country gives me a command, bids me do this or not do that overt act, I can give it an outward mechanical obedience, and with this human law is satisfied. But this divine precept commands not an outward act, but an inward spiritual condition of being. How am I to attain to this? By my force of will? My will can rule my outward acts, but cannot change my inward dispositions. What shall avail to turn the whole tide of feeling, and change the natural hatred of enemies into love for them? Nothing short of the forgiving love of God in Christ to me and to all men felt in the heart as a reality. This once felt has power to change the natural hatred into a forgiving love. Nothing else can.' To us this seems clear as demonstration. And in like manner it might be shown that there is not one Christian precept which has not its root, its motive spring, directly in some transcendent truth of God's nature, and of the soul's relation to Him. Deny these, and the precepts fall. Vain, therefore, is the dream of a Christian morality without a true Christian theology at its foundation.

But this tendency to seek the fruits of Christianity while rejecting its root, is as nothing compared with the extravagance of that modern system, which teaches that 'the service of humanity' may be raised to the level of a practical and all-powerful moral motive, while all belief in a personal immortality and in the existence of God is denied, and a vague something, called the 'spirit of humanity,' is made the only object of worship. This strange persuasion has at this time its devotees, some of them men of great parts, and, we believe, of benevolent lives. That there should be some such—men possessed by fanaticism for a creed which parodies Christianity

while it rejects it—is not more to be wondered at than any other form of fanaticism. The causes that have produced this strange phenomenon might not be difficult to find. But it is a thing to be wondered at that a cool-headed philosopher like Mr. Mill, who has never evinced tendencies to fanaticism for this or any form of religion, should have thrown over it the shield of his patronage. Yet so it is. While professing that he entertains the strongest objections to M. Comte's system of politics and morals, he still thinks that that system has 'superabundantly shown the possibility of giving to the service of humanity, even without the aid of a belief in Providence, both the psychological power and the social efficacy of a religion; making it take hold of human life, and colour all thought, feeling, and action, in a manner of which the greatest ascendancy ever exercised by any religion may be but a type and foretaste.' The strength of this statement, perhaps, it may be right to attribute to Mr. Mill's generosity in advocating a mode of thought which he thought to be unpopular. For certainly it is one of his characteristics, that whether from the desire to help the weaker party, or from the love of paradox, he never shrinks from cutting prejudice against the grain. Can it be to the same reason we are to attribute that other strange statement of his, that the ideal of Christian morality is negative rather than positive, passive rather than active, abstinence from evil rather than energetic pursuit of good. If this is not to be put down to the love of paradox, it is an instance of ignorance in a writer of high repute, to which it would be hard to find any parallel. To refute it there is no need to turn to the New Testament, though, if we did so, we should have to quote nearly one-half of it; neither need we point to the lives of the most eminent Christians, and the extent to which philanthropy purely Christian has changed the world. For a sufficient refutation we need only refer to a modern authoress, who plainly enough shows that she is as free as Mr. Mill is from any deference to orthodoxy. In her able essay on Christian Ethics, Miss Cobbe sets forth with great force how Christ changed the negative law of the Jews into a positive, and thereby transformed the whole spirit of morality, giving to men the being good, and doing good for their aim. And then she contrasts with this what she thinks the ethics of the modern Churches,—the mere refraining from evil and leading harmless lives. But to return to Mr. Mill's assertion, that 'the service of humanity' may probably be found to be a motive force as powerful, or even more powerful, than any hitherto known. Now, is it not a fact of history that it was Christ, who by His character, His teaching, His whole revelation, for the first time so enlarged men's narrow hearts as to make some of

them at least conceive an universal love for their kind? How He did this we have partly seen already, and cannot dwell more on now. Is it not also a fact of history, that since His sojourn on earth a new virtue, philanthropy, has come into action, and that of the great benefactors of mankind by far the largest number, and those the noblest and most self-denying, have been men who have confessed that they drew their inspiration to well-doing directly from love to Him? Have these not declared that the power which enabled them to overcome natural revulsion, and to seek out their fallen fellow-creatures, even under the most unlovely and revolting circumstances, was the simple faith that God and Christ have pity on themselves, and on all men, even the most degraded? This worth, which human nature, even when most sunk in vice, has in the eyes of Christ, has for His true followers invested it with a new sacredness. In saying this we speak of no mere feeling or fancy, but of one of the soberest, best attested facts. If for eighteen centuries this has been proved to be the strongest motive power in the breasts of great philanthropists, will men's devotion to the good of their kind become wider or more intense if you remove those beliefs which have hitherto fed it? Men's permanent devotion to any object is exactly in proportion to their belief in the worth of that object. Will men's opinion of the worth of the race be greater when you have removed from their minds all thought of an eternal destiny, and convinced them that their yearnings towards God are a delusion? Would human life seem more lovely or more sublime, if you could take Christ out of the heart of the race, and obliterate all sense of the relation in which we stand to God? Would the music of humanity sound more grand and deep if you could silence these, its tenderest, profoundest tones? Nothing that we know of the past or of the nature of things makes it in the least probable that by withdrawing what history has proved to be the strongest motive, indeed the creative power of philanthropy, you will increase its volume. And if we are to wait till trial can be made of the new panacea, the suspense will be long, and the result, we believe, disastrous to the best interests of mankind. It will, we suspect, require more than the mere assertion of any philosopher to make sober-minded men willing to hazard the experiment.

Not to Christian morality, without the faith which underlies it, still less to the Comtian 'service of humanity,' can we look with hope for the moving force which shall make man fulfil his moral end. There is still another agency, which is so ably recommended that it must not be passed without a word. Mr. Arnold, in the farewell lecture of that remarkable series by

which he has added new lustre to an Oxford chair, adorned within living memory by Milman and Keble, has lately renewed his advocacy of Culture as a meliorating power in society. This lecture, like all that Mr. Arnold writes, is instinct with ideas, not indeed formalized into system, and with no parade of philosophy, but more living, more provocative of thought, than much of what passes for philosophy amongst us. From the light banter and playful humour with which he conducts his assaults, there is a danger that minds of the heavy-pounding sort may not recognise his real earnestness. Anew in this lecture he reiterates his assertion that the great enemy to all that is high, pure, and spiritual, is British Philistinism. By Philistinism, he elsewhere explains, is meant, on the side of beauty and taste, vulgarity; on the side of morals, hardness and coarseness; on the side of mind and spirit, unintelligence. Mr. Arnold, who, from a more intimate knowledge of Continental life and manners, is better able than many to estimate British society, thinks that it is rank with this Philistinism. And of the British people he seems to give the great middle class, and the upper part of the lower class, credit for the larger share of it. That the thing he speaks of is no chimera, but a really existing evil, that stands in the way of all moral elevation, no one with an eye to observe what is going on around him, and some things it may be in his own heart, can for a moment doubt. Only it may be doubted whether, when we trace the thing to its root, any class of society can be justly credited with a monopoly of it. Mr. Arnold of course speaks chiefly of English society, with which he is best acquainted. But we in Scotland cannot claim any exemption from the plague of Philistinism. Our Scottish Philistine, however, has not so much of the third element—non-intelligence. Indeed, he has a large fund of intelligence of a sort, but that so raw and harsh a sort, as only to bring into more offensive prominence the other two elements. So little can knowledge alone really educate a man, that sometimes even the very highest scientific attainments may be found combined with the true Philistian character. Mere knowledge, without those influences that make a man generous, gentle, humane, is to the man within the man a very doubtful gain. But besides raw *brusquerie* of intellect, triumphant industrialism and rapidly gained wealth tend this same way. For Philistinism is a plant that springs up rapidly under the sun of material prosperity. But the truth is, it belongs to no one soil, or set of circumstances. Wherever there is a man pre-occupied with thoughts about himself, and, as a consequence, without thought for others, there is the germ of Philistinism, whether in a coarser form, or a more refined.

Where there is a heart at leisure from itself, however rustic and unlettered, there Philistinism cannot be.

For the antidote to this evil, the solvent to break up the horny crust that hardens round the hearts of men, Mr. Arnold looks to Culture; and by culture he means much more than has usually been meant by that word. Not only æsthetic and intellectual elements he makes it include, but moral also, and even religious. It has generally been desired as rendering 'an intelligent being more intelligent;' but besides this, Mr. Arnold regards it in another aspect, as the means 'to make reason and the will of God prevail.' To the former aspect, which regards rather the improvement of each man's self, this view of Mr. Arnold's would add a social and a moral side, which includes, as a main element of culture, the love of our neighbour, and the desire in a man to leave the world better than he found it. What is new in Mr. Arnold's view is the emphasis with which he insists that culture is not only the endeavour to see things as they are—to know the order of the world as it exists—but to know it as the Will of God, and to make this will prevail.

With great power and fine irony, Mr. Arnold shows how in Great Britain, at this hour, men everywhere, absorbed in the pursuit of the means of life, worshipping the machinery, lose sight of the ends—those ends which alone give to the machinery any value. Immersed in love of coal, steam, wealth, population, bodily health and strength, they fail to find true well-being. They find instead the character of Philistines in all its hideousness, as the result of this worship of machinery, this neglecting of the spiritual ends which machinery ought to serve. In rebuke of all this, he reiterates with Epictetus, and how many more, that the formation of the spirit and character is our one real concern. This is familiar teaching—often taught, ever forgotten, 'What will it profit a man . . .' The spiritual ends, however, to which he exhorts, the ideal which he holds up, contains in it fully as much of the Greek as of the Hebrew element. A complete and harmonious inward perfection, a character combining sweetness and light, the two noblest things we know—sweetness, or the love of beauty, harmony, goodness—light, or the large and high intelligence open to all truth,—these are the ends that make men's real welfare; these he urges them to seek, and to make all their other seekings subserve.

In much of this teaching Mr. Arnold does real service to moral progress. In preaching once more the doctrine of moral ends and means, he is following in the path of all the sages, only with a language which the present hour will understand. But it is because we so entirely side with him as against his

opponents, the many enemies of culture, because we see the existence of the evil he warns of, the Philistinism already at our throats, and love the excellence he loves, that we are desirous that no mistake should be made about the right grounds and true method of eradicating the one and of attaining the other. Mr. Arnold makes religion an ingredient in culture, a means, perhaps the highest means, toward culture, yet a means. He thinks that culture, in its ideal of a 'harmonious expansion of all the human powers,' goes beyond religion, as it is generally conceived among us. Again, he says that culture 'adding to itself the religious idea of a devout energy, is destined to transform and govern' religion. Culture the end, religion the means. But there are things which, because they are ultimate ends in themselves, refuse to be employed as means, and if attempted to be so employed, lose their essential character. Religion is one, and the foremost of these things. Obedience, conformity of the finite and imperfect will of man to the infinite and perfect will of God, this, which is the essence of religion, is an end in itself, the highest end which we can think of; and it cannot be sought as a means to an ulterior end without being at once destroyed. This is an end, or rather the end in itself, to which culture and all other ends are only means. And here in culture, as we saw in pleasure, the great ethic law will be found to hold, that the abandoning of it as an end, in obedience to a higher, more supreme end, will be made the very condition of securing it. Stretch the idea of culture and of the perfection it aims at wide as you will—and Mr. Arnold has widened and deepened it to the utmost—you cannot, while you make it your last end, rise clear of the original self-reference that lies at its root; this you cannot get rid of, unless you go out of culture, and beyond it, abandoning it as the end, and sinking it into what it really is—a means, though perhaps the highest means, towards full and perfect duty. No one ever really became beautiful by aiming at beauty. Beauty comes, we scarce know how, as an emanation from deeper sources than itself. If culture, or rather the ends of culture—sweetness and light—are to be healthy natural growths, they must come unconsciously, as results of conformity to the will of God, sought not for any end but itself. On the other hand, culture, making its own idea of perfection the end and religion the means, would degenerate into an unhealthy artificial plant, open to the charges urged against it by its enemies.

But it will be said, Have not religious agencies of all kinds been busily at work for the last three centuries, and behold the result! In the warmest advocates of religion, bitterness and division; in the great mass of the thriving classes, rawness,

narrowness, vulgarity; in the lowest portion, barbarism and profanity. Has not the religious idea been tried to the uttermost, and found wanting? Intensify to the uttermost 'the dissidence of dissent, and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion,' will this cure the inherent Philistinism of our people, achieve the ends which culture longs for? No one can pretend that the religious organizations, as they now are, have done this, or are on the way to do it. So much is their spiritual strength spent in enforcing sectarian and divisive ideas. Sectarianism, whatever else it may have done, has certainly not promoted the harmonious expansion of human nature which Mr. Arnold aims at. But there are signs enough that its day is waning. On all sides we see the new wine—a purer Christian spirit, new and strong as ever, ready to burst the old bottles, if only new ones were at hand to preserve it. Amid all our narrowness, and limitations, and contradictions, is not the horizon visibly widening around us? And as it widens, and as social philosophies one after another try to keep pace with it, and fail, the adaptation of Christ to fill the hearts of all men individually, and the necessity of Him to become the cementing bond of renewed humanity, will become more than ever apparent. In subservience to Him is the right place for culture. Large service lies ready for it to do, if it only understand its true calling, to be the minister of a faith higher than itself. As an instrumentality of this kind, culture may become a most beneficent power, probably the power most needed in this age. But it must be as means, not as end; as servant, not as master.

We have attempted to show, as far as our space allowed, how a new and more vital force is imported into morality, if we can regard the abstract moral law of ethical science as absorbed into the All-righteous, All-loving Personal Will which Christianity reveals. In doing so we have touched, and that very imperfectly, we are well aware, but one side of a many-sided, indeed of an exhaustless, problem. When man's natural moral sentiments are confronted with the Christian revelation, many other questions arise, some of them more fundamental, though none perhaps more practical, than the one here discussed. Of these fundamental inquiries one of the foremost is, how far man naturally possesses within himself certain moral sentiments which serve as criteria by which the truth of a revelation may be judged. On this grave question we cannot even enter at the close of this long discussion. Only we would remark, that the moral nature in man must be that to which any objective religion, which claims to be universal, must mainly make its appeal. Else man has no internal standard at all by which

to try any religion which claims to be received ; and on purely external grounds, it is conceivable that a religion, teaching immorality, might have much to say for itself. Christianity, at first, though it came with other evidence besides the moral, yet rested its claim mainly on the moral ground, and must do so more and more, as man's moral perceptions, through its agency, along with other agencies at work, become, age by age, deeper and purer.

The appeal to a power of judging in man is made in many different forms by our Lord Himself :—‘ Why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right ? ’ St. Paul, too, says that he strove in all he taught to commend himself to every man's conscience. And the more either individuals or the race advance in spiritual intelligence, the more readily will they respond to this appeal in preference to all others. Morality and Christianity have, for eighteen centuries, acted and reacted on each other, the outward teaching quickening the inward perceptions, and these, when quickened, purifying men's apprehensions of the outward truth. And these two have become so interwoven that we believe it to be now impossible to separate them in the moral consciousness of mankind, and to say, this was drawn from the one source, and that from the other. Christianity, from the first, appealing partly to men's natural desire to escape from the dreaded consequences of sin, partly to the moral longing for righteousness, never wholly dead in the race, has, through this mingling of prudential and moral motives, elevated the best of mankind, and made their moral perceptions what they now are. And these moral perceptions, thus refined, react on the objective religion, and require ever more stringently that the truths presented by it shall be not only moral, that is, conformable to all that is purest and best in man, but that they shall complement this, strengthen, elevate it. They require not only that nothing which is un-moral shall be taught as true of God and His dealings with man, but that all which is taught concerning Him shall be in the highest conceivable degree righteous, shall be such as to lay hold of and to cherish whatever susceptibility of righteousness there is in man, and carry it on to perfection. This is so obvious that it seems a truism. It is so readily assented to that no one would think of denying it when stated in this general way. Yet it is painful to think how much and how persistently it has often been lost sight of in popular religious teaching, and with how disastrous consequences. We are quite aware of the difficulties which this principle has to meet when turned on certain points in the elder and more rudimentary forms of revelation. To solve these fairly would require a combination of moral and historical insight, with various kinds of

knowledge, such as few possess. But when this principle is applied to the latest and completed revelation, Christianity can meet its requirements in their most exacting form. If precept or truth can elevate, what height of morality can be conceived which shall not find its complement in such precepts as this,—‘Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect’? or in such announcements as these,—‘God is love;’ ‘God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all’? Indeed it is only when the inner moral eye has been clarified that the meaning of these statements comes out at all, and evermore as the moral nature rises these great truths rise above it infinitely. And if it be said that after all these are but general announcements, void of content, and we still need to know what perfection, light, love, are, then there remains our Lord’s own life, with His teaching, actions, character, to fill these general words with concrete meaning and substance.

It were well that those who have to teach religion should consider these matters more closely,—make a study more searching than is commonly made of what there is moral in man,—what this longs for, with what alone it will be satisfied. The most thoughtful teachers know this, know that for want of thus meeting the moral needs of men,—thus grappling with the higher moral side of questions,—there is danger lest the purest morality of modern time part company with the received religion. Men who are to teach cannot see too clearly, or seize too firmly the distinction between that which is really moral and that which is merely prudential in man; and though they may not altogether pass over notions drawn from the latter region, on the former mainly they must throw themselves, to it must be their chief appeal. They must cease to be content if they can raise men merely to the prudential level of a desire for safety, they must feel that their work is hardly begun till those they teach have come to desire righteousness for the love of itself. They must cease to meet moral yearnings by un-moral doctrines or expedients,—for bread giving men a stone. They must keep steadily before them that nothing can permanently satisfy the moral being in man, but something not less, but more moral, more spiritual than itself. They must feel themselves, and make others feel, that in the Divine economy, though there is much which is mysterious, there is nothing which is not even now supremely moral, and which will not at last be clearly seen to be so. In ceasing to use so exclusively the weapons of merely earthly, and wielding more confidently those of pure spiritual, temper, they need not fear that the old armory of Christianity will fail them. In the old words, the old truths, the old facts, more vitally and spiritually apprehended, because brought closer to

the moral heart of man, they will find all they need. This close contact between Christian truths and the highest moral sentiment of the time, while it vitalizes and makes real the former, will react no less powerfully on the latter. There is no moral truth which is not deepened when seen in the light of eternity and of God. That which, regarded from the side of man, is felt merely as a yielding to his own sensual nature, when seen from the side of God as disobedience to a loving and righteous will, to which he owes everything, is deepened into a sense of sin. Character which, when regarded from a merely moral point of view, almost inevitably becomes a building up from our own internal resources, takes altogether another aspect when it is seen that what a man really is in the last resort is determined by the relation in which he stands to God. Then it comes to be felt that the rightness men search for cannot be self-evolved from within, that they must cease from attempting this, must go beyond self, must fall back on a simple receptivity, receiving the rightness and the right-making power which they have not in themselves, from out of the great reservoir of righteousness which is in God. Only on thus falling back on God, and feeling himself to be as of every other thing, so of righteousness, a recipient, is a man truly rightened. Thus the last moral craving and the first upward look of religion agree in one,—‘A man can receive nothing except it be given him from above.’

ART. II.—*Lyra Elegantiarum. A Collection of some of the best Specimens of Vers de Société in the English Language.* By deceased Authors. Edited by FREDERIC LOCKER. London, 1867.

IN publishing a collection of English *vers de société*, and in asking for compositions of this kind a distinct place in our literature, Mr. Locker no doubt expected to be met with Sterne's well-worn comment, 'They manage this matter better in France,' and such is the popular theory as regards these, the poems of elegance and of social life. But how much better they do or did manage the matter in France, is a question we have asked ourselves. How far either has there ever been in England a school of writers of this kind? Is their poetry better or worse than the French equivalents? In what qualities does it fall short of the standard we have accepted? What helps and what hindrances does it receive from the character of our language? Who writes it, and who reads it? These are points which have been little noticed, and yet not only might a curious comparison be made between French and English *vers de société*, but by looking a little more closely into the subject, we might see many marks of national and literary progress or decadence, and find there a whole history of manners, with traces of our political distinctions, and of the little rivalries of the age. We write and read *vers d'occasion* because we are social creatures, but in turning over the book before us, we have been tempted to think that such a collection of verses has more than a mere passing interest. These Englishmen, from Herrick to Thackeray, wrote as they were moved, not only by their personal fancy, their gallantry, their tenderness, or their pique, but also by the spirit of the age to which they belonged. Such as is the civilisation of any period, such will be that of its lesser poets. Dilettantis will sometimes, we know, persist in preserving a rococo style which their generation has agreed to discard; and great poets are generally teachers, anticipating or originating a school of which they are to be the masters; but assuredly the men of society, the men of letters, of office, and of polite education, reflect with accuracy the peculiarities of their age. Thus a world of religious, political, and social difference lies between the drawing-room verse of the Elizabethan age and that of the reign of Queen Anne, as it also does between the poets who preceded and those who followed that French Revolution which effected as great a change in the literary as in the political creed of Europe.

It may be profitable, then, using Mr. Locker's volume as a

text-book, to wander for a little in the byways of English verse, to leave the royal roads to fame, and to loiter in paths which are paths of pleasantness, where our guide will prove a good one, all the better because Mr. Locker is himself a poet of the kind Isaac Disraeli described as 'being polished by an intercourse with the world and with studies of taste, to whom refinement is a science and art a nature.'

The tone of his Preface (which is so pretty an essay, that a critic may well despair of saying anything new about it) is, we observe, slightly apologetic. It is that of a man who, in introducing a favourite protégé, is aware that the world may not view it with the same indulgence as he does. In short, Mr. Locker has pondered over the fact that though every man would be glad to write such verses, and would hold his head higher in society if he could, there is a prejudice against them; they are sometimes thought to be an affectation, and are often supposed to be unnational. We feel, or we have been told, that as a nation our forte does not lie in wit, but that we have a taste for the comic, if it is broad enough; we aver that our genius is practical, and we have a vague, though unaverred suspicion that we are clumsy. Yet this *Lyra Elegantiarum* would go far to prove the contrary, and the compiler might have taken higher praise to himself for having, as old Montaigne expresses it, thus 'provided the string with which to tie all these flowers together.'

Men are only unreasonable if they insist that this, the lighter or secondary kind of poetry, should have qualities to which it does not aspire, and which are in truth incompatible with its own standard of finished and ephemeral grace. Poems like these have often in a small compass many sources of pleasure. Brevity, we have been assured, is needful for wit; and here we have both. The charms of rhythm and alliteration are added, nor must we omit the element of surprise, as a delicate 'conchetto' generally lurks somewhere, and we come upon it unawares. Finally, there is, or ought to be, the sense of completeness; that strange gratification so subtle of analysis, yet so essential to our pleasure, that we not only demand it in things good, but find that its presence gives a bitter sweetness to things painful, as we feel when we watch the outward-bound ship sinking beneath the verge, or see the last flickering spark die out of a heap of grey ashes that once were the letters of a mistress or of a friend.

All these elements are essential to the perfection of *vers de société*, but Mr. Locker is right when he demands for them the necessity of being elegant. Perhaps elegance in poetry is as difficult to define as elegance in manner and in dress; both have an inexplicable charm, both have vulgar caricatures made of

them which only result in being painfully 'genteel,' and both revenge themselves by being really and wholly impossible of imitation or of counterfeit. Poets are elegant when their minds are so, and when they have acquired by practice the art of expressing their thoughts in a pleasing and often in an apparently artless manner. Yet to no sort of composition does the old remark apply so well, that much art is required to be natural, and thus the pretty and apparently spontaneous verses we see in this collection have, and ought to have, all the care and finish of a miniature. They remind us of the delicate scroll-work of the best Renaissance designs; like the arabesques in the Loggie of Raphael, they are beautiful from harmony and lightness of touch: like the sweet thinness of a Frenchwoman's voice in singing, the charm lies in the finish, not in the feeling; all are elegant, but not powerful,—there is something to touch, much to please, but nothing to rouse one. The finish is the essential: to borrow another illustration from the sister art, Rubens might boast that he painted like a lion, and trust that his power would call off attention from his faults; but what are *tableaux de genre* without elaborate work? Satin dresses, onions, carrots, and dead game would soon be consigned to the limbo of the old-curiosity shops, did not the manner redeem the matter; and thus it is with *vers de société*,—the question is not so much what is done, but how it is done, how much curb the writer has put on himself that quaint rhymes shall not degenerate into doggerel, fancy run into grotesqueness, wit into coarseness, or feeling rise into passion, when the poem ceases at once to belong to the class of the poetry of the drawing-room. Mr. Locker says:—

'In his judgment, genuine *vers de société* should be short, elegant, refined, and fanciful. . . . The tone should not be pitched too high; it should be idiomatic, and rather in the conversational key. . . . The poem may be tinctured with a well-bred philosophy, it may be gay and gallant, it may be playfully malicious, or tenderly ironical, it may display lively banter, or it may be satirically facetious; it may even, considering it merely as a work of art, be Pagan in its tone, but it must never be ponderous or commonplace.'

Poetry that answers to all these demands is reproached for being artificial. In a certain sense it is. It belongs to an artificial state of society, and is prepared with great art, so as to show a little and not too much of what the author feels; and thus such verses seem to represent a great deal of what is best in our social life,—its polish, its civility, and its self-control. It is easy at any time to indulge in platitudes against society, to describe the worldliness and the vulgarity of what has been well named Vanity Fair; but one seldom hears this from the men

or the women who most adorn society, since none value or know so well what it has to teach. They have realized that it is not good for us to live alone; that we sympathize more readily when we have already learned to know men of all estates, and that our powers of heart and mind are in a direct ratio to our powers of sympathy. Many of the beautiful verses in this collection disprove the idea that very elegant writers have no feeling, or have written without it. The feeling is often exquisite,—more exquisite, deep-seated, and positively romantic, than in our stage of civilized life men usually care to show to each other, unless they can qualify its exhibition by something approaching to a jest, as we apologize for a compliment by a bow. It is also certain that the very nature of this art requires leisure as well as sympathy, and no one deeply bereaved, or tormented by jealousy, has leisure for pretty fancies. When the storm has come, when the trees in the high garden of the heart are struck by lightning, and the hail has beaten down all its flowers, we do not go out with nets to catch butterflies; they are supposed to be drenched or dead, and we don't care if they are; but all the days of our lives are not equally unpropitious. Men's minds are not always at full stretch; we do not every morning review the cardinal points of our faith in things human or divine, and Love, so far from constantly meditating on the dagger and the bowl, or more seriously considering the taxes and the apothecary's bill, often takes its ease in well-sheltered bowers; there in its hours of idleness it sports with its friends, puts garlands on their heads, pelts them with the new-mown grass, dashes them with drops from the fountain, and pledges them in a 'beaker full of the warm south;' while it tastes of a joy that may well express itself in songs as gay and as happy as the birds. Sometimes, too, it happens that wise or wayworn men laying their cares of business or of office aside, and while listening to the prattle of women and children, have hit off *jeux d'esprit* which pleased their listeners, but which assuredly please themselves still more, because they embody that sense of rest and playfulness which crept over them while they kept holiday. Sometimes such verses have been dictated by hearts that once beat most passionately; for it is one of the strangest phases of passion, that of its ebb-tide, in which, standing as it were aside from our own lives, we contemplate all our late acting and feeling with a tender cynicism which differs from self-pity or from contempt, though it would seem to be composed of both. Complex natures often so look at themselves, and we may be certain that the writers whose poems are before us were men of complex natures, of the highest social attainments as well as of literary cultivation,—emphatically men and women of the world,

gentlemen and gentlewomen in the best and most evident sense of the term, treating their subject and their readers as they do their own feelings, with a reticent and playful good-breeding which is more endearing than many greater gifts. They knew the value of grace, and likewise of mirth; above all they knew the power of good and wholesome nonsense, and generally remembered to assign a place to 'Puck' among the rest of the *dramatis personæ* which memory or fancy invoked upon the stage. Too often, it is true, the poetry of the drawing-room has been made the vehicle for bitter satire and coarse innuendo; lovers of the calibre of Pope and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu sent such Parthian shafts after each other when Cupid's quiver was emptied, and doctors and lawyers have in their squibs and epigrams shown a brevity and terseness which are not to be found in their speeches or prescriptions; but these pasquinades are the worst examples of the art, they are the '*nummi suberrati*' of the cabinet, mere bronze coins of malice, thinly silvered over with wit. It is essential to the success of any work of art that it should give a certain quantity of pleasure to the readers, and in a poem of elegance we expect to have our minds kept in a pleasurable state, and not to have our teeth set on edge by all the sounds of uncharitableness.

False sentiment is equally painful. What can be more distressing than Moore's lines to his wife (at p. 220), 'Fly from the world, O Bessy! to me,' where the deepest feelings for this world and the next are disposed of with a levity that would be indecent were it not absurd to see the cardinal themes of love, life, death, and resurrection disposed of in four such cockney-fied verses? They are not elegant; besides their unreality they have a would-be elegance that is very irritating, and with Mr. Haynes Bayley's 'I'd be a Butterfly,' are among the few blemishes in Mr. Locker's collection. Less offensive to taste are the bastard pastorals of the last century, of which Mr. Locker has been right in admitting a few specimens. It is true that, as Mr. Ruskin ironically says, these are praises of the country written by people who lived in coffee-houses; but they once were fashionable, and still have a sort of conventional prettiness, while they recall a school which had many disciples both in France and in England. The shepherdess era in painting was certainly more illustrious on the other side of the Channel than on this, and in the same way it is to be doubted whether any English pastoral is as thorough and unaffectedly pretty as the celebrated '*Il pleut, il pleut, Bergère!*' which on French lips seems never to grow old.

So far we have tried to define what genuine *vers de société* ought to be, and in looking at what they have been we are

tempted to say that, in matters of taste, the extremes of our literature are about to meet, as if we had more in common now with the earlier writers than with those of the Georgian period, an affinity, be it understood, which exists in the sentiment rather than in the idiom. We are much less artificial than the writers of the eighteenth century, and we are not to be blamed if an increased civilisation and knowledge of the world has greatly increased our range of subjects. To justify this idea one may compare a few of the authors who figure in this *Lyra Elegantiarum*.

Herrick ought assuredly to have the precedence. To say that he is a pretty and old-fashioned poet is not to explain his charm. Stiff in form he sometimes is (like a contemporary portrait by Holbein), but he is fresh as an English spring, and very purely English in his diction; and beautiful as his verses are, they are fitting representatives of our tongue at the period from which we date Shakespeare's plays and the translation of the Scriptures. Herrick's language is more Saxon than that of Spenser, for Spenser's vocabulary will be found to contain, along with many obsolete English words, a great number of French or Latin derivation, and his taste as well as his allegories remind us of the old romances, of the *Lais* of the Troubadours, of the poems of Thibault of Navarre, or of the good King René of Anjou; still Herrick bears abundant marks of French influence; and we cannot wonder at it, for it was not so very long since English kings were really French counts of Anjou, and since the poetry and cultivation of England reflected but the culture of Languedoc and Provence. Herrick's rhymes often remind us of Ronsard, but Herrick is never prosaic, which Ronsard is, and the tender human interest of Herrick's occasional pieces is more attractive even than Ronsard's exquisite spring song, 'Dieu vous garde, messagers fidelles, De printemps vistes arondelles!' or than the 'Avril' of Remy Belleau (1585), which is phrased in Herrick's own manner,—thus

'Avril le parfum des dieux,
Qui des lieux,
Sentent l'odeur de la plaine.
C'est toy courtois et gentil
Qui d'exil,

Retires ces passagères,
Ces arondelles qui vont
Et qui sont
Du printemps les messagères.'

Both authors were contemporaneous with Herrick, but in spite of Ronsard's renown we are inclined to give the bays to the author of the 'Hesperides' and of the 'Night Piece to Julia.' Making allowance for the greater plainness of speech which obtained in those days, Herrick seems to have been a sincere and honest lover, and we feel as if it would have been

better for a woman to have been loved by him than by Ronsard, all gallant as he was. Thus the courtier remonstrates with his Angevine lady-love:—

‘ Quand vous serez bien vieille,
Le soir à la chandelle,
Assise auprès du feu, devisant et
filant

Divez, chantant mes vers,
En vous esmerveillant,
Ronsard m’a célébré du temps que
j’étais belle.’

This is pretty, almost as pretty and conceited as Camoens’ hint to his Catherine that he had bestowed immortality on her beautiful eyes, but there is a manly simple force in Herrick, a something better than is to be found in Ronsard, when he thus warns his mistress:—

‘ Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes,
Which star-like sparkle in their
skies:
Nor be you proud, that you can see
All hearts your captives—yours still
free;—

Be you not proud of that rich hair,
Which wantons with the love-sick air;
Whenas the ruby that you wear,
Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,
Will last to be a precious stone,
When all your world of beauty’s gone.’

Suckling and Cowley come next in point of date; they have less genius, but are full of happy, graceful lines. In Mr. Locker’s book there is one exquisite fragment of Cowley’s (p. 41):—

Love in her sunny eyes doth basking play:
Love walks the pleasant mazes of her hair:
Love does on both her lips for ever stray,
And sows and reaps a thousand kisses there:
In all her outward parts Love’s always seen:
But, ah! he never went within!’

We do not remember to have met with this before; and yet, although written in England, and early in the seventeenth century, it seems familiar, and almost as if it had suggested one of Heine’s most cunning little songs, ‘Der Sommer ist auf deinem Wäengelein.’

Love and loyalty are the themes to which, for the next half century, the writers of occasional verse owed their inspiration. We hear Lovelace singing of stone walls and iron bars, Montrose devoting his voice and sword to a falling cause, and Arthur Lord Capel making melody in the Tower, till their echoes are drowned by the lighter mirth of Etheridge and Sedley, if not by the ribald wit and coarser ballads of the coffee-houses; and between these two schools of royalists stood the poet of the Commonwealth, the young Milton, telling of ‘Mirth’ in the most perfect poem of elegance, the veriest pastoral *de luxe*, that has ever come from an English pen. After another period of political troubles, we find ourselves among the wits and poets of the days of Queen Anne; and once again, as under Elizabeth, a remarkable impetus is given to literature in all its branches.

But this age differs widely in taste from the Elizabethan. It is less brave, less fresh, and far less ingenuous, therefore far less poetical; and there is a greater barrier grown up between classes, and between the town and the country, as Pope's satires and the papers in the *Spectator* very clearly show. Men are of a more caustic wit; they are more critical and sceptical: Pope's stately measures, the pure and Spartan pages of Sir William Temple, and the cold classic grace of Addison, are very good things, but they cannot give us back the 'wood-notes wild' of the Shakespearian age, and as it is with this age, so it is with its *vers de société*.

The 'Modish Cupid' of that day not only wore a full-bottomed wig, and snuffed and swore like a fine gentleman, but his loyalty was doubtful and his patriotism very indifferent. In fact, he was often (or affected to be) half a Frenchman, and he was, we think, none the better for this wearing of strange suits, and being so wholly out of love with his nativity. King William's policy had preserved the nationality and independence of England, but her statesmen and men of letters were deeply imbued with French taste. For in those days we gave nothing to France, and an Anglomania was a thing unknown under the Grand Monarque; even Louis xv. disliked any adoption of English manners, and asked angrily of a courtier just returned from London what he could have learned in that place. 'Sire, j'ai appris à penser,' answered the Marquis. '*A panser!* probablement les chevaux,' retorted the King, who may or may not have been aware that for half a century English philosophers had learned a very great deal from France. The letters, the taste, the opinions, the music, and the fashionable morality of most of our literary men were French: Bolingbroke's perhaps most notably so: but there was one splendid exception, the genius of Jonathan Swift escaped the contagion, and his *vers d'occasion*, whether in the exquisite letters yearly addressed to Stella on her birthday, or in the irresistibly humorous 'Petition of Mrs. Francis Harris,' are among the best in our language, while they are free from any affectations, either home-grown or imported. Was this sympathy with France justifiable or genuine? We think it was misplaced in those who could realize how vast was the interest at stake in that struggle for our nationality which lasted through the reigns of William and of Anne, and which, if we recall the danger of the rebellions, may be said to have coloured the reigns of the two first Georges; but we think that it was genuine, and that Louis xiv. therein achieved a conquest he did not dream of when he smarted under blows which his arms received from Marlborough. The intellectual light of France

was so dazzling, that it might well illuminate both the Court of Potsdam, and the English shores : and of that light Paris was the focus.

The features of social life in courtly Paris were for the most part evil. Veil it as we may, let Madame de Sévigné's kindly gossip but half conceal and half disclose its scandals and its heart-burnings, the pictures drawn by Dangeau and St. Simon have sharp outlines, and the *vers de société* are of a very tell-tale description. There is, to those who are conversant with French verse, a curious peculiarity proper to this period. The French people make no more songs ; the ballad-book of old France is closed, and no more additions are made to it now that the wars are over, that the old captains of the 'religion' or of the Low Countries are dead, or represented only by the courtiers of Marly and Versailles : but, on the other hand, French wit is sharpened as it were by the life of courts, which had succeeded to that of camps, and, if we may borrow the expression of a recent writer, 'French malignity' makes great strides. It was to reach its climax in the foul and bitter pasquinades with which Marie Antoinette was assailed ; but all through the eighteenth century 'malignity' seems to have been the evil genius of French social literature, and poems were too often but vehicles for personal, family, and party spite. Thus their *vers de société* may be divided into three sorts,—the epigram, in which they excel ; malicious and libertine pieces, not commendable even for their *finesse* ; and the affected but finished verses which have the heavy wit of the Hotel Rambouillet.

Standing apart from the more shameless chicaneries and excesses of some other circles, the society of the Hotel Rambouillet held an honoured place, as the centre of that elegant trifling, that dallying with literature and love which are so distinctive of the period. At no time were *vers d'occasion* so abundant, at no time were they so essential to polite life. Voiture frequented the Hotel, and thither came many others, all anxious to give, that they might receive, that meed of praise which modern poets covet as much as ever did wandering minstrel of old. The *romances*, letters, songs, and sonnets of this society would fill volumes. At the time, they circulated from mouth to mouth, were read, admired, and imitated, yet very few of them give us any pleasure, chiefly on account of their artificiality and unreality. We are ready to admit that a certain fitness was expected from them, and the shape of poems produced in the good author may occasionally be letter or song seems to have been unavoidable. There is no in-

stance of this so striking as that of M. de Montausier, the husband of Mademoiselle de Rambouillet. Lover and lord of the most accomplished and notable *précieuse* of the day, his verses are stiff and quaint, and, when compared with the strength and endurance of his passion for her, childishly weak and affected. Yet Montausier, the 'Misanthrope' of Molière's play, the austere tutor of the Dauphin, the coadjutor of Bossuet in their unenviable task, Montausier the soldier, and at one time the Calvinist, was truly fond of letters and of poetry. Had custom so allowed, we can fancy him penning a sonnet as grave as Milton's; while for Julie he cherished so deep, and at one time so unrequited an attachment, that had he lived in the nineteenth century, and at Holland House, instead of at the Hotel Rambouillet, in the 'Siècle Louis xiv.,' he might possibly have written to her verses of Byronic passion. All misanthrope as he was, he was not the less the man of his day; he fought in its fields, lounged in its saloons, read its long-winded romances, and finally laid at Julie's feet a 'garland' of *vers de société*, a book still remembered, it is true, but unredeemed from the charge of being flat and stale, by the fact of its being a 'curiosity of literature,' and the work of all the frequenters of the brilliant circle which surrounded his mistress. Molière must have seen a great deal of all this love and letter-making, and probably it was not a rare event for the poet to be himself asked to supply to some M. Jourdain of the day *impromptus* long kept in hand, with which to pay unreal court to some unreal flame. Nothing, Molière felt, was real in the whole performance, except its vanity and its self-consciousness, and the summing up of his satire is really the best of all criticism on *vers de société*, that when they become a habit, or articles of trade, demanded and supplied by fashion, and no longer produced by strong propensity, they lose all their value and their sweetness.

The two schools of verse we have distinguished, the licentious and the pedantic, remained in vogue till the Revolution, and the latest imitations of the inane style may be seen in a publication called the *Almanach des Muses*. The number for 1820 is on the table as we write, and it would puzzle even the most genial of critics to find in it one page of fresh and genuine poetry. Yet in speaking as we have done of the most correct school of French poetry of the second order, we are not deaf to much that is beautiful in that language. There, as in English, we think some of the oldest writers are the happiest. What, for example, can be prettier than these lines of Jean Bertaut's, still often said and sung in France, though their authorship and date (1552) is forgotten:—

Félicité passée !
 Qui ne peut revenir !
 Tourment de ma pensée :
 Que n'ai-je en te perdant,
 Perdu ton souvenir ?

' Hélas ! il ne me reste,
 De mes contentements,
 Qu'un souvenir funeste,
 Qui me les convertit
 A toute heure en tourments.'

Space fails us for illustrating by many examples the difference that exists between French and English *vers de société*, but the result of a careful comparison between the two will establish a diversity rather than a rivalry of merits. The French writers have much wit and finish, and their verse is always best when it most closely follows the epigrammatic model. If they have not really more terseness of expression, they have at least the advantage of us in possessing a language more graceful, flexible, and perfectly adapted to the interchange of thought than any other European tongue. Purity and elegance of idiom are always found in French, and it would not be easy to compile from among their authors a volume of the inelegant and dislocated stuff which is in fashion now both in England and America; their rules are better kept, and if we are often intensely impatient of French verse, it is because we so infinitely prefer the great beauties and attractions of French prose. The passion of the nation for songs has, moreover, been hurtful to its drawing-room poetry. Take for example the productions of the 'Caveau, and they may, we think, truly be declared inferior both in taste and composition to what their authors were capable of doing had not fashion compelled them to bring out a vast quantity of 'chansons.' It was for a short time only that Béranger was a member of this society; had he remained in it his style would have suffered; but he left it, and he lives the most beautiful example of the new school of French poetry, escaped from the trammels of both the old bad patterns. With Béranger's lyrics, immortal as his country, we have not to occupy ourselves; but he also wrote some pieces which deserve the very first place in any French 'Lyra Elegantiarum.' Such are 'Treize à Table' and 'Maudit printemps,' which we give as illustrative of modern French taste:—

' Je la voyais, de ma fenêtre,
 A la sienne tout cet hiver ;
 Nous nous aimions sans nous connaître,
 Nos baisers se croisaient dans l'air :
 Entre ces tilleul sans feuillage,
 Nous regarder comblait nos jours,
 Aux arbres tu rends leur ombrage,
 Maudit printemps, reviendras-tu tou-
 jours !

' Sans toi je la verrais encore,
 Lorsqu'elle s'arrache au repos,
 Fraîche comme on nous peint l'aurore,
 Du jour entreouvrant les rideaux

Le soir encore je pourrais dire,
 Mon étoile achève son cours !
 Elle s'endort, et la lampe expire :
 Maudit printemps, reviendras-tu tou-
 jours !

' C'est l'hiver que mon cœur implore :
 Ah ! je voudrais qu'on entendit,
 Tinter sur le vitre sonore,
 Le grésil léger qui bondit :
 Que me fait tout ton vieil empire,
 Tes fleurs, tes zéphyr, tes long jours ?
 Je ne la verrai plus sourire ;
 Maudit printemps, reviendras-tu tou-
 jours !

To any one anxious to pursue the analysis, we could instance many pieces, both humorous and pathetic. 'Bon soir la Compagnie,' by Latteignant, and Désaugier's 'Diner d'Etiquette,' are unfortunately too long for transcription here; and in a different vein, there are Etienne's 'Le Point du Jour,' and the plaintive little 'Chemin du Paradis,' as well as the poems of Favre d'Eglantine, whose 'Je t'aime tant' has four verses so tender and so finished, that they may vie with Shelley's lines to an Indian air, or with his 'Goodnight—ah! no, the hour is ill,' which has a deserved place in Mr. Locker's collection. But it is an exception when the French masters approach the English in pathos or in tenderness. In those qualities we carry away the prize, perhaps also in a quality which is more difficult to define, in the art of being gay without being foolish, slight without being light, and mirthful without being ever so little indecorous. On this side of the Channel, we do not, for one thing, make such violent efforts to be cheerful; a very modest hilarity for the most part suffices us; and if we ever are gay, we flatter ourselves that, like Goldsmith's bear, we 'only dance to the very genteelest of tunes.'

In political poems, we have also been moderate. There was a time in our history when political feeling ran very high, and found a vent in the *Rolliad*, in the poetry of the 'Anti-Jacobin,' and of the 'New Bath Guide;' but all these are free from venom; and one of the best signs of the present day is the abundance of good-humoured squibs and rhymes which the events of every week call forth in the pages of *Punch* and the *Owl*. All these must astonish foreigners: for French political jokes are made and circulated under protest, and they generally take the shape of an epigrammatic *mot*, which is sometimes said to be the wit of one, while it so represents the feeling of the many, that no one can be really made responsible for it. Thus it happens, that at present England produces more and better *vers de société* and *d'occasion* than her wittier neighbour; and it is very natural that she should. We are very rich, and very free; and we have, or ought to have, scholarship and taste enough to know a good model from a bad. Our statesmen are still taken from the highly educated classes, though it may be that the next century will not endure ministers as cultivated as Lord Derby and Mr. Gladstone; and that of Praed's muse, nothing will then be in fashion but her early liberalism.

In thinking of the authors who have written *vers de société*, or of the men of office and business who have occasionally produced them, one turns to Praed with a curious appreciation of his fitness for such a style. Witty, polished, and intensely

metrical, his poems come up to the very ideal of English drawing-room verse. Full of banter and of kindly irony, and with a lurking sense in them of the poet's latent feelings, they sparkle with wit and grace. Praed has not the many sudden turns from gay to grave which startle us in Thackeray, nor has he Thackeray's natural pathos and dry humour: neither has he that incessant play upon words which in Hood almost ends in being wearisome; he trifles, but it is only in manner; he banters, but he is never savage or personal. How perfect are some of the lines written after the close of the war, which he called 'Mars disarmed by Cupid':—

- ' Aye bear it hence, thou blessed child,
Tho' dire the burden be,
And hide it in the pathless wild,
Or drown it in the sea.
The ruthless murderer swears and
prays,
So let him swear and pray;
Be deaf to all his oaths and prayers,
And take the sword away.
- ' We've had enough of fleets and camps,
Guns, glories, odes, gazettes,
Triumphal arches, coloured lamps,
Huzzas and epaulettes.
We could not bear upon our head
Another leaf of bay,
That horrid Buonaparte's dead:
Yes! take the sword away.
- ' We're weary of the noisy boasts
That pleased our patriot throngs,
We've long been dull to Gooch's toasts,
And tame to Dibdin's songs:
We're quite content to rule the waves
Without a great display;
We're known to be extremely brave,
But take the sword away.
- ' Let Portugal have rulers twain:
Let Greece go on with none:
Let Popery sink or swim in Spain,
While we enjoy the fun.
- Let Turkey tremble at the knout,
Let Algiers loose her Dey:
Let Paris turn her Bourbons out:
But take the sword away.
- ' Our honest friends in Parliament
Are looking vastly sad:
Our farmers say with one consent,
It's all—immensely bad.
There was a time for borrowing,
But now it's time to pay:
A budget is a serious thing,—
So take the sword away.
- ' And oh, the bitter tears we wept,
In those our days of fame;
The dread that o'er our heartstrings
crept
With every post that came.
The home affections waged and lost
In every far-off fray,
The price that British glory cost!
Ah! take the sword away.
- ' We've plenty left to hoist the sail,
Or mount the dangerous breach
And freedom breathes in every gale
That wanders round our beach.
When duty bids us dare or die,
We'll fight another day;
But till we know the reason why,
Take, take the sword away.'

Praed has a bewitching versification: more felicitous than any of his compeers or followers; and his work is in such perfect taste, that a quaint arrangement of syllables or an absurd idiom is never made to do duty as wit, a distinction which ought surely to keep up between genuine *vers de société* and *nonsense verses*. It is remarked that his writings are very popular in the United States, and we take this as a proof of the wholeness and soundness of his genius and style, that, all English gentleman as he was, seldom rising above the themes which the drawing-rooms, the club, or the lobby of the House of Commons supplied, he is felt to be a poet by readers

alien to all his habits; and this appreciation we believe to be genuine, and not due in any way to his semi-American descent.

It would be interesting to collect and compare all the poems which have been suggested by *London*, from Dr. Johnson's sober lines, full of morality and many-syllabled words, to Luttrell's inimitable 'Letters to Julia,' James and Horace Smith's clever verses, Mr. Locker's 'London Lyrics,' and the pieces which constantly appear in our periodicals. The subject, of course, is simply inexhaustible, but each poet selects the aspect of the *town* which strikes him most; and as we turn over their pages, we too choose the subjects which are most sympathetic to us. Mr. Locker's 'Piccadilly' is one of the happiest things of the kind; but Luttrell is the man who has tried to draw a complete picture of the London of good society; and his clever well-bred verses are perfect models of *vers de société*, as opposed to the satire. His description of a November fog, of the sudden rise and eclipse of a London *fashionable*, and of the thunder-shower in Kensington Gardens, are among his best; and it is high praise to say, that in that pretty trifle, 'Boyle Farm,' Lord Ellesmere followed him very closely and very well.

We have paused before we approached the name of Walter Savage Landor, because we felt that this scholar differed much from the generality of writers of occasional verse, for he drank his inspiration at a different source, and his draughts were from the springs on Helicon. Yet Landor's occasional poems are his best ones; his longer pieces are but failures when compared with them, and though through everything he writes we hear echoes of classical strains, yet we are dazzled by his versatility of styles, and surprised that this man, so full of pathos, so true to himself, is not only a poet, but an epitome of many poets. Might not this have been found in the old Anthologies?

'On the smooth brow and clustering hair,
Myrtle and rose! your wreath combine:
The duller olive I would wear:
Its constancy, its peace be mine.'

And is not this in Heine's best manner?

'Proud word you never spoke, but you will speak
Four not exempt from pride some future day,
Resting on one white hand a warm wet cheek,
Over my open volume you will say,
"This man loved me;" then rise and trip away.'

Again, by some lines addressed to Michelet, we are reminded of Wordsworth; and indeed Landor resembles him in much, through the same deficiency in humour. Some pieces suggest the woodland, some the study, and some are full of personal feeling that cannot be mistaken; but where the passion is so subdued, and touched with such a light and fanciful hand, that

it does not pass beyond the limits assigned to it in these the poems of elegance. Take, for example, the verses beginning

' No ! my old love of other years,
No ! it can never be ;
Much rests with you that yet endears :
Alas ! what rests with me ?'

In this gift of brevity, and in the art of hinting at, rather than revealing the thought that fills his mind, Landor approaches more nearly to Heine than any English author. Touching as is Lord Houghton's ' They seemed to those who saw them meet,' he is more diffuse than Heine ; but Landor, like the German poet, leaves all the details to the imagination, content that by one touch he has stirred it, and so stands unrivalled in his art. Sometimes he is not only terse, but epigrammatic ; thus—

' Alas ! how soon the hours are over, Counted us out to play the lover, And how much narrower is the stage Allotted us to play the sage ;,	But when we play the fool, how wide The theatre expands ! beside How long the audience sits before us ! How many prompters ! what a chorus !'
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We had kept this 'good wine' till the last, and were tempted here to take leave of the subject, but we remember (to quote again from Landor)—

' However rich and plenteous the repast,
Nuts, almonds, wafers, biscuits come at last,'

and modern *vers de société* seem to summon us to make such a selection for dessert. Shall we take the occasional *jeux d'esprit* which Mr. Hayward has permitted himself ; or Lord Stratford de Redcliffe's rather heavy wit ; or Theodore Martin's beautiful pieces, where we find a poet's genius and a scholar's care ; or Mr. O. Wendell Holme's pretty poems, ' Under the Violets,' and the ' Katydid ;' or Mr. Calverley's clever ' Ode to Tobacco ;' or, tired of the late Mr. Spencer's effusions for Albums and Books of Beauty, shall we prefer the almost weekly displays of their talents made by Messrs. Shirley Brooks, Leigh, Collins, and others, who contribute to our amusement in *Punch*, *Fun*, and other periodicals ?

Every grade of society now ' keeps its poet,' and there is but one fault to find with the arrangement,—that our drawing-room poetry grows more abundant than good. ' J'ai vu les mœurs de mon temps,' said the French philosopher, and so says many a clever telling verse ! but it too often betrays at the same time haste and a spirit of competition. Of the poems we have analysed from Herrick to Landor, the greater number we are sure owed their birth to leisure, and it is because women are strangers to the best of all leisure, that which follows on manly, useful, and sustained occupation, that they seldom write, and perhaps

hardly appreciate this kind of poetry. *Vers de société*, in the narrowest acceptation of the word, were written by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and by Mademoiselle de Scudéry, but these ladies were exceptions to most rules, and exceptional even among authoresses, while on Lady Mary the well-bred philosophical air which should distinguish drawing-room verse sat ill, and beginning by being coarse she ended by being bitter. Of late, our lady writers, great as has been their success in fiction and in devotional poetry, have hardly attempted the poetry of elegance. Englishwomen in general have not that conversational ease and self-control which are requisite; they either express their feelings with great passion in their books, or they are modestly reticent: they never appear to trifle about the tender passion, and, considered as writers, are curiously devoid of humour, 'George Eliot' standing almost alone in the possession of that gift. The absence of precise education and of scholarship makes women insensible to the artistic charm of highly-finished poetry: thus they are often taken with the weakly religious, the sensational, or the unintelligible style, and the demand creating the supply, does real harm to poetry considered as an art. That which is of the highest order has other aims, and must, we know, be looked at from other points of view than the merely artistic; but as regards this, the lighter or secondary sort of poetry, which for lack of another or better name we have called the *poetry of elegance*, it were to be wished that writers and readers would go to school in the English undefiled of this *Lyra Elegantiarum*. They will find there the best of models when they want to banter or to flirt, or it may be to whisper into the ear of society a bit of good-humoured and not too tedious advice.

ART. III.—*Concilia Scotiae: Ecclesiae Scoticanæ Statuta tam Provincialia quam Synodalia quæ supersunt, 1225-1559.* Edinburgi, 1866. 2 vols. quarto.

BEFORE noticing the remarkable work whose title is prefixed, we must say something of its author, who was dead before this last product of his learned industry was in the hands of the public. Thinking that such a man ought not to be allowed to pass away without some more lasting memorial than is afforded by the obituary column of a newspaper, we propose to devote a few pages to tell the general reader something of the life and qualities of one who stood alone in the department of letters which he cultivated.

JOSEPH ROBERTSON, born in 1810, was a native of Aberdeenshire. To speak more precisely, he was of a family of small tenants or yeomen, if we may use a word not native to us, settled in the Brae of Mar, between Dee and Don. The designation of the class to which his family belonged is of little consequence. Perhaps the English yeoman is not to be found in Scotland, or found only 'with a difference.' The well-to-do farmer of England, if, by some rare accident, he wishes to push his family fortunes out of his own sphere, looks to a shop in the neighbouring town, or gathers a little money and sends a son out to Canada or Australia. Some other channels may tempt him, if he is ambitious; but the last of all to be thought of, is the laborious and secluded life of a man of letters and learning, without even the Church for a remunerating object. Thanks to our cheaper education, thanks also perhaps to a traditionary feeling for scholarship among our people, this is different with us; and the education which Robertson got at school and college is enjoyed by multitudes of his own rank who are never heard of for any learning or literary accomplishment in after life. His classical scholarship was in fact very homely, and amounted to nothing more than a power to read and write grammatically Latin prose, and to enjoy and quote with pleasure Virgil's *Æneid*. He had no more Greek than Shakespeare, and of modern tongues he was well read only in English and Scotch, with a grammatical knowledge of French. Such was the apparatus of arms with which he had to carve his way to reputation or fortune. We don't mean to follow him through the stages of his journey upwards, though not a step that he took but was honourable. At school he was the bold boy, renowned for feats of strength and daring; at college (Marischal College), a leader of the Burschen. On leaving the

University he began the serious business of life in an Advocate's or law-agent's office in Aberdeen. He was not, perhaps,

‘A clerk foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza when he should engross.’

He even derived some benefit afterwards from a little acquaintance with the language of law-process; but he did not relish his occupation in the attorney's office, and soon left it. However, he never for a moment lost courage, and turned without difficulty to each new means of living that offered. Like so many men who have run a literary course, Robertson first found a vehicle for his thoughts, and a shadowy hope of remuneration, in a local magazine. Then he was editor of a provincial paper in Aberdeen. These first occupations may have had some influence upon his after life. The editor of a provincial paper, if he is good for anything, and if he would please his readers, must dabble in local antiquities; and the antiquities of Aberdeen, town and county, soon obtained a foremost interest in the mind of Robertson. But there was from the beginning a bias to one pursuit, which gradually encroached upon the other occupations that he had recourse to, rather of necessity than choice. His mind from the first had been turned to history. The first *jeu d'esprit* of his magazine days was a historical squib, which he called ‘The Last of the Pechts,’ and wherever he found an opportunity he willingly overflowed into historical inquiry and discussion. That he was saved from the vagueness into which historical discussion had run in Scotland, was chiefly owing to the rare good sense that was innate in him, but partly to an occupation that soon filled a great part of his time.

When the Spalding Club was instituted in 1839, for the investigation of northern historical antiquities, Robertson took a large share in the editorial work. Several volumes of personal memoirs, and of Scotch history, were given to the world, with all the accuracy befitting historical works, and with the careful research and elucidation which were soon found to mark whatever Robertson put his hand to. But the work which was to give the best training to his own mind, and to prepare him for historical undertakings of greater magnitude, was a collection of parochial antiquities of the Northern Counties, begun under the direction, and at the expense, of the late Lord Aberdeen, the statesman Earl of Aberdeen. The plan of the book was to class under each parish the extant charters and documents of any antiquity regarding it, and for this purpose private charter-chests, and chartularies of bishoprics and monasteries, were laid under contribution. One object was to abolish the race of fabling antiquaries and pedigree-mongers. Nothing was to be

admitted but actual evidence, such evidence as the nature of the facts allowed. Accuracy was everything, and it required care and accomplishment of various kinds.¹ Such an occupation gave a definite direction and limits to the scope of Robertson's studies, a thing of much importance to every student.

It may seem to some, perhaps to most of our readers, a dreary enough occupation. The charters and law transactions showed little more than who gave and who got the land, with only a glimpse now and then of curious tenures and peculiar rural customs. There was one source of local history, hitherto quite unexplored,—vestiges of old tradition; and a mind like Robertson's, rating tradition only at its worth, still valued as facts the received traditions of each age. These he found in the breviaries and old church books, and ancient lives of now forgotten saints, compared and joined on to existing names of places, customs, superstitions, often unwittingly drawn from such old sources.

As they stand, these 'Antiquities of the Shires' contain the territorial history of the district. They show the transmission of land, the growth and succession of families, the settlement and history and antiquities of parish churches. They require nothing but to be cast into a narrative form to make excellent county histories, after the best manner of those delightful books in England. The qualities required for compiling such a collection, the education necessary, is only to be acquired, here in Scotland, by the laborious process of self-instruction. There are no teachers with us for such a study. Even books which abound in other countries are wanting with us. The dictionaries of Ducange and Carpentier, the mighty volumes of Mabillon; and the *Nouveau Traité de Diplomatique*; the work which forms a little library of itself—*L'Art de Vérifier les Dates*, are not enough. Scotland has a law language and a charter language in many points peculiar. Our tenures and customs were different from France and England, and the first of all qualifications for a historical antiquary among us is to know the manners of the people and their language. The accomplishment which costs so much study, so much practice, was

¹ First of all, the old charter must be read, and printed correctly. It is a mistake to think that a knowledge of old hand is sufficient for this purpose. Many letters in old charters, like *u* and *n*, and *t* and *c*, are identical; many words in old charters are written in a contracted form, and require to be extended according to the sense of the sentence. The editor, therefore, must know Latin grammar, and be familiar with middle-age Latin, the language of charters. He must be acquainted with the names of persons and places of the district, the measures, money, customs of the age, as well as the antique phraseology of feudal law. Most old charters are undated, and to fix their periods is a mystery by itself, requiring a good library, much study, and continual practice.

unfortunately not much valued at first. Must we confess it,—the absolute truthfulness, the requiring of evidence for every step, the highest qualities in the editor of such a work, were not in great repute in Scotland. Our older historians, from Fordun and Boece down to Leslie and Buchanan, were great inventors, after a classical model, and were at no loss to supply facts to support their principles; and later writers of national antiquities were hardly more to be depended upon. Chalmers, the most industrious, is sadly wanting in accurate scholarship. Pinkerton, the most learned, is so full of prejudice, and so violent in expressing it, that truth is lost in the rage of words. Lord Hailes was a better guide, but his Presbyterian leaning, and a somewhat foolish fear of being scorned as superstitious, kept him from working out and using the imperfect relics of Church history and law, from which Joseph Robertson has derived such important aids for history. All these things were against us when Robertson began his labours, and even in the present day we have writers making a gainful trade of family history, who are capable of colouring and even suppressing documents; and industrious and quite honest amateur collectors founding on 'family tradition'—which means the drawing-room scrap-book—and 'Abercromby's martial achievements!'

Leaving Aberdeen, Robertson spent some years in Glasgow, still as editor of a newspaper—the '*Constitutional*;' but finding time to continue his Spalding Club works, and to edit for the Maitland Club some books of a similar nature, or requiring the same qualities in an editor. At Glasgow he found time too to contribute to the *Quarterly Review* a paper on the ecclesiastical architecture of Scotland, which greatly pleased the critical taste of Mr. Lockhart, the editor, and which is a good specimen of the author's style and of the careful way in which he arrays his facts and proofs and inferences. Like others of his works, this paper, now printed separately, has become the 'handbook' for the subject. Robertson was gradually becoming known even while cultivating studies so severe and little popular; and when he came to Edinburgh to take charge of the *Courant* newspaper, he was received very cordially among a little band of students and fellow-labourers in the field of historical antiquities. The meetings of the Society of Antiquaries were attractive to him, and gave him opportunities of bringing forward some of his rare learning and accomplishment. He had his recreations too, and he enjoyed the rare intervals of freedom that broke the hard work of everyday life as much as he had of old enjoyed a school holiday at Udny. It was in the fine autumn of '53 that he spent a week with some friends in the north, who were leading the rough half-pastoral life of a

shooting-lodge. Robertson had not visited that part of the country before, but he soon showed that he knew its history well, and could enjoy its remarkable beauty. The youngest of the party were not too wild for him in their rambles in the old forest and in the rocky gorges of the river. He ran and climbed and swam with the most active. But when the seniors wanted quieter occupation, he was ready. They all knew the picturesque ruins of the Abbey in the glen, but what a charm was added to them when Joseph Robertson recalled the foundation and endowments of the monastery by kings and bishops, and taught his pupils to find the farms bestowed in their charters, and the pools where the monks had special grants of salmon-fishing! How genially he described the peaceful life of the old monks,—their labours of the field, the mill, the river; their building, their gardening, their studies, their church-service! He told how they had got a Papal Bull to give them the right, and then worked iron out of those hills, where none is found now, though there are traces of the slag round the smelting-pits of those old miners. The party returned with quite a changed idea of monastic life. Another day he led the same party away over some miles of heather to a remote moorland loch, in the midst of which stands an ancient strength, once the head castle of a great earldom. It was known to be of Edwardian architecture, and that was one attraction for Robertson. While they ate their luncheon on the green bank of the loch, he told how the Countess of Athole had been besieged there by the Regent, Sir Andrew of Moray, and of Edward III.'s marvellous march with men-at-arms—heavy cavalry—through the fastnesses of Athole and Mar to relieve her. But the castle had another interest, for it was shrewdly suspected to be built upon piles driven in the lake; and Robertson enlightened his friends with descriptions of cranogues and lacustrine dwellings, then little known. There was no time for the investigation that day, and when he was gone the spirit and interest flagged.

In the summer of '61, he was on a more exciting adventure. It was then that the tumulus of Maes-howe, beside the great circle of Stennes, was opened; and there, says Mr. Farrer, 'the keen eye of Mr. Joseph Robertson discovered the first of the Runic inscriptions.' So, a year or two later, he was of the exploring party that discovered the remarkable sculptures on the walls of the caves at Wemyss.

But we have gone too fast. As editor of the *Courant*, he discharged his duty with strict conscientiousness; but the labour of editing a newspaper three times a week bore heavily even upon his buoyant spirits; and when his friends saw a possible opening for him in the Register House, he

caught eagerly at what had been one of his earliest wishes, although the emolument was much less than his editorial salary. Towards the end of the year 1853 he received the appointment of Searcher of Records for literary purposes, or, as the office was afterwards authoritatively named, Curator of the Historical Department. The office was given him by Lord Aberdeen's Government, and indeed at his Lordship's personal suggestion. The duty was perfectly to his taste, and he took to his new occupation with all his heart. In a short time he had the good fortune to serve under a chief who appreciated his qualities, and knew how to turn them to account.

When Sir William Gibson-Craig came to the Register House as Lord Clerk Register, he was struck with the talents and learning of Robertson, and almost at once employed him in preparing his great scheme of Record publications. Now commenced the busiest and the happiest time of Robertson's life. In virtue of his office, he had to make the vast stores of original records under his custody accessible to all students, and this he did in no formal or niggard manner. He sympathized with all intelligent study, and was delighted to serve as a guide to the right sources of information. He was free from the petty jealousy which sometimes makes a keeper of records unwilling to have his stores made public. He despised, and could hardly conceal his contempt for men who hide historical documents for fear they might lose value by being known. The new duties thrown upon him by the Lord Register were equally agreeable to him. He took pleasure in arranging the materials of a great collection of national MSS., to be printed by Sir Henry James's process of Zincography,—a new and more intelligent '*Anderson's Diplomata*,' and he planned and looked forward to superintending the publications which should illustrate from records all the great eras of our history. He gathered materials which should throw new light on the War of Independence; the constitution fixed by Bruce; the reigns of our Stuart kings, so full of noble designs seldom accomplished; the Reformation time, and his own peculiar era of Queen Mary, where every point is disputed, and waits the settlement of records. Later still, he had the whole field marked out, the records that would be most useful, the editors to use them. Collections were to be made for the great civil war under Charles I., which has been made history in England, but not here. He dwelt upon the growth and progress of political study, the definite shaping of the constitution, and social changes which mark that period. He had not much sympathy with the Covenanters and Puritans in church matters, and it was more as a Scotchman than as a religionist that he took pride in the resistance to Laud, which brought matters to a crisis

in both countries. He was a hearty patriot and politician, though no partisan, and, with all his feeling for remote antiquity, he thought the living and earnest interest of political students should not be postponed indefinitely, while the scattered fragments of an earlier state of society are collecting for curious antiquaries. Robertson threw all his energies into the discharge of these double, but not inconsistent duties,—the assisting of the living student of history, the preparation of materials for the future historian. His temper was almost imperturbable; and the most exacting, even the most ignorant inquirer, never put him out of humour by his interruptions.

On the other hand, it often happened that two or three friends, working on kindred subjects, met in his room and communicated their difficulties. Then ensued pleasant disputes, and then shone forth Robertson's accurate knowledge and marvellous memory. His precision was not offensive, there was so much gentleness and modesty in his manner. These qualities, with the ready use of the historical stores in his custody, soon reached beyond the circle of his friends, and made his room the haunt of most students of history and scholars worthy of the name. But indeed he had not been long in his office when his accomplishments were discovered by all sorts of people. He never went into questions of abstract law, and with some real, and a little affected modesty, left them to the professed lawyer. But for disinterring an old historical honour like the dukedom of Chatelherault, the agent was fortunate who secured the assistance of Robertson. When Edinburgh and Dublin strove for precedency, Robertson arrayed the proofs of ancient sovereignty of his native capital with a zeal and affection that many might share, but with a learning all his own. If deer-loving lords disputed about their rights of forest, the learning of 'vert and venison,' not to be found in our law-books, was to be dug out of old charters by Joseph Robertson. Parishes, and even counties, having an ill-defined march, came to Robertson, who could point to a record that made matters plainer, and saved a lawsuit. In the vexed questions of *decimæ inclusæ*, or informal valuations of tithes, many a poor minister sought his aid, and obtained it without a fee. The clergy of his own (the Episcopal) Church took counsel with him in revising their canons and constitutions.

According to his view of duty, Robertson's labours were not limited to mere office attendance. They involved extensive researches for English and Foreign scholars, and a correspondence of great variety. His correspondence, indeed, was getting only too extensive. If a local historian was at a loss for a bit of charter-learning, he applied without hesitation to the Curator

of the Historical Department. Mr. Burton, the historian of Scotland, compared his views and conclusions with those of Robertson; and he himself has told us that 'if you had a casual discussion with Robertson on some obscure point, you were sure to receive from him next morning a letter full of minute and curious erudition concerning it. He was ever ready with his help.' The most learned antiquaries of the Celtic Church in Ireland were in constant communication with him about their common subject of study. If an English historian required to cross the Border, Robertson was sure to be his guide among the clashing factions of his country, which none but a Scotchman can quite understand. Foreign scholars, interested in the period when Scotch and French history run into one, or in the antiquities of the Roman Church, which is not limited by national boundaries, applied to Robertson in their difficulties. While he was corresponding with the Dean of Westminster about the history of the Coronation Stone of Scotland and of Britain, and with the Comte de Montalembert about the early Christianizing of our islands, the most learned Dr. Reeves took his assistance for his history of St. Columba and the family of Iona; and such was his obliging nature, such his zeal for historical literature, so freely did his stores of knowledge overflow, that men of eminence in all departments who had once consulted him counted upon his friendship, and not in vain.

His official place of work in those days was that noble hall added to the Register House of the Adams in Mr. Thomas Thomson's time, who bestowed all his taste in its arrangement. It contains the proper historical records of independent Scotland. In one press are the original registers of Parliament, from the reign of Robert Bruce; in another, the records of Privy Council; a third contains the quaint antique rolls, and the books of accounts of the great public officers from the earliest period of such registers; a fourth, the register of the Great Seal, the foundation of our land rights, to which no other country has anything *simile aut secundum*.

It was there that Mr. Robertson used to receive visitors and all who wished his help and guidance among the records which he knew so well. It was there he was seen to advantage. There was never a crowd; but among the best and most learned of his own city were occasionally to be found distinguished English scholars and historians, and now and then a French or German *savant*. His own usual chair was directly under a picture of Mr. Thomas Thomson. It was impossible for one who knew both men not to think how the great record scholar, the historical antiquary of the last generation, would have welcomed and valued his follower, who walked in his steps, who

imitated his accuracy, his respect for antiquity, his high views of the duty of an historical editor, but went beyond him in untrodden fields of Church antiquities.

His industry at this period must have been prodigious. After the formal Office business, the receiving of strangers and students, the answering written and verbal inquiries—none of which he slighted,—in the evenings, in the quiet of his own home, among his little library of choice books, he found time to throw off a quantity of well-considered, often elaborate papers, on civil and ecclesiastical antiquities; on the antiquities of the Celtic Church, and its forgotten offices; on our ancient lacustrine dwellings, which the Irish antiquaries have taught us to call *cranogues*; on ecclesiology, and monastic and domestic antiquities; on palæography, and the diplomatic mysteries so little studied among us, of dates, and the art of ascertaining them; on pedigrees of our more historical families. Some of his valuable disquisitions he contributed to the Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries. With others, he enriched the capital collection of *Chambers's Encyclopædia*. Some of these insulated papers were the beginnings of study to be elaborated afterwards, and they are often to be traced, when his speculations had taken a more finished shape, in larger works. Others were mere chips struck off in some investigation in which he was engaged. The articles 'Date,' 'David I.,' 'Queen Mary,' the families of 'Douglas,' 'Gordon,' 'Hamilton,' 'St. Columba,' 'Palæography,' in *Chambers's Encyclopædia*, and a large number of kindred articles, furnish specimens of both kinds. Some are examples and models of condensed result of study, others are valuable for indications of authors and materials from which the student can work out the subject for himself.

During all these years he was lending his zealous assistance in different departments to make *Oliver and Boyd's Almanac* what it now is, the most accurate and useful book of reference—the best general almanac—of Britain.

But the great and lasting products of the matured powers of Robertson were chiefly two,—the Canons and Statutes of which we are now to give an account, and an earlier work, which must not be passed unnoticed. In the first years of his Register House duty he edited for the late Marquis of Dalhousie, then Lord Clerk Register, the inventories of jewels, dress and furniture of Queen Mary, with a preface of illustrative matter drawn from innumerable records and contemporary letters and authorities of all kinds; so full that it serves as a personal chronicle of the queen, and gives a picture of her court, her servants and society, the books she treasured, the dresses and jewels she wore, the embroidery she worked, the familiar friends with whom s

lived, all set forth so truly, with a minuteness of detail and accurate joining together of the parts, that, as a memoir of Mary and her time, it has never been excelled. In a subject that gives rise to so much party feeling, Robertson makes war upon no former writers, hardly expresses an opinion of his own, and yet sweeps away the errors that had beset the queen's history, and makes it impossible for his reader to come to any but the true conclusion.

Thus laborious and pleased with his labours, happy in the esteem and love of all he most valued, happy in a cheerful, joyous nature, Robertson, at the age of fifty-six, with a seemingly robust constitution, active and temperate in his habits, had the prospect of many years to be devoted to the objects on which he had fixed his ambition. But towards the autumn of last year he had an illness which alarmed his physician. He was sent to the Highlands, and seemed to rally, when he was struck down afresh by a dreadful calamity,—the loss of his eldest son, by an accident on the railroad, almost in his sight. He returned to Edinburgh, and returned to work courageously; but the disease recurred, and he soon discovered that the doctors thought it mortal. When he knew that he was dying, and that his time was short, there was no vain repining. He set himself to meet death as a brave soldier would. He gathered round his deathbed the chosen companions of his life and labours. He had his family round him. He had the consolations of religion from a prelate whom he revered and loved. His faculties were bright and clear to the end. When his strength allowed, he spoke of his great record designs, and went over all their details with the same precision of memory which had marked him in his best days. He was interrupted sometimes by his kind physician, sometimes by the Bishop's visits, but after such interruptions he would recur to the subject of his record plans, taking them up at the point where he had been stopped; and at intervals, for several days, he dictated notes and memoranda of materials to be used and of persons to be employed.

He died on the 13th of December 1866. Of the work he had laid out for his life's labour, he left much unfinished. But he had done more for disinterring and arraying the true materials of Scotch history—had made more rough places smooth, dark places light—than any previous labourer in that field. He himself would have said: 'Except Lord Hailes and Thomas Thomson.' But they were to be excepted only because they came early, and when there was more to do. In some things he had gone beyond those masters, with additional light from new studies. But in everything he preserved the traditions of that school of true honest history.

We have said that the collection of the Canons and Councils was one of Robertson's greatest works ; and it was the more important from being in an almost unworked field. It must not be supposed, however, that the Canons of the Church of Scotland had attracted no attention from previous inquirers. Most of our historians, to be sure, have despised such materials, but something had been done for preserving and illustrating the Scotch Canons by Thomas Innes, in his *Critical Essay on the Ancient Inhabitants of Scotland*, and in his contributions to Wilkins's *Concilia* ; Thomas Ruddiman, in his contributions to the same work ; Lord Hailes in his *Scottish Canons of the Thirteenth Century*, and in his *Historical Memorials concerning the Provincial Councils of the Scottish Clergy* ; and Mr. Cosmo Innes, in the *Registrum Episcopatus Aberdonensis*. But no one had given a complete collection of the Canons, or a full and accurate account of the Councils by which they were enacted. This has been done for the first time in Mr. Robertson's volumes.

The text of the Canons is printed from a careful collation of all the existing manuscripts and other copies ; and that every one may be able to satisfy himself as to its correctness, the various readings of the MSS. are given. The labour bestowed in this way must have been very great ; but it was bestowed by one who was never satisfied with his work until he had done it thoroughly, and it effectually guards against those blunders which mar the usefulness of Theiner's otherwise valuable book. The general object may best be stated in the Editor's own words. It is—

'to collect the Canons, whether Provincial or Synodal, of the Scottish Church, from the year 1225, when its clergy, although they had no metropolitan, were empowered by the Pope to meet in legislative assembly, until the year 1559, when the Provincial Council, which was called to arrest the advance of the Reformation, separated, never to sit again. The work, therefore, does not ascend beyond the beginning of the thirteenth century ; and, indeed, there are scarcely any remains of the proceedings of Scottish Councils of earlier date. Of the six or seven centuries between the introduction of the Christian faith and the reform or revolution begun by St. Margaret and all but completed by her sons, the memorials which survive are few and scanty ; and, such as they are, they may be claimed as Irish or English rather than Scottish.'—*Preface*, pp. xiv. xv.

The second volume, which was first printed, contains the Bull of Pope Honorius III. in 1225, alluded to in the above extract, certain ecclesiastical writs connected with the Councils, and all the existing Canons, whether of Provincial Councils or Diocesan Synods, from the beginning of the thirteenth century to the middle of the sixteenth. The Canons of the diocese of

the Isles, which had been printed by Wilkins, and in the *Monasticon Anglicanum*, are omitted, because they were 'enacted by bishops who were suffragans of Drontheim, for a diocese which, although in part under the dominion of the Scottish king, was not yet within the pale of the Scottish Church.' Neither are the constitutions of cathedral churches given, nor the ordinances for the direction of their canons and vicars-choral, as not properly falling within the plan of the work. The Appendix to the second volume contains various documents illustrating its proper subject.

The first volume contains the Editor's Preface, and an appendix of documents. In that appendix are inserted some diocesan statutes and other papers, which were discovered after the rest of the work had been printed. Among these are two curious lists of churches dedicated by David de Bernham and William Wishart, both bishops of St. Andrews in the thirteenth century, transcribed by the editor's friend, Bishop Forbes, from a contemporary manuscript in the Imperial Library at Paris. The period of these dedications was more distinguished for church building than any other till our own time. Witness the churches consecrated in one small county, the Mearns, within four years. These were the churches of Strachan, Nigg, Aberluthnot now Marykirk, Kineff, Ecclesgrig now St. Cyrus, Arbuthnot, Fordun, Conveth now Laurencekirk, Fetteresso, Dunotter, and finally, the chapel of Cowie, standing so picturesquely in its cemetery on the cliff, the resting-place of so many generations of 'fisher-folk,' and of one good gentleman who loved them and their burial-place, and chose to lie there.

The portion of the work most attractive to the general reader—perhaps not the least valuable in itself,—is the Editor's Preface, which occupies the greater part of the first volume. It is not so much a Preface, in the ordinary sense of the word, as a learned, minute, and most interesting history of Scottish Ecclesiastical Councils, and everything relating to them, from the earliest period to the Reformation. The text is illustrated by an ample array of notes,—not merely references, but quotations from the original authorities, and all collateral sources, frequently taken from books not generally accessible. All the author's rare erudition, all his great power of discovering truth amid obscure and conflicting authorities, is displayed here; and this Preface may be regarded, not indeed as the greatest work which he could have achieved, but as the greatest which it was permitted to him to accomplish.

And let not the student be deterred by the gravity of the subject. There is nothing of the 'Old Almanac' in Robertson's pages, no mere dissertation on stocks and stones, on

dates and names, such as antiquaries in the pages of fiction and in real life have too often wrangled about; the book is nothing less than the religious life of a nation during more than three hundred years, as exhibited in the rules of its Church. These records of the past are full of interest, even if they had no direct bearing on the present. But there is such a bearing. The ancient institutions survive in forms sometimes very dissimilar, and the men who moulded them have influenced the minds of succeeding generations, no less than warriors and statesmen and poets.

We have first a sketch of the very early Scottish Councils; of the Synods held in the time of Malcolm Canmore and his sons; and of those subsequently convoked by the Papal legates, down to the date of the Bull of Honorius, which introduces the proper subject of his work.

The constitution of the early Celtic Church, both in Ireland and in Scotland, was a very peculiar one. It had bishops, priests, and deacons like the rest of Christendom, but it had neither dioceses nor parishes. The clergy were ruled by the heads of the monastic or collegiate body to which they belonged; and for two centuries, the Presbyter-Abbot of Iona, as successor of St. Columba, was primate both of Scots and Picts. The same system continued after the union of the two nations under one monarch, except that the seat of the primacy was for a short period at Dunkeld, and afterwards at St. Andrews; and that subsequently to this last change, the primate was a Bishop, bearing the style of *Episcopus Scotorum*.

It was in the time of Kellach, one of the early bishops of St. Andrews, and in the reign of Constantine, in the year of our Lord 906, that the first Scottish Council met, of which we have any account in our annals. All that we know of it is contained in a brief record, in the *Chronicon Pictorum*, which tells us that 'Constantine the king, and Kellach the bishop, swore together with the Scots on the Mount of Belief, beside the royal city of Scone, to keep the laws and customs of the faith, and rights of the churches and the Gospels.' This Council, no doubt, like other early synods, both among the Celtic and Teutonic nations, was composed of laity as well as clergy. The place at which it met was, in one sense, the metropolis of Scotland. Mr. Robertson dwells on its ancient glories:—

'The veneration which hung around Scone is remarkable. It was in vain that King Edward the First ruined its ancient abbey, cast its abbot into prison, made spoil of the Bachal and the Clocc, the crosier and the bell, of its unknown saint, and carried away the Prophetic Stone, to fulfil its fate on the banks of the Thames. No outrage or desolation could make the people forget the traditions of the place, or

cease to regard it as the seat and symbol of Scottish sovereignty. The English king, therefore, determined that it should be razed to the ground, and its very name blotted out. For this purpose, he addressed himself to Pope Clement v., who commissioned the Archbishop of York, and the Bishop of Ely, to make inquiry whether the abbey and the relics of the saints by which it was hallowed, might not be removed to another place. The English prelates reported in accordance with the king's wishes, and he lost no time in despatching a messenger to Rome, to urge the transference of the abbey from the midst of a perverse people, to some spot where it would be less dangerous to the king and the realm of England. The king's death, six months afterwards, saved Scone for the time, leaving it to be swept away by Scottish hands, almost in our own day, but not until a king of Scotland had been crowned king of England upon its fated stone at Westminster; not until its own ruins had beheld the inauguration of his grandson, the last sovereign crowned in Scotland.'—*Preface*, pp. xx. xxi.

The long reign of Malcolm Canmore was the commencement of many changes in the Scottish Church and nation. As ruler of Lothian, he held under his sway a large body of English subjects; and his early residence in England, and his marriage with Margaret, the sister of Edgar Atheling, endeared to him the language and customs of the south, and made him strive to introduce them among his northern people. His efforts were zealously encouraged by his Saxon queen, who herself reasoned with the Celtic clergy, and urged them to conform to the ecclesiastical usages of her native land, and of the Western Church.

After a brief interruption on the death of Malcolm, the reforms, both civil and ecclesiastical, which he had begun, were vigorously prosecuted by his sons, and were maintained till the extinction of the male line of his family. Scotland flourished under a line of able sovereigns, such as the country never again possessed, and it is now a familiar remark that its prosperity at the death of Alexander III. was greater than it was for centuries afterwards. The diocesan system, of which fragments still remain, and the parochial organization, which has never been lost, and which has proved so great a blessing, were introduced by these princes. They, not the bishops or councils, were the real ecclesiastical rulers. Malcolm and his descendants revered the great English primates, Lanfranc, Anselm, and Thomas of Canterbury, but they never yielded up the government of any portion of their subjects. The manner in which Alexander I. baffled the attempts of Eadmer the monk of Canterbury, whom he had invited to accept the see of St. Andrews, is one of the most amusing chapters in mediæval history, and not the less so that its narrator is Eadmer himself.

It forms no part of Mr. Robertson's plan to record the circumstances just referred to, or the still more important events which marked the reign of Alexander's brother and successor David, a saint, yet neglecting none of his kingly duties, and worthy of comparison with the best of sovereigns, the English Alfred, or St. Louis of France. He refers to David's attempt to procure the erection of St. Andrews into an archbishopric, which was defeated by the influence of the see of York, whose prelates claimed metropolitan jurisdiction over the whole of Britain north of the Humber, and whose ancient rule actually extended to the Forth; and he gives an account of the Councils held during the twelfth century, and in the beginning of the thirteenth, by the Papal Legates. The first of these met at Roxburgh, then one of the chief towns of Scotland, in the year 1125, under the presidency of the Cardinal John of Crema. Others followed, one of the most memorable of which was that which met at Northampton in 1176, on the summons of the Cardinal Legate, Hugguccio Petreleonis. On this occasion, the Scottish prelates showed themselves true friends to the independence of their church and nation. Though urged to submit to the supremacy of York by the Legate, by the imperious English sovereign Henry II., and by their own king William the Lion, then humiliated by his recent captivity and the submission he had made at Falaise, they answered that their predecessors had never yielded any obedience to the English Church, and that they ought not to yield any. The Archbishop of Canterbury maintained that he himself, as successor of St. Augustine, was the Primate of Britain, and the rival claims of the two English Archbishops prevented a decision adverse to the freedom of the Scottish Church. In 1188, the independence of the Scottish Church was formally acknowledged by a Bull of Pope Clement III., which declared that no one, save the Pope and his Legate *a latere*, should pronounce sentence of interdict or excommunication against the realm of Scotland; that no one should hold the office of Legate in Scotland except a subject of that kingdom, or one specially deputed by the Apostolic see; and that no Scottish questions should be brought to trial before judges out of Scotland, unless on appeal to Rome. This Bull recites the names of the Scottish sees. They were St. Andrews, Glasgow, Dunkeld, Dunblane, Brechin, Aberdeen, Murray, Ross, and Caithness. Of the other four dioceses included in the Scottish Church at the Reformation, Galloway was at this time subject to the Archbishop of York; the Isles and the diocese of Orkney were under the Archbishop of Drontheim, both being also portions of the Norwegian kingdom; and Argyle was not founded till the very close of the twelfth century.

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The Scottish clergy were council. The Council was monks, and priors; it substitutes of the capitular, collected, later still, of the parochial great council of the Scottish of England and the Canterbury, met in one house, unfettered for three days, and was summoned a conservator, who was chosen for each

In 1201, the Cardinal Legate John of Salerno held a Council at Perth, where various constitutions were enacted. The only one of these which is specially mentioned is a canon removing from their office all priests who had been ordained on Sunday. 'What was thus forbidden in Scotland,' Mr. Robertson remarks, 'seems to have obtained in England until the year 1163, when Pope Alexander the Third, in a rescript to the Bishop of Bath, declared that it was unlawful for any one but the Pope himself to confer holy orders on the Lord's day.' On this curious point some information may be derived from a canon of the Council of Clermont in 1095.

A Council was held at Perth in 1221 by James Canon of St. Victor at Paris, and Legate to Scotland, Ireland and the Isles, at which the young king of Scots, Alexander II., requested that he might be crowned by the representative of the Apostolic see. This affords an opportunity to Mr. Robertson of discussing the subject of the coronation of the kings of Scotland, and of explaining, in the compass of a few pages, all that is known about it. The subject leads him back to an early and famous passage in the history of Northern Britain,—the inauguration at Iona, by St. Columba, of Aidan, king of the Scots. He refers to the so-called coronation of Malcolm Canmore, and Malcolm the Fourth, and of Alexander II. himself, at Scone, seven years before the date of the Council, in all which cases there was no anointing, no crowning by a bishop. The application of the king was transmitted by the Legate to Pope Honorius III., and by him it was rejected. The request was subsequently renewed, but was again disregarded; the opposing influence at the court of Rome being that of the King of England, and the Archbishop of York, who maintained that the privilege asked for was inconsistent with their own claim to the civil and ecclesiastical supremacy in Scotland. Many years afterwards, when the victorious reign of Robert Bruce had satisfied the Roman Court as to the justice of his claim to sovereignty, this long-desired privilege was at last conceded. A Bull of Pope John XXII. conferred on the king and his successors the right to be anointed and crowned by the Bishop of St. Andrews; and although the grant came too late for Bruce to avail himself of it, his son and the succeeding sovereigns received the unction and coronation in a form similar to that which was used in England. The Papal Bull had one condition annexed to it,—the officiating bishop was to exact an oath from the sovereign that he would extirpate from his dominions all whom the Church should denounce as heretics.

'The oath failed to restrain Scotland from supporting the Antipopes; but its intolerance, however fruitless, made it dear to a people

whose perfervid genius cherished the right of persecution as a duty of religion; and it outlived both the Reformation and the Revolution. It might have been cited to justify the doom of Wishart to the flames and of Knox to the galleys; yet Knox would have aggravated its terms, and they were ratified by the Parliament which established the Protestant religion. They might have been used to vindicate the severities of the reigns of King Charles the Second and King James the Seventh, yet the Convention which adopted the Claim of Right stamped them with its deliberate approval; and if the wisdom or the humanity of King William the Third revolted from their violence, the necessities of his position compelled him to profess with his lips what he abhorred in his heart. His successor, the last sovereign of the house of Stewart, took the oath without scruple or reserve; and the Union, by substituting a declaration more in accordance with the precedents of England, happily relieved all following princes from the wickedness and mockery of a cruel and impossible obligation.'—*Preface*, pp. xlvii.-xlix.

At the date of the Bull of Pope Honorius in 1225, the Scottish Church resembled in all respects the Church of England and the other Churches of Western Christendom, except that it had no metropolitan. The diocesan and parochial organization were the same; the constitution of the cathedrals was expressly formed on the English model; the Benedictine and Augustine monks had possession of the principal monasteries; the Dominican and Franciscan friars were introduced by the reigning sovereign, Alexander II.; and the breviary and missal of the Church of Salisbury already were, or soon were about to be, 'the use' of the whole realm of Scotland. The cause why such a Bull was necessary was that by the canon law a Provincial Synod could not be called except by a Papal Legate or by the archbishop of the Province, and Scotland had then no archbishop nor metropolitan. The bishops of St. Andrews had a certain pre-eminence of dignity, but they had no jurisdiction over the other bishops. It was to obviate these difficulties that the Bull was granted; at least the Scottish bishops used it successfully for that purpose.

Under the system thus introduced, the Scottish clergy were to meet each year in Provincial Council. The Council was at first composed of the bishops, abbots, and priors; it subsequently contained also representatives of the capitular, collegiate, and conventual bodies, and, later still, of the parochial clergy. Its members, like the great council of the Scottish nation, and, unlike the Parliament of England and the Convocation of the province of Canterbury, met in one house, undivided. It sat, if necessary, for three days, and was summoned by a writ issued by the Conservator, who was chosen for each

Council by and from the bishops, the writ being sent to each bishop, warning him of the time and place of the meeting, and requiring him to attend with the prelates and others of his diocese.

‘In this,’ Lord Hailes remarks, ‘every one will perceive the office and duty of a Moderator of the General Assembly. Our forefathers at the Reformation were not disposed to condemn every salutary form approved by the experience of ages, merely because it happened to be Popish.’ And Mr. Robertson, referring to a document printed in his work for the first time, says:—

‘It is of importance to know, what is not disclosed by the ecclesiastical record, that the State asserted its right to a seat and a voice in the Councils of the Church. By a writ addressed to the bishops and other prelates about to assemble in synod, the King commissioned two doctors of the civil law to set forth and show to the Council what the King had enjoined them to declare touching himself, the state of his realm, and the state of the prelates and the Church of Scotland, and more especially to protest, and, if need were, to appeal, that nothing should be enacted by the prelates in synod which might prejudice the King’s royal majesty.’

He adds:—

‘There are no means of ascertaining the measure of obedience given to the statute which enjoined the annual assembly of Provincial Councils. If they met yearly, it was at least rarely that their proceedings found their way into record, or attracted the notice of the chroniclers of the time. We know only that within little more than half a century after the Bull of Pope Honorius, they framed or adopted fifty or sixty canons, which sufficed for the government of the Church of Scotland almost to the Reformation. It is not improbable that some of these canons may have been handed down from the Legatine Councils of the twelfth century; it is certain that they were not all enacted at one time; and equally certain that they borrowed largely from the general body of the Canon Law, and from statutes passed in English Councils of the same age.’—*Preface*, p. lv.

We have no formal record of the proceedings of any of the Councils previous to the fifteenth century, and no detailed account till a century later; but various collections of canons enacted at different periods have been preserved. The earlier canons published by Wilkins and Lord Hailes are valued by Scottish lawyers for the light they throw on portions of the law of Scotland, in connexion chiefly with the celebration of marriage, the rules regarding the erection of churches, and the designation of manse and glebes for the parochial clergy. Many other subjects are illustrated by the

documents now published, and they frequently present curious points both of contrast and resemblance to the state of matters in our own day. Very trifling expressions will sometimes suggest the great changes which have taken place. Down to the latest period of these records, the *town* of Edinburgh holds a rank subordinate to the *city* of St. Andrews, the metropolis of the province and the cathedral seat of the diocese.

Mr. Robertson traces the history of the Provincial Council from its establishment to the first great change in its constitution—that which was made by the erection of the church of St. Andrews into a metropolitan and archiepiscopal see.

In 1227 Cardinal Otho held a Legatine Council at London, the constitutions enacted at which are well known to the students of Canon Law in England. According to Matthew Paris, Alexander II., King of Scotland, refused to allow the Cardinal to cross the Tweed, asserting that no Legate had ever entered his kingdom. This assertion, if made, was notoriously untrue; but the statement of the English chronicler is unsupported by any Scottish authorities, and is not to be relied on. The Cardinal came to Scotland in 1239, and held a Council at Holyrood, at which several of the constitutions promulgated by the Synod of London were received by the Scottish Church, and imported into its code of Canons. Thirty years subsequently, the Cardinal Legate Othobon of Fieschi was certainly refused permission to enter Scotland by Alexander III., after consultation with his clergy. The Legate did not attempt to pass the Tweed, but held a Council at London in 1269, to which he summoned all the Scottish bishops, with two abbots and priors, as representatives of the clergy. Two bishops, an abbot, and a prior attended the synod on behalf of the Northern Church. According to Fordun, the Scottish clergy refused to accept the constitutions promulgated at London. These constitutions are as famous in England as those of Cardinal Otho; and Mr. Robertson discusses the question whether, notwithstanding the assertion of Fordun, they were not, in point of fact, received in Scotland, the Cardinal holding the appointment of Legate in the northern as well as in the southern kingdom.

In connexion with the tax for a Crusade, imposed on all church-revenues by the Council of Lyons in 1274, and the appointment of Boiamund of Vicci, a canon of Asti, to collect the subsidy in Scotland, Mr. Robertson examines a question familiar to Scottish antiquaries, and yet frequently ill understood even by them. The blunders on this subject began at an early period. Our writers, as Hailes mentions, converted Magister Bagimundus into Cardinal Bagimont; and an ecclesiastic, so well informed generally as Bishop Leslie, made the

Italian collector of the thirteenth century a contemporary of King James IV. The valuation of Scottish benefices prepared by Boiamund was the rule for the apportionment of ecclesiastical taxes till the Reformation. It was at first unwelcome to the clergy, as containing a valuation more correct, no doubt, but higher than what was then known as the old taxation. When the real value became higher than Boiamund's reckoning, his valuation was in its turn appealed to by the clergy as the only authority, in their struggles with the income-tax commissioners of those days. We learn that 'no perfect contemporary copy of Boiamund's Roll has yet been discovered. The hope that one might be found in the Vatican has been disappointed by Father Theiner's publication of all that remains there,—a fragment of an account of the sums collected during the first three years.'

The great struggle for national independence which followed the death of Alexander III. was unfavourable to the prosperity of the National Church, and to all peaceful pursuits. The clergy of that day took their part in the contest, and with the exception of a few ecclesiastics of high rank, were faithful to their country. It is doubtful if any Councils met till near the end of the reign of Robert Bruce; and for a long time afterwards nothing of importance was transacted. The first Council of which a formal record exists is that which met in 1420 in the monastery of the Black Friars at Perth, the scene of several events famous in Scottish history, and one of the first of the ecclesiastical buildings to be destroyed at the Reformation. Six bishops, four abbots, one prior, and many deans, archdeacons, and others of the clergy were present. Four bishops and eight abbots appeared by their proxies, and the Bishop of Dunblane was chosen Conservator. The business was not historically important, being in reference to the confirmation of testaments, and the administration of the estates of persons dying intestate.

Had the life of King James I. been prolonged, great reforms would probably have been made in the Church as well as in the State. Almost alone among the early Stuart kings, he had the learning and the good life which form the best qualification for an ecclesiastical reformer. As it was, he urged on the heads of the Benedictine and Augustinian monasteries the discharge of their true duties, and sent two bishops and other ecclesiastics to the Council of Basle. The Scottish representatives took an important part in the deliberations of the great Council. Some joined in the deprivation of Pope Eugenius; and Thomas Livingstone, Abbot of the Cistercian monastery of Dundrennan, was one of three doctors intrusted with the power of nominating the Conclave for the election of a new Pope.

But these acts were disowned in Scotland both by Church and State. Under the reign of James I., we have an interesting and very amusing account of the mission of Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini, afterwards Pope Pius II., to Scotland. It is almost the earliest occasion when we can see the impression made by our country and countrymen on a highly educated Italian. Everything is new and strange. 'On his way to Edinburgh he first saw coal, beholding with wonder what seemed stones joyfully received as alms by the half-naked beggars who stood shivering at the church doors.'

The record of a Synod held at Perth in 1465, implies that the Councils continued to meet regularly each year. Lord Hailes, quoting the words 'in festo Sancti Kynelini Martyris,' adds, 'I know nothing of this St. Kynelin, nor of the day of his festival. Keith has subjoined to his catalogue of Scottish bishops another list of names, under the title of Kalendar of Scottish Saints. In that list I find Macwolok, Macglastian, Molonach, Minnan, Finnan, Modan, Dodan, Marnan, Tarnan, Tigernake, Guinoche, Devenike, and Constantine King of Scotland, monk and martyr; but I find no Kyneline.' Lord Hailes is facetious with his jingle of Celtic saints, and holds them all too cheap to discover that 'St. Kyneline' was the well-known Kenelm, whose festival was the 17th of July.

The Court of Rome at last sanctioned the erection of a metropolitan see in Scotland. What the Scottish sovereigns in former times had vainly endeavoured to accomplish was obtained from Pope Sixtus IV. in 1472, in the reign of James III., at the suit of the King's kinsman, Patrick Graham, Bishop of St. Andrews. The documents connected with this important alteration were first printed in 1849 in the *Scottish Magazine*, from copies preserved in the Norwegian archives, and made accessible through the late Professor Munch of Christiania. They have since been given from the original records in the Vatican by Theiner, and are now carefully printed, from a collation of both, in the present work. The Scottish Church had hitherto formed one ecclesiastical province, under the immediate jurisdiction of the Pope. It was now placed under the Bishop of St. Andrews and his successors, as archbishops and metropolitans, and its limits were extended beyond their former extent. Not only were the proper Scottish dioceses north of the Forth, and the independent see of Glasgow, placed under the new metropolitan; the diocese of Galloway also, which ecclesiastically belonged to York, and those of the Isles and Orkney, which had been subject to Drontheim, were made subordinate to him. This led to remonstrances on the part of the English archbishop, and to formal proceedings in the Roman

Curia by the Norwegian metropolitan, which were going on with the usual slowness when the Reformation brought them to an abrupt conclusion.

Pope Innocent VIII. added to the dignities of the see of St. Andrews, by making its archbishop Primate of all Scotland and Legatus Natus of the Roman see, with the same rights and immunities which were enjoyed by the archbishops of Canterbury in England. The privileges of Canterbury, thus referred to, were a model to other churches in Christendom. A curious correspondence, printed by Wilkins in the fourth volume of his *Concilia*, between Archbishop Sheldon and the Archbishop of Gnesen, primate of Poland, conducted by the two prelates in a style of stately courtesy and friendship, notwithstanding their differences in religious opinion, shows that even after the Reformation the ancient privileges of Canterbury were remembered by the Continental Churches.

But to proceed with the *Concilia Scotiae* :—

‘Scarcely,’ says Mr. Robertson, ‘was this new supremacy of St. Andrews established before it was challenged and invaded. The see of Glasgow, that “mother of many races,” as she was called of old—the ancient bishopric of the principality of Cumbria, the kingdom of Strathclyde—claimed from the beginning to have been acknowledged as the peculiar daughter of the Apostolic see. She boasted that her prelates, the successors of St. Kentigern, the bishops of the Britons, had received the homage and were the lords of princes, had never been subject to any other prelate, were indeed vicars of the Pope. She numbered a crowned king among her canons, with a stall in the choir, and a place, a vote, a voice in the chapter of her cathedral. She had withstood York in its best days, and would not bend the knee to St. Andrews now.’

At the request of the Scottish king, James IV., and the three Estates of the realm, Innocent VIII., in 1492, erected Glasgow into an archiepiscopal and metropolitan see, with Dunkeld, Dunblane, Galloway, and Argyle for its suffragans. The Preface elucidates a point which previously was involved in obscurity. It was well known to all readers of ecclesiastical history that after the Reformation the three sees of Galloway, Argyle, and the Isles were under the Archbishop of Glasgow, all the others being subjected to St. Andrews. Those who had some acquaintance with the ancient records knew that the arrangement of the sees in the Bull of Pope Innocent was different. Former writers on the subject either took no notice of the discrepancy, or professed themselves unable to explain when and how the change took place. Mr. Robertson shows that Dunkeld and Dunblane were re-annexed to St. Andrews by Archbishop Forman, and that this was ratified by a Bull of Pope Leo X.

Even his sagacity and research have failed to ascertain at what time the see of the Isles became one of the suffragans of Glasgow.

The conflicting privileges of St. Andrews and Glasgow gave rise to controversies similar to those which long prevailed between Canterbury and York, and Armagh and Dublin. Mr. Robertson, in his Preface, and in his article in the *Quarterly Review*, refers to a memorable occasion, when, 'beneath the shadow of the rood-loft of Glasgow Cathedral, unrestrained by the presence of the patriarch of Venice, the primates of Scotland brawled and struggled for precedency amid the cries of their attendants, the rending of cope and surplice, and the crash of shivered crosiers.' The disputes between the two metropolitans appear to have prevented the meeting of any Provincial Council for nearly half a century. At the end of that period, under the pressure of the advance of the Reformed doctrines, and at the request or rather command of the King and Parliament, a Synod met at Edinburgh in March 1536. It was summoned by the primate, Archbishop James Beaton, with the concurrence of the Archbishop of Glasgow. Little is known of its proceedings, except that the clergy continued obstinately to refuse redress of those practical grievances which were complained of not only by the maintainers of the new opinions but by all the laity. King James v. at this time gave the whole weight of his authority to those who were struggling for a correction of abuses, and exhorted the bishops to reform their lives, threatening that otherwise he would take order with them as did his uncle of England. It would have been well for James and for the Scottish Church had he himself given a better example to the prelates in his own life and conversation. Some years afterwards the bishops showed themselves equally determined in another important point to resist the reasonable demands of the people. When the Parliament in 1543 gave permission to all persons to read the Bible in the vulgar tongue, the Archbishop of Glasgow, Gavin Dunbar, in most respects one of the best of his order, protested, on behalf of the prelates, against the passing of the Act, till a Provincial Council might advise and determine as to the same.

Various Councils were held during the primacy of Cardinal Beaton, but nothing of moment was transacted. A more important Synod met at Edinburgh in 1549, at the summons and under the presidency of Beaton's successor in the see of St. Andrews—Archbishop Hamilton. Of the proceedings of this Council we have fortunately a full account, derived from the *Codex Baluzianus* in the Imperial Library at Paris. It was communicated by Thomas Innes to Wilkins, by whom it was published in his

Concilia Britanniae, and it is here printed from a careful transcript, made by a valued friend and *collaborateur* of Robertson, M. A. Teulet, of the *Archives de l'Empire*, whose lamented death so shortly preceded his own. There seems no doubt that the ms. from which Baluze made his copy was one of the papers which Archbishop James Beaton of Glasgow deposited partly in the Scots College, partly in the Carthusian Monastery at Paris.

The Council met in the church of the Blackfriars on the 27th of November. Like the other later Synods, it included prelates and representatives from both the provinces of St. Andrews and Glasgow, and hence received the name of a Provincial-General Council. Many persons of note were present. Among the prelates were William Gordon, Bishop of Aberdeen, Patrick Hepburn, Bishop of Murray, and Robert Reid, Bishop of Orkney. The first two had more need to be reformed themselves than to deliberate as to the reformation of others. The Bishop of Orkney was of a very different character. He was one of the most estimable prelates of the time, and is deservedly revered as the patron of learning, the second founder of the Cathedral Church of St. Magnus in his island diocese, and the donor of the earliest endowment to what afterwards became the University of Edinburgh. The see of Glasgow was vacant, but the dean appeared as vicar-general. First in rank among the monastic dignitaries was the Prior of St. Andrews, a youth of eighteen, one of the bastard sons of James v., and afterwards the famous Regent Murray. Among the other distinguished members were Quentin Kennedy, Abbot of Crossraguel, and Alexander Anderson, Sub-Principal of King's College, Aberdeen, men of ability and stainless character, who to the last defended a falling Church, and John Winram, Sub-Prior of St. Andrews, and John Greyson, Provincial of the Black Friars, —good men, who after vainly struggling for reformation from within, lost heart and joined those who were forcing it on from without. John Mair, Doctor of Theology, the author of a History of Britain, the teacher of Buchanan and Knox, and in his own day famous as a school divine, who was unable to attend from infirm health, was allowed to appear by proxy.

Mass having been said in church, the members repaired to the refectory of the monastery and took their appointed places, after which a sermon was preached. The regular business then commenced, and sixty-eight canons were ratified or enacted.

'They were prefaced by a remarkable confession, that the root and cause of the troubles and heresies which afflicted the Church, were the corruption, the profane lewdness, the gross ignorance of churchmen of almost all ranks. The clergy, therefore, were enjoined to put away

their concubines, under pain of deprivation of their benefices ; to dismiss from their houses the children born to them in concubinage ; not to promote such children to benefices, nor to enrich them, the daughters with dowries, the sons with baronies, from the patrimony of the Church. Prelates were admonished not to keep in their households manifest drunkards, gamblers, whoremongers, brawlers, night-walkers, buffoons, blasphemers, profane swearers. The clergy, in general, were exhorted to amend their lives and manners, to dress modestly and gravely, to keep their faces shaven and their heads tonsured, to live soberly and frugally, so as to have more to spare for the poor ; to abstain from secular pursuits, especially trading.'—*Preface*, p. cxlix.

Making reasonable allowance for the strong language frequently used by Ecclesiastical Councils called for the reformation of abuses, the admissions made here show that the Scottish Church was in a deplorable state ; and whatever differing opinions might have prevailed regarding doctrine, there could be but one, among all reasonable persons, as to the necessity for a thorough change in the life and manners of the clergy. It is right to add, that the Council also made provision

'for preaching to the people ; for teaching grammar, divinity, and canon law in cathedrals and abbeys ; for visiting and reforming monasteries, nunneries, and hospitals ; for recalling fugitives and apostates, whether monks or nuns, to their cloisters ; for sending from every monastery one or more monks to a university ; for preventing unqualified persons from receiving orders, and from holding cure of souls ; for enforcing residence, and for restraining pluralities ; for preventing the evasion of spiritual censures by bribes or fines ; for silencing pardoners, or itinerant hawkers of indulgences and relics ; for compelling parish clerks to do their duty in person, or to find sufficient substitutes, for registering the testaments and inventories of persons deceased, and for securing faithful administration of their estates, by bringing their executors to yearly account and reckoning ; for suspending unfit notaries, and for preserving the protocols of notaries deceased ; for reforming the abuses of the Consistorial Courts.'—*Preface*, p. cxlix.

This Council is also said to have gravely discussed the question whether the Paternoster could properly be addressed to the saints. The story is first told by Foxe, and is repeated by Spottiswood and others. The arguments said to have been brought forward, and the solution given by a servant of the Sub-Prior of St. Andrews, who, in consequence, was reported to have pronounced a wiser decision than all the doctors had done with their distinctions, are as ludicrous and profane as anything told in the pages of Knox, and the silence of that reformer regarding them is a strong presumptive evidence against the truth of the narrative. Mr. Robertson is of opinion that the account should be rejected.

The proceedings of a Provincial Council which met at Edinburgh in January 1552 are remarkable for a canon ordering registers to be kept by the curate of every parish, in which were to be entered all proclamations of banns of marriage, and the names of every child baptized, and those of its parents, its god-parents, and two witnesses. In this canon will be found the commencement of that system of registration of marriages and baptisms, which continued afterwards in Scotland through all ecclesiastical changes from Popery to Protestantism, and from Prelacy to Presbytery, and which was finally confirmed by the sanction of the British Legislature. These registers the Council ordered to be preserved among the most precious jewels of the Church,—‘*quæ quidem registra inter pretiosissima ecclesiæ jocalia conservari vult et præcipit.*’ Mr. Robertson remarks, that ‘the registration of deaths and burials may perhaps have been thought already sufficiently provided for by the synodal statute of St. Andrews,’—a constitution of the fourteenth century. He adds, ‘At least one register framed in obedience to the Statute of 1551-2 is known,—the register of the proclamation of banns of marriages, and of baptisms, in the parish of Errol, in the rural deanery of Gowrie, in the diocese of St. Andrews, which begins in May 1553. It is in the Register House.’

The same Council also ordered the publication of a book containing an exposition of the Ten Commandments, the Creed, the Seven Sacraments, the Lord’s Prayer, and the Angelical Salutation, which was afterwards commonly known as Archbishop Hamilton’s Catechism. Of this work, Dr. Cook observes, that ‘it is written with much moderation; and although it was of course designed to support the peculiar doctrines of the Church, it abounds with very judicious and practical reflections.’

The last of the Provincial Councils was that which met at Edinburgh on the 1st of March 1559, and continued its sittings till the 10th of April. The record of this Synod is derived from the same source as that of 1549. The names of the persons present are not preserved, except that mention is made generally of the suffragan bishops of both provinces, vicars-general, abbots, priors, commendators, deans, provosts, doctors in theology, parsons, and other ecclesiastics representing the Scottish Church. The formalities of the calling of the Council are given, and are doubtless those which had always been used on similar occasions. Three illustrative documents are preserved. The first of these is a letter from the Primate to the Archbishop of Glasgow, in which the former, styling himself by Divine mercy Archbishop of St. Andrews, Primate of all Scotland, Legatus Natus of the Apostolic see, and Legate *a latere* of the same

see, summons a General Provincial Council to meet within the monastery of the Black Friars at Edinburgh, on the 1st day of March, and requires the archbishop to appear in person, and to cite his suffragan bishops, and the abbots, priors, commendators, deans, provosts, and other discreet members of the chapter, religious orders, and clergy of the diocese and province of Glasgow. The second paper is a mandate addressed by the Archbishop of Glasgow to the Rural Dean of Lanark, requiring him to warn the clergy of his deanery, and specially certain persons therein named, to attend the Council, which had then actually commenced. The third document is a mandate by Malcolm, Vicar-General of Galloway during the vacancy of the see, to his commissary, narrating the order of his metropolitan the Archbishop of Glasgow, and requiring the commissary to warn the clergy of the diocese to attend the Council.

One of the chief points brought before the Synod was the discussion of certain Articles of Reformation, which had been presented to the Queen Regent by several temporal lords and barons, and which, at her request, were laid before the clergy. These articles were thirteen in number. The most important were that there

‘should be sermon in every parish church, on every Sunday and other holiday, or at least on Christmas-day, Easter-day, Whitsunday, and every third or fourth Sunday; that no one should be admitted to preach in public without due examination of his doctrine, life, and learning; that in future no vicar or curate should be appointed, unless he were sufficiently qualified to administer the sacraments, and to read the Catechism (no doubt that issued by the Provincial Council of 1552) plainly and distinctly to his flock; that expositions of the sacraments of the body and blood of Christ, of baptism, and of marriage, should be published for the instruction of the people; that the common prayers and litanies should be said in the vulgar tongue in every parish church upon Sundays and other holidays after mass; that evening prayers should be said also in the vulgar tongue in the afternoon; no change, it would appear, being proposed in the language of the mass itself.’—*Preface*, pp. clvi. clvii.

Mr. Robertson observes that the ‘thirty-four statutes passed by the Provincial Council were, in great measure, answers, more or less satisfactory, to these Articles of Reformation. Only one point of importance was altogether evaded,—the request that the common prayers should be said in the language of the people. It was not for Edinburgh to speak where Trent had as yet been dumb.’

These Articles of Reformation are very important, as showing what was asked by the reforming party within the Church.

Among other points agreed to by this Council was the

drawing up of brief declarations respecting the right use of the sacraments, which were enjoined to be read by the bishops and parish priests before the ministration. Only one of these has been preserved, the declaration before the Communion. From the price at which it was sold, it was called in derision by the reformers, 'The Twopenny Faith,' and by some has been confounded with Archbishop Hamilton's Catechism.

The last canon of the Council, which was passed on the 10th of April, appointed another Synod to be held in the same place on Septuagesima Sunday 1560. When that day came, Scotland was desolated by civil war. In the following August, the Estates of the kingdom abrogated the authority of the Pope, proscribed the mass, and established the Reformed Confession of Faith. The primate, two bishops, and an abbot voted against adopting of the Confession, without venturing to enter on any argument. Two temporal peers gave as their reason for opposing it that they would believe as their fathers had believed. All others acquiesced.

Such was the inglorious fall of the Roman hierarchy in Scotland. Well might the Earl Marischal exclaim, as the Estates were voting for the Confession :—

'Seeing that my lords the bishops, who for their learning can, and for the zeal that they should bear to the verity, would, as I suppose, gainsay anything that directly impugns the verity of God; seeing, I say, my lords the bishops here present speak nothing to the contrary of the doctrine proponed, I cannot but hold it to be the very truth of God, and the contrary to be deceivable doctrine.'

Well might the best and wisest of the Roman communion, then and afterwards, denounce the conduct of the bishops of that day. Thomas Innes, who loved the truth better than he loved his Church, declines to speak in favour of any of the prelates, except Archbishop Beaton of Glasgow. Ninian Winzet, a priest who saw and deplored their folly and their crimes, and whose learning and goodness would have preserved the Church, could one man's virtues have been of any avail, thus indignantly addressed them :—

'Gave the princes of the earth to you yearly rents to the end that every one of you might spend the same upon his dame Dalila and base-born offspring? And albeit it chance oft to the infirmity of man that he fall asleep when he should chiefly watch, and be given to pastime when he should most diligently labour, yet, O merciful God, what deadly sleep is this that has oppressed you, that in so great uproar, tumult, and terrible clamour, ye waken not forth of your dream, and in so great danger of death ye have not regard of your own lives or others? Awake! awake! and put to your hands stoutly to save

Peter's ship; for He neither sleeps nor slumbers who beholds all your doings, and sees your thoughts, but shall require the blood at your hands of the smallest one that shall perish through your negligence.'

Many years of civil and ecclesiastical misrule had prepared the way for the downfall of the Mediæval Church; but the chief cause of its utter and irretrievable overthrow was the wickedness of the priesthood, proofs of which, under their own hand, so to speak, are brought before us in these volumes. It was this which gave sharpness to the satire of Lindsay and weight to the sermons of Knox. Errors of doctrine might have been corrected or excused, but clerical immorality had become so general and so inveterate as to admit of no cure. The sins of the clergy led to utter recklessness and most unclean living among the laity. Of the offences of both orders the chief causes were two—the ecclesiastical rules which enforced the celibacy of the clergy, and the laws prohibiting marriages within the forbidden degrees of consanguinity and affinity. Both abuses were common to the whole of Western Christendom, but the latter rule was practically carried out in Scotland with a shameless corruption exceeding that of any other nation. Dispensations from the canons could be easily purchased by those who were able to afford it; and the marriage tie, indissoluble in theory, was unloosed with the utmost facility at the bidding of the rich, on the pretext of some original nullity in its constitution. At the Reformation the artificial restraints of the Canon Law were set aside, and the degrees of propinquity within which marriage was forbidden were made conformable to those laid down in the Holy Scriptures.

One redeeming virtue may justly be claimed for the ecclesiastics. To the last they were good landlords, and their vassals and tenants found they had made a bad exchange when they were handed over to the new lay lords who grasped the possessions of bishops and abbots. A most faithful account of Scotland in this respect is to be found in the pages of the *Monastery*. In matters also of more importance the genius of Scott has preserved a true picture of the time. The Sub-Prior Eustace represents a class of ecclesiastics zealous for the Church, and zealous also for moral purity and goodness, but whose influence was of no avail against that of men like Abbot Boniface, and far worse persons than the indolent Abbot of St. Mary's, who filled the high places of the northern hierarchy.

We have endeavoured to show that Mr. Robertson's Preface affords, in fact, a consecutive history of the legislation and administration of the Church before the Reformation in Scotland. It is as full as the materials, whether of record or of chronicle, allow. It is as learned, as sagacious, as honest, as

the most impartial student can desire. We have marked no omissions, and venture to assert that no critic will find authorities misinterpreted, or cunningly drawn to speak against their true meaning. Many points of the greatest interest are raised, which we have no space to discuss. The double marriage of Mary and Bothwell is given with perfect precision, and then a marginal note asks, 'Was the marriage of Bothwell, a divorced adulterer, with Queen Mary, lawful in the judgment of the Reformed Church of Scotland?' with all the history and law that go to the answering of that question.

Just there, too, the lawyer will find (so far as we know) the only account of the passing away of the old Consistorial jurisdiction of the Church—the courts, be it noted, which took cognisance not merely of church offences, and of heresies, but of marriage, of legitimacy, of *status*, of succession, and testaments and latter wills—of all the most important questions affecting family relations. He will find an absolute 'surcease of justice' in the Court of the Bishop and his official, or, as the author notes it on his margin, 'a cessation of consistorial jurisdiction' from 24th August 1560 to 8th February 1564, brought to an end, at length, by the establishment of the now defunct Commissary Court, whose powers have merged in the Court of Session.

A body of 'Notes' appended to the second volume is quite full of the most rare and curious learning.

The Council of Edinburgh in 1559 is, strictly speaking, the conclusion of Mr. Robertson's volumes. But in his Appendix, and in the notes to his Preface are found some papers which throw light on the relations of Queen Mary with the Pope and the Council of Trent. One other paper in the Appendix, of a somewhat earlier date, is a presentation and institution by James IV. to the Chapel-Royal of Kirkheugh, or St. Mary-of-the-Crag at St. Andrews. This document illustrates the right claimed by the Scottish kings, and by other sovereigns in the middle ages, to be the ordinaries of their own chapels. Such a claim was as repugnant to the principles of the great mediæval bishops as it was to those of the Scottish Covenanters; and the ancient ecclesiastics, to whom a scriptural quotation never came wrong, would have delighted in the ironical application made in an after age of the words of Amaziah to Amos:—'O thou seer, go flee thee away into the land of Judah and prophesy there, but prophesy not again any more at Bethel, for it is the king's chapel, and it is the king's court.'

The last pages of the Preface contain a most interesting account of the Culdees—especially those of St. Andrews—a

subject on which so much nonsense was formerly written. Their real history is not exhausted even by Dr. Reeves's valuable treatise, and these pages are full of that learning which no one save the author possessed.

On various matters discussed in these volumes, scholars may differ from some of Mr. Robertson's opinions; but they will hardly be able to point out a fact misstated or not supported by his authorities. His acquaintance with everything bearing upon his subject enabled him to avoid those errors in minor details which writers of ability, but of insufficient information, are so apt to fall into. We have observed only a single slip of this kind, and he was led into it by copying Theiner, who had evidently misread his manuscript. We refer to a writ, said to be addressed to a Bishop of Oxford early in the thirteenth century, three hundred years before the foundation of that see.

Mr. Robertson quotes a remark of Lord Hailes, speaking of his edition of the *Scottish Canons of the Thirteenth Century*:— 'They were lately offered to the public, with some explanatory notes. For the benefit of those who may be inclined to publish any tracts concerning the antiquities of Scotland, I must observe that *twenty-five* copies of the Canons were sold.' The taste for accurate history has somewhat improved since Hailes's time; but perhaps it is hardly to be expected that a book like Mr. Robertson's will ever become what is called a popular work. There is a large class for whom the subject possesses no attractions; and even of some of those who take an interest in it, the taste has been perverted by writers who indulge in a reckless prodigality of confident assertion and startling incident, a method entirely opposed to the accurate research and calm impartiality of the author of the *Concilia Scotiæ*. But with all who study history as history ought to be studied, Mr. Robertson's work will be both a treasure in itself and a key to open the stores laid up in the records and language of an earlier age.

ART. IV.—*Julian den Frafaldne.* Af CARSTEN HAUCH.
Kiöbenhavn, 1866.

THERE are few intellectual phænomena in modern European history more wonderful than the sudden rise and rapid development of Danish literature. Before the time of Holberg, the Molière of the North, who flourished during the first half of the eighteenth century, Denmark could scarcely be said to possess any literature at all. She owned, indeed, her ancient heritage of the Eddas and the Sagas in common with the two Scandinavian sister kingdoms, and she could also point to a singularly rich and extensive ballad-poetry, forming perhaps her noblest legacy from the old mediæval times. But of literature, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, she was almost wholly destitute. Holberg, at once historian, satirist, and dramatist,—a man grandly endowed by nature, and who had sedulously cultivated the gifts bestowed on him,—was the true awakener of intellectual energy and enterprise among his countrymen. He it was who with trenchant sarcasm attacked the folly and stupidity—for in truth their character and conduct deserve no gentler epithets—of the so-called literati of his age, and by indicating the radical defects that vitiated the entire taste and tendencies of the period, paved the way for a thorough reform in sentiment, in manners, and in literature. We need not wonder, therefore, that the Danes still fondly revere Holberg's memory, and look back to his multifarious labours as indicating the real commencement of their modern literary annals. Yet, great as without doubt were Holberg's merits, it must not be forgotten that from the date of his death in 1754 until the close of last century, his influence and example seem to have been productive of comparatively little fruit. Throughout the course of those forty or fifty years, intellectual sterility as a rule distinguished the Danish people. We meet, doubtless, with names like Ewald, Wessel, and Baggesen—names that would confer high honour on the literature of any nation,—but the general spirit of the period was dull, drowsy, and barren, and evinced slight promise of the better day which was to come. With the first years of the nineteenth century there dawned a new era for Danish literature. It was in these years that the earliest poems of Oehlenschläger appeared, and the power and beauty which pervaded them were soon fully recognised. Intellectual effort among the Danes burst simultaneously into the richest bloom. A whole host of writers arose, fired by Oehlenschläger's example, and all owing something, more or less, to the inspiration of his genius,—writers who gained for them-

selves renowned in their own land, and even in certain instances acquired a European reputation. Grundtvig, Ingemann, Hauch, Heiberg, Hertz, Winther, and Paludan-Müller, may be particularly mentioned, as holding high rank in the band of poets, novelists, and critics who adorned the records of Danish literature during the first thirty or forty years of the present century. Thanks to their successful achievements, the literature of their native country is now recognised as an intellectual power in Europe. Formerly that literature was either ignored by the thinkers of other nations, or deemed a minor branch of the literature of Germany, a sorry little twig depending from the colossal Teutonic tree. Now, on the contrary, men's minds are awakening to the consciousness of the fact, that in Denmark there does really exist an original, self-subsistent literature, not to be compared, of course, for a moment, in point of extent, with the German, yet characterized by wonderful vitality and beauty, and within its necessarily narrow limits displaying an opulent 'many-sidedness,' hardly less various and versatile than that of Germany itself. Even in Britain, proverbially slow to comprehend the phases of any foreign literature, the Danish authors are beginning to find those who can appreciate and admire them; and we may with reason expect that the number of such persons will continue to increase. For, to us, it is a hopeful symptom, that among many educated Englishmen and Scotchmen, the tide seems setting, at present, in the direction of the Scandinavian North. Scandinavian scenery, Scandinavian manners and customs, Scandinavian literature, have become to them objects of interest and attraction; and of the last of these objects we think we may safely affirm, that the more they know of it the more they will study and love it. A fresh, healthy breath of life pervades the whole of Scandinavian literature, and not least that branch of it to which we have been referring in the previous remarks. The slightest glance at the pages of any Scandinavian work of merit, whether Danish, Swedish, or Norwegian, will furnish ample proof of the assertion we have made.

In the present paper it is our purpose to give some account of a recently published volume, by the veteran Danish poet, Carsten Hauch. Hauch is one of the last surviving literary links that connect the new generation of Danish authors with their predecessors in the former part of the century; and the mere mention of his name leads us back to the period when Oehlenschläger was at the summit of his renown, and had gathered around him a phalanx of younger followers to imbibe his spirit and to emulate his genius. But Hauch, although now

between seventy and eighty years old, has preserved in remarkable measure the freshness and vitality of youth,—as is proved, indeed, by his most recent production, which deserves to be set side by side with the best literary achievements of his earlier life; and thus, binding together past and present, he may be considered a type of Danish literature in its two successive stages of development,—that, namely, which was contemporaneous with the period of Oehlenschläger's celebrity, and that, again, through which the younger intellect of Denmark has passed during the course of the last twenty or thirty years. Hauch is therefore doubly a representative man; and apart altogether from his great poetical endowments, he is in consequence a figure around which quite peculiar interest gathers in the history of Danish literature. At the same time, and singularly enough, his merits as a poet, especially a dramatist, at first received somewhat tardy recognition among his countrymen, although now gladly and universally acknowledged. Rightly to understand this fact, and also, in a broader sense, the nature of the position which Hauch assumes in the modern literature of Denmark, it appears indispensable that before discussing the latest of his poetical efforts, we should here enter a little more minutely into details.

In the first place, then, the *polemical* nature of the whole of Danish literature, from its commencement until the present time, should be carefully and constantly remembered. This polemical aspect, which it has invariably exhibited, and which forms one of the most remarkable features to be found in the literature of any European people, originates in the fundamental elements of the Danish character. All who know the Danish idiosyncrasy cannot fail to acknowledge that it ever oscillates, so to speak, between opposite poles. There are in it two elementary principles, which, in their development, as one who was himself a distinguished Danish poet has observed, 'are continually waging mutual warfare. These two principles are depth and a certain sanguine lightness, emotion and understanding, with a quick and mobile fancy at the service of both alike. The emotion may become mere visionary enthusiasm, and the understanding assume the guise of wit; and when each of these warring elements conflicts with the other, alternately struggling for the mastery, there arise the oscillations between idealism and realism, between profound earnestness and airy jesting, between the tragic and the comic, between what may be styled the positive and negative polarities of the soul, which have seldom been fully harmonized in the case of individuals, but which possess their point of union in that humour and irony, the result of deepest seriousness, which is more or

less the peculiar heritage of every true Danish poet.¹ Whenever, consequently, any one of those fundamental features of the national character threatens to develop itself with undue predominance, a determined opposition sets in from the other quarter, until the last again, by its tyrannical one-sidedness, calls forth a corresponding reaction. The history of these perpetual oscillations, of this continued action and reaction, is just the history of all Danish literature. For example, the culmination of the new spiritual life and fervour of religious inspiration that succeeded the Reformation period, in the noble hymnology of Bishop Kingo, found its counterpoise in the comic genius of Holberg during the following period, the first half of the eighteenth century. Again, in the very midst of that period, an earnest reaction was beginning to take shape, which almost developed into the rampant pietism of the time of Christian the Sixth, and found fittest, sweetest expression in Brorson's spiritual songs. The succeeding reaction in favour of the lighter element in literature evoked, in its turn, the reaction which culminated in the emotional poetry of Ewald, the triumph of his lyric muse, and the birth of tragedy in Denmark; yet by virtue still of the same fundamental law, the lighter, humorous element regained its lost ascendancy, and, with Wessel for its Coryphæus, waxed stronger and stronger, until it reached its climax in the works of Baggesen at the close of the eighteenth century. The profounder element in the national character of the Danes was kept throughout the course of the latter period in the background; but with another century's commencement, there broke forth, as we have already indicated, that fresh spiritual life of philosophy and poetry, which awakened it once more to new struggles and new conquests. The natural philosophy of Steffens, and the half-romantic, half-reflective lyrics of Schack Staffeldt, inaugurated, in conjunction with the intensely Northern genius of Oehlenschläger, that new and nobler era in Danish literature, in which the two great principles of the nation's intellectual existence stepped out on an arena far broader than the old to pursue their several paths which so often crossed each other, and by the ancient course of continued collision and reaction to impart a zest to the literary history of Denmark, which is lacking in that of many European countries. Since the period of Oehlenschläger, there have been ranged on the one side such men as Grundtvig and Ingemann; on the other, such as Hertz and Heiberg. Now, it is to the first of these two classes that Hauch emphatically belongs.

¹ Ingemann's *Tilbageblik paa mit Liv* (Retrospect of my Life), p. 60, where the important truth above referred to is very fully and admirably illustrated.

Few seem to have laid more to heart the injunction in Schiller's verses,—

‘ Fliehet aus dem engen, dumpfen Leben
In des Ideales Reich.’

The realm of the Ideal has been Hauch's chosen home; and the majority of his writings bear the broad stamp of their author's favourite dwelling-place. His lyrics, but, in a peculiar sense his noble tragedies, are just the embodiments of that higher ideal striving, which despises, perhaps sometimes unjustly enough, the inferior elements and tendencies of our common nature, and labours to portray the sublime, the passionate, and the terrible, instead of the smaller joys and sorrows interwoven with ordinary existence. The very fact that this ideal striving has been developed in certain of Hauch's productions in a rather exaggerated form, constitutes one of the chief causes why his works should have somewhat slowly acquired the public favour. The lighter element in the character of his Danish countrymen arrayed itself in opposition to the ideal aspirations which it could not aright appreciate; and during a course of years Hauch had to contend with the hostility of men, some of them possessing genius equal to his own, but pointing in a different direction, who were the votaries and cultivators of that other principle, which, as we have already seen, has never lacked its inspired champions in the field of Danish literature.

In the second place, however, it must likewise be remembered, as serving to elucidate Hauch's precise position in the literature of his native land, that the poetical genius of the Danish people is far rather lyric than epic or dramatic. What Lénström, in his *Svenska Poesiens Historia*, affirms, with a certain measure of propriety, of the poetical genius of Sweden, that it is confessedly neither epic, dramatic, nor historic, but essentially lyrical,—and that only in one department, yet in it predominant, namely lyrical realism,—may, although with less truth, be also asserted regarding the distinctive spirit of Danish poetry. In fact, the poetry of all the three Scandinavian nations exhibits in the clearest relief the feature to which we now refer; and even the student who has merely mastered the rudiments of Northern literature, cannot fail to mark how opulent that literature is in lyrical productions, as compared with epic or dramatic poems. We do not of course wish it for a moment to be understood that Denmark, Sweden, and Norway can show little in the shape of epic and dramatic poetry. On the other hand, the literature of the Scandinavian peoples is truly varied and extensive, and presents numerous specimens of poetic composition in almost every form. But the prevalent tone is

neither epic nor dramatic, and beyond doubt it is in the field of lyric song that the Scandinavian poets have chiefly won their triumphs. Take, as illustration, the case of the greatest poet of Denmark, Oehlenschläger. Ever since Heiberg, now many years ago, subjected Oehlenschläger's tragedies to a searching yet impartial criticism, it has been generally allowed that his dramatic works are very considerably inferior to many of his other compositions, just because his genius was undramatic, while intensely lyric or lyric-epic in its character. The tragedies of Oehlenschläger are, if you will, splendid poetic pictures, grandly conceived and grandly executed; but they are destitute of one essential ingredient in all true tragedies, we mean the life-like delineation of human character, and so, notwithstanding their many merits, they fail to fully satisfy the reader or spectator. Specimens of dramatic poetry they may perhaps be styled, but unquestionably they are not dramas. Epos and lyric, or rather the debatable ground between the two, which we have called epic-lyric, formed the royal domain of Oehlenschläger; and much of his epic-lyric poetry is among the most beautiful which can be found in modern European literature. Now, the national tendency of the Danes, like that of the other two Scandinavian nations, being so supremely lyrical, it is obvious that any writer, whose best works were not lyrical but dramatic, would be less likely to achieve success and favour, than others who appealed to the predominant element in the poetical genius of their countrymen. This was precisely the case with Hauch. Although the author of many fine lyrics, it is mainly as a dramatist that he excels; and hence, doubtless, in some measure, the earlier unpopularity against which certain of his works had to contend.

The chief facts of Hauch's life may be briefly summed up as follows:—He is by birth Norwegian, having been born at Frederikshald in 1791. His father being appointed diocesan civil magistrate at Bergen, the boy spent there the first years of his youth, and afterwards resided with a clergyman on the Hardanger-fiord, where the magnificent scenery of mountains, forests, and resounding waters early awakened his poetic fancy, and produced an impression which he has strongly retained during all his subsequent life. At the age of twelve he came to Copenhagen, and when the English attacked that city in 1807, he placed himself, as yet a schoolboy, in the ranks of its defenders. The year after he became a student, with the intention of pursuing a juridical career; but philosophy, and especially the natural sciences, possessed for him a much greater charm than law, while the poems of Oehlenschläger, the natural philosophy of Schelling, and among the writers of

the romantic school, pre-eminently Novalis (who has so often given the first arousing impulse to undeveloped genius), opened up before his view a new and wondrous world. During the 'Tyltestride,' or battle of the Twelve,¹ so famous in Danish literature, none of Oehlenschläger's champions was more active and zealous than Hauch; and indeed his enthusiasm for Oehlenschläger has been as conspicuous as it has been unchanging throughout the whole of his literary career. Hauch, however, doubted his own poetic gift, and instead of continuing to cultivate it, threw himself with characteristic ardour into the study of the natural sciences, and zoology in particular. In 1821 he went abroad. At Nice, when still engaged in prosecuting his scientific studies, he was attacked by an ailment in the foot, which, after causing protracted anguish, it was found necessary to arrest by amputation. In the time of pain and suffering he once more returned to poetry, and found in its pursuit his truest comfort. He wrote, among other works, a drama entitled *The Hamadryad*; afterwards, in his thirty-fourth year, the tragedy *Bajazet*; and when resident at Rome, *Tiberius* and *Gregory the Seventh*; and returned with those works to Denmark in 1827, at which time he was appointed Lecturer on Natural Science in the Academy of Sorø. His dramas, especially *Bajazet* and *Tiberius*, which were published in 1828, produced a powerful impression by their imaginative strength, and the 'mordant tragic satire' with which they depict human character and passion, as well as by the peculiar energy of their language; but these merits were, in the estimation of many, more than counterbalanced by the lack of dramatic elaboration and polished correctness of style. From historical tragedies Hauch subsequently passed to historical romances, in his *Vilhelm Zabern*, published anonymously in 1834—a work remarkable for its psychologic insight, and the life-like fidelity with which it reproduces the times of Christian the Second and his celebrated mistress Dyveke. Of Hauch's succeeding novels, none found greater popularity than *A Polish Family* (1839), with its scenes and figures from the death-struggle of unhappy Poland. After other dramatic and epic works, he published, at the age of fifty-one, his first collection of lyric poems, containing some pieces of much beauty.

¹ This memorable literary contest (1814-18), which may be described as in reality an inevitable warfare between the old and young Denmark of the period, chiefly originated in Baggesen's jealousy of the greater fame of Oehlenschläger. The latter was attacked by Baggesen in a series of violent hostile criticisms, which were responded to by twelve of Oehlenschläger's youthful admirers, who were enthusiastically devoted to the cause of their distinguished master. All the cultivated mind of Denmark took part in this conflict, which terminated in Oehlenschläger's final and enduring triumph.

Besides his poetical productions, his academic activity was also in other respects fruitful for literature, especially in those branches which were connected with the chief pursuits of his existence. During two or three years, until the insurrection of 1848, he lectured at Kiel on the Northern languages and mythology, and afterwards in Copenhagen on the Saga literature; in 1851 he was appointed to the chair of *Æsthetics* in the University, and several volumes of selections from his lectures on these various subjects have been given to the world. For a new series of poems he sought his themes, as before, from the most dissimilar countries and ages,—wherever the intellectual or spiritual conflicts of the human soul arrested his attention; in *Thorvald Vidfôrle* he portrays the period of the Sagas, in *Robert Fulton*, the discoverer's excitement, in *Charles de la Bussière*, the revolutionist's; while, as dramatist, he now entered into closer relations with the stage. His tragedy *Svend Grathe* (1841), the dramatic merits of which Heiberg, its author's literary opponent, had warmly eulogized, was, as an acting piece, unsuccessful, and the older tragedies were scarcely designed for the theatre; but now there appeared from his pen dramas such as *Honour Lost and Won*, *Henry of Navarre*, and many others, which, when represented, were received with favour by the public. In the year 1864, so unfortunate for Denmark, Hauch sought refuge from his evils, characteristically enough, in the distant regions of poetry, recalling, in the *Story of Haldor*, his early companionship with nature amid the solitude of the Norwegian valleys. 'Thus,' to quote Professor Martin Hammerich's concluding words, in his recent short but admirable sketch of Hauch's career, 'he stands among a younger generation as the representative of that higher ideal striving, to which he has consecrated the whole labour of his life.'

How prolific has been Hauch's genius, and over what an extensive arena it has ranged, will be at once apparent from the preceding summary. It is of course impossible, within our present limits, to present the reader with anything like a lengthened notice of his principal productions. All we can do is to offer a very few observations on his lyric and dramatic writings, which form, however, the two chief branches of his poetical works. As regards the first, while we certainly cannot assign to Hauch so high a position as that occupied by Christian Winther—without doubt *facile princeps* of living Danish lyric poets—we are of opinion that he claims from all impartial judges no mean tribute of respect and admiration. He has neither the glow of passionate emotion which pervades the poems of Winther, and gives them their peculiar charm, nor does he emulate the fiery strains of Ploug, some of whose

lyric effusions vividly remind us of that noble burst of German patriotic song,—the battle-lays of Körner, Arndt, and Schenkendorf during the great War of Independence. But he has peculiar merits of his own notwithstanding. Many of his pieces are fine specimens of objective lyric poetry, partly in the epic-lyric form to which we have already alluded. Like most of his countrymen, Hauch does not excel in lyric composition of a purely subjective character; to find the latter, we must have recourse to German instead of Danish poetry. The investiture of any one object, or series of objects, with the living shape and living hues of genuine lyric song, is the kind of poetical composition in which the Danes, like the Scandinavians generally, delight; and the mere delineation of subjective feeling or of the shifting moods and emotions of the individual human heart, is, on the whole, antagonistic to their nature. Now, in Hauch's lyrics, the objective element is largely manifest, even in some of those pieces which might, at first view, be considered to partake, from the nature of their themes, of the subjective character. As, for example, in the following verses,¹ when the poet embodies his sorrow over the fall of Poland in an external pathetic picture, rather than impassioned lamentations wrung from the depths of his own suffering and sympathizing breast:—

- ' Wherefore heaves the Vistula, and beats upon its shore,
Like the wounded bosom of some mighty king of yore?
Wherefore from its billows do lamenting murmurs rise,
Like the moan of war-horse on the battle-field that dies?
- ' Slowly winds the wailing water under Cracow's wall,
Whence a host of heroes marched at Freedom's trumpet-call;
Long the tempest lasted, and the battle-fires burned,
Not a single soldier from that fatal fight returned.
- ' Therefore sighs the river, as it darkly speeds its way,
Therefore from its billows comes the wailing sound for aye;
Therefore all along its margin, sorrow field and plain,
Therefore Poland's widowed daughters shed their tears like rain.
- ' Yet when weeping o'er the cradles where their babes repose,
Flash to life old battle-eagles through their night of woes;
And the lullabies they murmur take a grander sweep—
So to songs of fallen glory Poland's children sleep!

The following lines, again, have even a more thoroughly objective character:—

¹ It is almost superfluous to say that this and the following translations only very feebly reflect the spirit and beauty of the Danish original. Their sole merit is that they render, with tolerable fidelity, its meaning.

'THE MERMAID OF SAMSÖ.

- ' High roll the raging billows, the tempest wild prevails,
And fierce upon the Baltic beat the equinoctial gales ;
The sharp south-wester hurls the wave on Samsö's dreary shore,
A little fishing-boat is borne the maddened waters o'er.
- ' Down to the stormy ocean the feeble mast has dipped,
While from the foam-washed yard-arm the riven sail is stripped ;
The fisherman sits at the helm, his son beside the prow,
Keen is the glance with which they mark the boiling gulf below.
- ' Then loudly cries the fisher-boy amid the surge's roar,
" I see a snow-white water-fowl I never saw before ;
It heeds not wind or billows, it cares not how they rave,
But sits, a tall and slender shape, upon the towering wave."
- ' Rang high the father's accents, " Thou blessed God be near !
It is a demon of the deep that sails beside us here ;
Now it behoves to battle with the evil spirit's lies,
When, like a swimming serpent, the mermaid meets our eyes !"
- ' So spake the ancient fisherman, and on he urged his way,—
" God grant the baleful creature may not make of us her prey !"
His voice was drowned in tempest that drove them towards land,—
The boat's prow pointing bravely to Samsö's sullen strand.
- ' Yet nearer still and nearer the fatal woman speeds,
Her head with garlands crested of sea-drift and of reeds,
She shrieks like the sea-raven, when struggling with the storm,—
Half-woman and half-serpent appears her wondrous form.
- ' As light as flies a bird in air she flies across the sea,
Now in the hell of waters she hides herself from thee,
Now on the billow's summit thou wilt see her wildly swim
With outstretched hand and fingers like sea-eagle's talons grim.
- ' So fearless and so cheerless o'er the surges does she ride,
And steers her course in safety, the ocean's ghastly bride ;
Flung on the gale, her tresses like a banner wildly wave,—
Behind her, winds and waters with redoubled fury rave.
- ' Strange shows her visage, scarcely seen amid the storm's eclipse,
And sunny smiles and sullen frowns are blending round her lips ;
As mobile as the billow that rolls and rages there,
Sometimes she seems a sea-fiend, sometimes a maiden fair.
- ' But when at last she neared the boat upon the surges hoar,
A wondrous sight was witnessed, a sight unseen before,
For in the twinkling of an eye had passed the wild turmoil,
The tempest ceased to thunder, and the deep was smooth as oil.

' Then, beckoning, the mermaid broke forth in solemn tone,
While, o'er the hushed and silent sea, her voice was heard alone ;
All strangely gleamed the waters in the even's lustre red,
And moss-grown shapes came peering out from ocean's hollow bed.

' The sea-brood swift assembled when they heard their sister's song,
The crowd of living marvels that to the waves belong,—
In all unwonted harmony they gathered as the sound
Of those strange notes an entrance to their native caverns found.

' " Women of all the loveliest," so rang the mermaid's strain,
" In deep abysses wander beneath the sounding main ;
No winter's cold is piercing, no icicle is seen,
Where dances ocean's maiden upon her floor so green.

' " And she has wondrous treasures, to the upper world unknown,
Along the emerald pavement of her palace they are strewn,
Where lilies and anemones and pearly clusters fair
Grow side by side with blossoms of the coral rich and rare.

' " But life pervades the lilies, and they move like breathing things,
While round the rocks the sea-snake coils his green and glittering
rings,
And if I beckon with my hand his changeful colours flee,
They pale and fade from off him, when he tamely comes to me.

' " The tempests only play upon the surface of the deep,
But never reach the under-world where we so safely sleep ;
Like church-bells in the distance sound the billows rolling high,
Then seizes us a yearning strange,—we know not whence or why.

' " But when the blast awakens and on in fury speeds,
I saddle in the moonlight the wildest of my steeds,
And if amid the surf I see some stately frigate's form,
Then loudly rings my laughter through the thunder of the storm.

' " Against the ship my raven locks I toss athwart the gloom,
And if thy heart be trembling then, destruction is thy doom ;
For high in air I lift my arms above the warring wave,
And from the deck I drag thee down into an ocean-grave.

' " But if thy courage fail thee not, I smile upon thy path,
The mermaid spares the sailor bold, nor lets him know her wrath ;
A hero-soul will trample down the fiercest foeman's might,—
I love the brave one who can gaze on death without affright.

' " Now shall a prince be born to rule the realm of waters o'er,
None such has long been lacking on Denmark's verdant shore ;
He with the stormy billows his royal blood shall blend,
And ocean shall bear witness, ' Thou art my chosen friend.'

- ' "Should fortune false elude him upon the land at last,
He shall regain the fugitive 'beside the lofty mast,'—
And wielding so the kingly power, his name shall never die,
While on the shores of Denmark the Baltic waves beat high!"
- ' Thus flowed the mermaid's melody till daylight passed away,
And like a ghost she disappeared in misty shadows grey;
Then waked once more the sleeping surge and madly lashed the
strand,
In vain,—the rescued fisher-boat lay safely on the land.
- ' But one short month thereafter, in an early spring-tide morn,
O'er all the isles the tidings flashed, "A monarch's son is born!"—
The boy was that fourth Christian, whose name shall never die,
While on the shores of Denmark the Baltic waves beat high!'

Some of Hauch's poems bear, as might be anticipated, strong traces of the naturalist. We give the following quaint and somewhat mystical verses as a specimen. They are not without a certain suggestive spiritual beauty. The title is *The Life of Plants*.

' MAN.

- ' Why dost thou sleep on the lap of earth?
Why wilt thou wake not to life and mirth?
- ' Tell me, O plant, thy aim divine,
For, poor weak blossom, no lips are thine,
Thou hast no wing, no foot,
Only the hidden root.
Nature to thee but a fetter gave
To bind thee fast to thy grave.
- ' And yet thou smilest with secret glee
In thy prison tomb,
So glows and sparkles thy starry bloom
As if to illumine
All nature free!
- ' What meanest thou so?
How shall we thy double mystery know?
Why spreadest thou not above and below
Thy branches like pinions?
O weak one, with *this* thy strength cannot cope,—
Still fresh and verdant as hope,
Thou springest from earth's dominions!
What goal's to thee given,
Thou striver in vain,
Poor grass of the plain,
By the breezes wantonly driven?

' Great nature, so rich, and lordly, and free,
Is not for thee ;
For thee is the sunshine dull and poor,
And life is only a barren moor.

' Up thou risest with leaflets bending,
Now relaxing and now extending,
Until thy petals in beauty break ;
Rainbow colours on colours awake,
How can *they* of the death partake
Whence they come, and whither they go ?
Say, how can we thy mystery know ?

' Who hath thee placed
Like a gleaming star in our earthly waste ?
Thy foot is bound,—
How was thy path o'er ocean found ?
Thine eye is sealed,—
Who has to thee life's door revealed ?

' Thou art but mould,—
Who was it gave thee thy dowry of gold ?
Death's in thy bosom,—
Who lent the glory of dawn to thy blossom ?

' THE PLANT.

' I am that strange link enchaining
What is sleeping, what is waking,
Heaven's sunshine o'er us breaking
To the darkness 'neath us reigning.
Thus within life's centre resting,
All its rays to me are hasting.
Half in earth, and half in air,
Half a stone, half perfume rare,
Night-born, yet the child of light,
I unfold my pinions bright.

' MAN.

' Full many a mystery with meaning rife
Our wisdom solves, and yet we lack the might
To ope the secret of thy inner life.

' THE PLANT.

' When has passed the rose's splendour,
Faded all its blossoms tender,
Then the inner life is gone :
When the sun-rays overflow me,
Now a leafless skeleton,

First ye fancy that ye know me,—
 In my broken, withered form,
 In my dust so black and cold,
 Groping for the life of old.

‘MAN.

‘Fair art thou doubtless, yet the loathsome worm
 May o’er thy leaves its winding path pursue,
 And in thy beauty-cup be lost to view.

‘THE PLANT.

‘From God above the sacred hues descending,
 Mingle in love’s sweet flame to give me birth,
 The holy red, the green and blue, are blending;
 In me they find a meeting-point terrestrial,
 Then do I lift my head from mother-earth,
 Though born of her, yet fresh with light celestial.

‘The eagle may ascend to highest heaven,—
 The worm may deep below my roots be gliding,—
 To me a life of tranquil peace is given;
 That which to them, till found, no rest allows,
 I have already gained,—for, near me biding,
 I closely clasp my closely-clasping spouse.’

It is, however, in the department of the drama that Hauch has gained his chief reputation as a poet. Greatly inferior to Oehlenschläger in his lyrical productions, his dramas are, at least in certain important respects, superior to those which emanated from the illustrious author of *Palnatoke* and *Hakon Jarl*. When Mrs. Howitt says, in her *Literature and Romance of Northern Europe*,—a book which, with all its faults, possesses many and remarkable merits, and must be cherished in the grateful memories of English students of Scandinavian literature as the first, and, until the present time, the only attempt made to communicate a complete account of that literature to our countrymen,—when she says of Hauch, that in his tragedies ‘there is a strong tendency to metaphysical philosophizing, to the tracing of the outward character to its inward springs, and to the representation of intense passion, and scenes of exciting peril and distress,’ she affirms nothing but what is true; and yet it is not the whole truth which is embodied in her words. She should have added, in order to convey a perfectly exact idea of Hauch’s tragic dramas, that in them he ever aims at the colossal, that he selects for his subjects great events as well as great characters, and that he appears to strive after a dramatic interpretation of the philosophy of history. In the fine tragedy of *Tiberius*, perhaps the

ablest of his dramas, such an effort on his part is sufficiently apparent; and although we cannot assert that it has been crowned with perfect success, we may, at all events, allow that he has, in no slight degree, approximated to the goal he seems to have assigned himself. As there exists 'pragmatic' history, —the species of history which first appeared in the pages of Thucydides, and of which some of the old classical historians were the early cultivators,—so there is also what may be styled 'pragmatic' tragedy. Pragmatic history rests on a psychological basis, and endeavours to deduce the various events, whether small or great, occurring in the world around us, from the different developments of human character, and the conflicts of human passion and emotion. The pragmatic dramatist, as we have called him, does, only in more compressed form, the same; and thus the psychological insight with which Hauch has been so largely gifted, fits him in a peculiar manner for the delineation of momentous crises in the history of the human race—crises which, originating of course, in the first instance, in the providence of God, own at the same time, for secondary causes, the workings of a human heart, or of several hearts combined. Thus, in the very work which more immediately concerns us, *Julian the Apostate*, the great crisis in the history of humanity which the actor portrays, is the epoch of the full conversion of the Roman world to the Christian faith, and the character which he makes the theme of his psychological analysis in a dramatic form is the complex and powerful character of Julian. Furthermore, another peculiarity of Hauch's tragedies is, that the style wonderfully harmonizes with the subject. We shall best define his style by saying that it is *statuesque*, and not pictorial. There is about it no superfluous ornament, nothing in the shape of word-painting; although devoid of stiffness, and pervaded by sufficient warmth, it is on the whole calm and dignified, as beseems language which is the interpreter of grand characters and mighty actions. In truth, the vice of undue word-painting, which is, in our estimation, one of the crying sins of modern European, and, not least, of English, literature, should be a total stranger to the tragic drama. But the calm dignity and pregnant energy of Hauch's style—reminding one of his great master, Tacitus—formed, and still will form, a stone of stumbling to many whose taste, vitiated by the ultra-pictorial tendencies, as regards language, of the times, saw then, or now see, in Hauch's simplicity and conciseness, a defect sufficient of itself to outweigh merits however great and numerous. Yet, as it is surely an elementary principle of all true æsthetics, that in any literary work of art the matter and the form should be accordant with each other, and so a noble tragic figure

stepping forth arrayed in the tawdry finery of meretricious garments would be a living violation of this fundamental artistic requirement,—we must assign, among the excellences that mark Hauch's tragic dramas, no mean place to the style of language which he has employed as the appropriate medium of his poetical conceptions.

In the Preface to his last work, Hauch informs us that its subject has been a favourite one with him from an early period—from the time, indeed, when he wrote *Tiberius*. And knowing, as we do, the distinguishing features of his mind, we need not wonder that such should be the case. At first sight, unquestionably, it might seem as if the character of Julian the Apostate could scarce offer any special attractions to a dramatist like Hauch. He loves to solve psychological problems, and depict a soul torn hither and thither by the force of contending emotions. Now, in the character of Julian there was no such struggle as this. Its single dominant idea, its one over-mastering tendency, was the desire to re-enthroned Paganism on the ruins of the new Christian religion, and give back, if possible, to their ancient place in the heart of mankind, the fallen deities of Olympus. Whatever opinion we may form, in other respects, of Julian, we must at least accredit him with singleness of purpose as well as energy of will. But, although Julian's character is thus sufficiently simple, when contemplated in the light of its sole paramount aspiration, we must not forget that complexity was lent to its internal workings, and their embodiment in outward form, by the numerous and powerful influences to which, from without, it was exposed. Schleiermacher very truly observes that we are not to view the fact of Julian's apostasy as a mere personal matter, but as the historical reaction of heathenism against Christianity.¹ The era in which Julian lived was an era of vast temporal and spiritual ferment; it was also pre-eminently an era of transition, when the Old was passionately striving to regain its lost dominion, and the New, half-alarmed for its own marvellous conquests, was straining every effort to defend them. A hundred elements were at work, a hundred forces were abroad. The figure of Julian stands before us in the page of universal history as the centre of those warring powers, and the symbol of the last giant struggle of the dying Paganism with that new and purer Creed which was destined to regenerate the world. For one who, like Hauch, loves to interpret dramatically a great historical crisis, the whole of Julian's extraordinary character and extraordinary career must possess a special fascination. What has been the result of this fascination, as exhibited in the present drama? Impartial readers

¹ *Geschichte der Christlichen Kirche*, p. 249.

will, we think, admit that Hauch's picture of the Apostate is strongly marked, clear, and life-like; and that, sometimes with a few master-touches, the grand religious conflict of the age, and the entire condition of the then existing Roman world, are admirably portrayed in many portions of the work. Yet truth compels us to add that, as an artistic production, it is defective. Goethe's golden axiom, that limitation is the true test of creative genius, and that law alone gives liberty,¹ has been too often before forgotten, either entirely or in part, by Hauch; and that forgetfulness is a little too painfully apparent in the drama under review. It is not a compressed harmonious whole, but rather a protracted series of living portraitures—portraitures now of characters, now of incidents. Nevertheless, a certain dramatic cohesion binds together the various portions of the poem; and we can afford to pardon its lack of perfect art, in consideration of its vivid psychological and historical photography. The drama opens with the following scene:—

‘VIENNE IN GAUL.

(A large hall in Julian's palace. In the middle of the hall a table with scrolls and parchments; in the background, a curtain. Julian enters, closes and locks the door behind him, and approaches the curtain; at the same moment a knock is heard without.)

Julian. Cannot a moment's solitude be mine?

[Opens the door—Varro enters.

Jul. This is the time which to myself belongs.
Thou knowest it.

Varro. Forgive!

Jul. What is thy errand?

Var. Bishop Aëtius, who has just arrived,
Requests at once admission to thy presence.

Jul. It is too early, I can speak with none.

Var. But he is unaccustomed to refusal.

Jul. 'Tis true, I know that he can ne'er forget
He was my teacher at a former time,
But seldom recollects that heaven's orbs
Have in their wonted course since then revolved
For more than fifteen long and fateful years.

Var. He loves thee notwithstanding, still.

Jul.

Because

He hopes to guide me yet in leading-strings
As one may guide the weak, unreasoning child.

Var. Thou art mistaken, prince; it is not so.

¹ ‘In der Beschränkung zeigt sich erst der Meister,
Und das Gesetz nur kann uns Freiheit geben.’

Jul. And even now has our imperial kinsman
Sent him as chosen bishop here to Gaul,
Which thing can scarcely, as thou mayest deem,
Increase the confidence we cherish in him ;
Yet thou art right, he must not be refused.

(*Varro opens the door. Bishop Aëtius enters, and Varro departs.*)

Aëtius. Forgive my presence, if it cause thee trouble.

Jul. Has our imperial cousin, then, once more
Intrusted thee with tidings to impart ?
I know, he often sends thee letters.

Aët. Nay,
Another Master sends me hither now,
Compared with whom the Emperor, in all
His power and glory, is a withered leaf
Seen in the splendour of the noon-day sun.

Jul. So, then, thy errand ?

Aët. With complaint I come
From the maltreated Bride of Christ, His Church,
Groaning beneath the yoke of Gentile bondage.

Jul. Say, what has chanced ?

Aët. Things wild and terrible ;
But He, who for the Church is ever warring,
He from whose mouth proceeds the two-edged sword,
He will to judgment come, and crush His foes.

Jul. Without a figure speak, and tell thy tale.

Aët. A brother-priest has lately come from Lyons,
Who yester-even visited my house,—
And he relates that there a countless swarm
Of heathens have destroyed the Christian church,
That noble edifice, so newly built
In honour of the holy martyr Stephen.
With iron crows and axes first they broke
The massy gate, and thronging wildly in,
Dispersed the sacred relics of the martyrs,
And oped the sepulchres, where pious saints
Sought peace in death within these holy walls ;
At last they set on fire the house of God,
And it is burned to the foundation, Cæsar !
A stormy sea of flames, which echoes with
The hideous cry of hell's accursed demons,—
From the abyss a song of jubilee,—
Has now engulfed it. Only blackened walls,
And skeletons dragged from their resting-place,
And heaps of ruin mark where once it stood.

Jul. (*takes up a paper lying on the table.*)
A strange coincidence, in truth ! for newly
Came hither lamentations from Marseilles,
That differed not in kind but in direction.

The rabble there, led by a Christian priest,
 Into Diana's temple forced their way,
 With iron crows and axes, just as in
 St. Stephen's Church at Lyons,—they defiled
 And trod beneath their feet the sacred wreaths
 With which the shrine was richly decorated;
 A priest was murdered at the altar's base;
 The image of the Goddess, wondrous work
 Of Art's best epoch, hither brought from Hellas,
 Was broken into fragments and destroyed,
 Just like the bleached and mouldering martyr-bones
 Whose fate seems to have touched thy heart so nearly,—
 And yet, methinks, it were a harder task
 Now, when the ancient genius is forgotten,
 To conjure such a shape to life again,
 Than all the lordliness that passed away
 Amid the flames in Lyons.

Ät.

Cæsar, pause!

For language such as this is not for thee;
 It gladdens me that all the olden Art
 And skill have perished,—they were but the slaves
 Of heathen darkness and its lying idols.
 With *them* they rose to might, with *them* they sank,
 And good it is, that such has been their doom.

Jul. Forget not that the larger portion of the people
 As yet is cleaving to the ancient creed.

Ät. Neither forget that thou thyself art Christian.

Jul. The Cæsar of the Christians not alone,
 But likewise bound to guard against attack
 Those who the faith of former ages hold,
 Although in it myself no longer sharing.

Ät. Speakest thou thus?

Jul.

Let each who force employs

Be punished, whether heathen, whether Christian.

Ät. Is it not then a greater sin to storm
 The temple where the one true God is worshipped,
 Than that in which an idol is adored?

Jul. Justice must walk her stern impartial path
 Regardless of opinion and of creed.

Ät. They say of thee that thou hast never chosen
 A Christian man as leader in thy host;
 Does also *this* with justice harmonize?

Jul. As leader I must choose the man who owns
 The gifts that fit him for a post so high,—
 And *that* is not determined by his faith.
 The most of Christians are for war unsuited.

Ät. They likewise say that those philosophers
 Who disavow the sacred name of Christ,
 Thou dost select as thy peculiar friends.

Jul. I search for wisdom where it may be found,
Even although among the Gentiles hidden.

Æt. There is a wisdom, nathless, which is false.

Jul. This I deny not, neither do I choose
To argue at the present time with thee ;
For thou hast often borne with me in patience,
Nor know I any in my earlier years
Who treated me so tenderly as thou.

Æt. Already did I gather from thy boyhood
That grand and regal faculties were thine.
Such men are either born for the salvation
Or ruin of the age that gives them birth ;
Yea, they can hurry millions with themselves
Down to the depths of wretchedness and woe,
If they employ not, as they should, their gifts ;
Therefore in thee I ever have beheld
A spirit great—but also perilous,
Which in the bands of prudence must be guided,—
And, Cæsar, I have borne with much in thee
That I could never have endured in others.

Jul. (*gives him his hand.*)

I know that thou hast loved me formerly.

Æt. I love thee still ; but thou hast foes, O Cæsar !
And I have oft defended thee against them ;
For some there are who doubt thee, and affirm
That in thy heart thou hast abjured our faith,
And certain is it, too, that now and then
Thy language wakes astonishment and scandal.

Jul. Ye must not always trust to what is told.

Æt. That thou art doubted by the Emperor
I know to be the truth.

Jul.

The earliest thing

I can of him remember, is that I
Beheld my kindred and my sire himself
Die by a bloody death at his command.

Æt. Surrender vengeance to the Judge above ;
For He alone the secrets of the soul
Can read, and can pronounce the righteous doom.

Jul. That I have spoken thus, may clearly prove
That I again have confidence in thee.

Æt. Be sure, I never will thy trust betray.

Jul. (*Contemplates him earnestly.*)

Believest thou the Emperor is changed,
Or that his thoughts to me are friendly ?

Æt. (*After a pause.*)

No.

Jul. (*In a friendly tone.*)

I thank thee, Bishop, for thy openness,
And for the love which I shall ne'er forget.

Æt. Neither do I forget thy boyhood's promise.

But listen to the Great Redeemer's voice,
Which ever calls thee on!

Jul. I understand not—

Æt. All deepest aspirations of thy soul,
All gentlest thoughts that stir within thy heart,
Attuning thee to love and tenderness,
And rousing credence in a better land
Where earthly pressure shall be felt no longer,
And whither hate and discord never travel,—
See, that is Jesus' voice which calls upon thee,
And wakens mem'ries of the Paradise
From which we fell, to which we rise once more.

Jul. (Aside.)

I know not rightly how to make reply.

Æt. And if such thoughts as these be not as yet
Wholly uprooted from thy breast and withered,
He has not lost the hope of thy salvation.
But now, behold!

(Takes a book from under his cloak.)

Receive at parting, Cæsar,
A gift from him who was thy boyhood's friend,
A book inspired by a mighty soul—
At home in all the wisdom of the heathen,
And yet a thinker of the school of Christ;
It shall console thee, when perplexed by doubt.
And now, farewell!

Jul. (Takes the book.)

Farewell, my ancient teacher!

Æt. Let those who burned the holy fane in Lyons
Suffer the punishment the law demands.

[Ætius departs.]

Jul. (Lays the book on the table.)

The old and feeble man! he still believes
That I—it pains my spirit to deceive him,
And yet I must, for I am forced to this.
But if my steps be only marked by fortune,
So that I gain the army's confidence,
Ay then—the fulness of the time has come,
When I may throw the hollow mask aside.

Can any kingdom here on earth endure,
Where this strange sect has gained supremacy?
We must abjure the country of our fathers,
So do they teach,—abjure it, and for what?—
A pale and shadowy dreamland in the sky;
No warfare must we wage, no armour carry,
Unmurmuring submit to fell disgrace,
Nor struggle longer with the Empire's foes,—
As war, forsooth, is bloody, sinful outrage;

We must be neither Greeks nor Romans more,
But only slaves of Christ, indifferent
To all which earth calls beautiful and great !

(He draws the curtain aside, when three niches are seen, in each of which stands a statue—the first representing Zeus, with the lightning in his hand ; the second, Pallas Athene fully armed ; and the third, the Sun-god, with a halo round his head.)

Jul. (Prostrates himself before them.)
Thou sacred Zeus, and thou
His mighty and strong-mailed daughter !
Thou, Helios Apollo,
With the golden wreath
And the shining tresses !
Ye heaven-circling, ye silent stars !
Thou rich, all-nourishing earth !
O give me power
For the deadly strife that awaits me !
So that the old, long-vanished days
May again be born,—
When life was still a reflection fair
Of heaven's glory,
When the gods came down to the sons of men,
When among them wandered the heroes,
Who now, far-gleaming, shine amid
The orbs of the nightly sky ;
When in her earlier power
Rome rose and ruled, a queen,
Long ere the spirit of fear and thralldom
Had bowed our heads to the dust !

(Rises and contemplates the statues.)
Has then this Christian sect on us bestowed
Aught we can liken to those sacred visions
Which mighty masters drew from heaven down,
And bodied forth in such surpassing glory,
That all who gaze on them with living sense
Must be absorbed in wonder and in worship !'

From this scene the reader will perceive that the drama opens with the earlier period of Julian's career, immediately before his victories over the barbarians, and while he yet wore the mask of external conformity to the Christian faith. In the first three acts, the steps are portrayed which led to his assumption of the imperial dignity, and terminated in his throwing aside the outward profession of Christianity, and stepping forth as the restorer of the ancient Paganism. During the course of these three acts we find ourselves sometimes at Vienne, and sometimes at Byzantium, in the court of Constantius, or in the

camp of Julian. We come in contact with many characters—characters in which are skilfully exhibited the various types of Christian and heathen at that period of Roman history. Thus Constantius and his courtiers represent the outward form of Christianity as distinct from its living power, and the monk Marcian and his youthful follower Deodatus represent blind unreasoning fanaticism, while Bishop Aëtius, the priest Eutyches, and Justina, the sister of Deodatus (one of the only two female figures in the tragedy, and surrounded by a halo of peculiar tenderness and beauty), represent the true faith of Christ, and the influence it exerts upon the hearts and lives of its earnest votaries. Again, the corresponding phases of heathenism are depicted in the worldly indifference of Julian's secretary, Sosthenes, in the fierce Pagan fanaticism of the soothsayer Kalkis, and in the conscientious zeal of Julian himself,—while on the boundary-line between the two opposing creeds we see the physician Oribazes, who, a sceptic, holds with neither, and inclines to pass an impartial judgment on both alike. This rich variety of Christian and Pagan character pervades the whole work, and forms one of its especial attractions. Anything like a laboured analysis of the progress of the narrative would be inconsistent with our limits here, and besides would serve no good purpose, as the entire drama is fundamentally a drama of character and not of incident. In the first three acts, Julian gains his wonderful Gaulish triumphs, becomes the idol of the soldiery, is exposed all the while to the machinations of his enemies at the Byzantine court, is surrounded by their spies in his camp and in his palace, finally foils their efforts, and is elevated by his faithful army to the Imperial throne. His own internal religious convictions, and resolution to embody them in outward deed when the favourable moment shall arrive, remain, meanwhile, as firm as ever. True, indeed, he cannot quite shake off the recollections of his early Christian training, and the words of his former friend and teacher Aëtius persistently recur to his mind, but they do not for a moment cause him to waver in the great purpose of his life. The love he cherished, not merely for the new-platonic philosophy which had animated with such fresh vitality the dead forms of the old heathen creed, but also,—and especially after his assumption of the imperial purple,—for the external rites of Pagan worship (in which respect, according to the almost ludicrous account of Ammianus Marcellinus,¹ his zeal was carried to an excessive length), this love is still his one over-mastering impulse, and

¹ 'Superstitiosus magis, quam sacrorum legitimus observator, innumeras sine parsimonia pecudes mactans, ut æstimaretur, si revertisset de Parthis, boves jam defuturos.'—*Am. Mar.* xxv. 4.

remains so to the close. A striking soliloquy in the second act, where he reads the book presented to him by Aëtius, well describes his state of feeling at the present stage of his career :—

' It cannot be denied that some there are
Among the Christian sect who understand
To wield the pen with wondrous skill and cunning.
Even the wisdom which is *ours*, the thoughts
Of Plato do they wrest to their advantage.
And though I surely know it for a dream
Of some sick fancy born,—methinks 'twere well
I should forbid them to read Plato henceforth.

' And yet I cannot but confess, it seems
As if home-voices, mild and friendly, dwelt
Within the book I hold, and spoke to me
Of early days, the years of long ago.

" All deepest aspirations of thy soul,
All gentlest thoughts that stir within thy heart,
Attuning thee to love and tenderness,
And rousing credence in a better land
Where earthly pressure shall be felt no more,—
See, that is Jesus' voice which calls upon thee."

' Was it not thus to me the old man spake ?
And reading now these lines, I feel return
Back to my spirit—all the words he uttered
And all the distant visions of my youth.

' But I must write,—write to Libanius,
To Greece, and all the sages of the Empire ;
And yet more strongly than before shall they
Prove that the Christian books are only filled
With false chimeras and with idle dreams.
We must defeat them with the very weapons
Which this man wields against ourselves,—for we
Too long have shown a cold indifference
In matters of such moment. I have heard
That a magician dwells amid those mountains,
And long have I resolved to visit him,
For widely through the land his art is famed,
As is his hatred to the Christian sect.
Varro !'

We quote the first part of the scene, in which his nocturnal visit to the magician Kalkis is described :—

‘ A WILD MOUNTAIN REGION.

(*Early twilight. A storm commencing. Julian and Varro cautiously advance, and occasionally stop to address each other.*)

Varro. Hearest thou how the tempest rages?

Julian.

Yes.

Var. Guard well thy steps,—stones from the mountain fall.

Jul. They are not rocks,—slight are the wounds they cause.

Var. The storm each moment gathers fury new.

Prince, step with caution, firmly grasp the cliff,
If thou would'st not be buried far below.

Jul. I hear in the abyss the waters thunder,
And every brook is swelling to a flood.

Var. Tread carefully!

Jul. I love a storm like this,

When all the spirits of the hills are roused;
It is as if I then beheld the nymphs
Flit lightly o'er the summit of the mountains,—
And wondrous shapes I even now discern
In rocks and wildly-rolling waves. Methinks,
If faith in the majestic Nature round us
And its concealed divinity, were lost,—
Dead in the heart of a degenerate race,—
It would again in such a tempest wake.

Var. Fall prostrate to escape the hurricane!
The twilight deepens, and the night descends.

Jul. Loudly the vulture screeches through the blast,
And down the mountain to the distant valley
An avalanche of earth is madly borne.

Var. Cæsar, I pray thee to retrace thy steps,
For lower on the hill the way is smooth
And there is better shelter from the storm;
Against the giant powers of the abyss,
When they break forth in such terrific fury,
In vain do mortals wage their feeble war.

Jul. Trust in my destiny, and bravely follow.

Var. Around thy head the livid lightning plays.

Jul. It is a sign that Zeus is my protector.

Var. I hear the torrents rushing to the deep,
From whence they never can retrace their way
Back to the golden light,—for downwards thence,
So it is said, there goes a path to Orcus.

Jul. The wind begins to fall.

Var.

Believe it not!

Only a moment does it rest to gain
Fresh strength, and recommence with double vigour.

Jul. I tell thee that I love a night like this.
Such nights enticed me in my early youth

To leave my couch, and drove me forth to climb
Upon the precipice in wind and blast,
Where, had I slipped my foot, a fearful death
Awaited me,—and yet I ever knew
That I was guarded by Light's holy powers,
And trusted in the stars' divinity,
Whose radiance shone, so pure and pale, above me.

Var. There stands a sacrificial stone, I see it
Through the red lightnings.

Jul. (Stands still.) I behold it also.

Var. They offered on that stone in ancient days
Coal-black unfruitful kine to Hecatè,
The Dian of the subterranean shades,
Who lifts on high her grim and ghastly brow,
Girt with the serpents of the under-world,
And drinks the flowing blood with greediness,
And in the victim's dying pangs delights,—
For she is evil and malicious, Cæsar!
Therefore it is not good to linger here
At such a time as this.

Jul. With reverence speak!
She is the goddess of the Moon as well,
Who in the presence of this stone appears
In all her earliest, austerest worship.
Remember that she rules o'er land and sea,
And in the magic land where dreams are born;
For all the children of the night beneath
Her sceptre bow and follow her command,—
And she it is, who by her twilight lustre
Betrays the treasures which the darkness hides,
And visions she beholds, which no one else
Although he were the wisest, comprehends.

Var. Again the storm breaks forth, and rocks and stones
Afresh roll down the mountain's side; methinks
The earth turns round, and I can scarce distinguish
That which is standing still from that which moves.

Jul. (Who yet remains at Hecatè's altar.)

She is, I say, a friendly deity,
And when the ancient Pan at midnight hour
Sudden awakens from his dreaming sleep,
And high, as now, his voice of terror raises,
And lifts his head above the forest trees,—
Then she it is who knows to pacify
The bitter passion of the wrathful god,—
For o'er the moor and meadow she disperses
Odour from Hades, while in dew she bathes them,—
And so he seeks his nightly couch again.

Var. Woe! woe! before my feet the lightning's flash
Reveals to me a gulf unfathomable,

And all things reel around. O voice of horror !
 The bark of Cerberus I hear below,
 Within the depths of Pluto's dreary kingdom ;
 From the abyss a giant shape ascends,
 It drags me downwards,—woe is me, I perish !

[*Falls down the precipice. The moon emerges from the clouds.*

*Jul. (On the other side of the rock, and who has not
 observed Varro's disappearance.)*

There does the mighty goddess shine at last ;
 The clouds she scatters, and the darkness flies
 Whenever she appears. With pallid horn
 High on the summit of the rock she stands,
 For yet imperfect is her golden ring.
 And bright with stars is also now the sky ;
 I see the Pleiades and great Orion,
 And Perseus with his flaming sword unsheathed,
 And the twin-brothers, who deliverance bring
 By sea and land, and tame the tempest's rage.'

While we could well have spared the death of Varro in the preceding scene, as importing into it an unduly sensational element, we cannot but think that Julian's Alpine excursion is limned by a powerful hand ; and the interest deepens during his interview with the soothsayer Kalkis, which want of space, however, prevents us from offering, even in abridged form, to the reader.

The Christian faith and hope of Justina, along with her love for Julian,—a love which she resolutely crushes, as conflicting with the higher interests of her soul,—form the thread of gold that binds together the first and larger portion of the tragedy. Aëtius has been at last imprisoned by Julian's orders, and in his dungeon at Syrmium he is visited by Justina. We give the conclusion of their interview :—

'Aëtius. How to the prison didst thou find thy way,
 For thou as yet hast told me nought of this ?

Justina. I and my mother newly visited
 The holy soil which our Redeemer trod,
 And I have pressed my lips upon the Cross
 Where hung in agony the Lord of Glory,
 And I have seen the crown of piercing thorns
 That wound itself around His pallid brow,
 And I have knelt in dark Gethsemane,
 And wandered through the shade of Cedron vale,
 And rested on the slopes of Olivet.
 But in returning, when our pilgrimage

Was near its close, we heard with grief and terror,—
For all around the tidings had been spread,—
That thou wast fettered as a prisoner here;
And then with prayers and tears I moved my mother
To hasten hitherward, and so at last
I have discovered thee, my father dear.

Æt. Thrice happy thou, who hast the scenes beheld
Where He that bled for us on Golgotha
Gained His eternal triumph o'er the grave.

Just. But I, alas, have also seen the dread
Apostasy that menaces the world,—
For idol-temples rise again in splendour,
And crowds of heathen hail them with delight;
It almost seems as if the evil spirits
Whose arrogance was foiled, whose power was crushed,
Had gained once more dominion here below.

Æt. Fear not! the stars shall sooner be arrested
Upon their course, than that triumphant faith
Now speeding through the darkened world,—for He
To whom millenniums are as a day
When it is past, or as the fleeting night-watch,—
He heedeth not the puny power of man.

Just. Does Julian then in very truth command
That thou shalt die?

Æt. I know it not, my daughter;
But I must be compelled to bow before
His image, and in all humility
Crave pardon for my words that seemed too bold.
And yet thou mayest well suppose, I will not,
I cannot,—for the servant of the Lord
May never bow before a sinful mortal,
And say that he has done him deadly wrong
Because on him the judgment he pronounced,—
A judgment which the Lord himself commanded.

Just. Such a refusal I can well conceive.

Æt. Yea! he is worse than even Maximin,
Or Decius, or Nero in his madness,
For these alone destroyed the body's life,
But he with cunning knows to tempt the soul.
So was it that of old the deadly serpent
Seduced our mother Eve to primal sin.

Just. And yet for justice he is eulogized,
For mildness and for tenderness,—they say
That never has there reigned a better prince
Since good Aurelius was emperor.

Æt. But it was this Aurelius who doomed
To death the holy martyr Polycarp,
Yea, Decius and Diocletian
Were for their justice by the world renowned,—

Because the thing which men deem beautiful
Is often loathsome in the sight of God.

Just. Thinkest thou, father, he can ne'er be saved ?

Æt. Scarcely, my child, shall he obtain salvation ;
And yet with God all things are possible.

Just. Too well I feel that I can never hate him.

Æt. Nor I, and so the greater is my grief.
For if it was a foe that at me scoffed
And on me trampled, I could understand it ;
But he in whom I only saw a son,
Whom I have fostered, and of whom I hoped
He would become the Church's chief protector,—
That he should lift a traitor's hand against me,
That he should plunge the dagger in my bosom,
As yet I cannot rightly comprehend.

Just. (*Sinks at his feet.*)

Father, forgive thy daughter, for she bears
A great and grievous sin upon her heart.

Æt. And what, my child, has that transgression been ?

Just. Him have I loved, who is thy persecutor,
Yea, I have loved him with a deeper love
Than we should ever feel for any mortal,—
But then I knew not his apostasy,
And I was only by his greatness blinded ;
He was a mighty hero like no other,
The land's protector and the Empire's hope ;
Friend-like he spoke to me, and drew my soul
To his with gentle, yet imperial glances,—
And even still, although his fall I know,
It seems as if I never could forget him.

Æt. And hast thou met him often on thy way ?

Just. Twice only have I spoken to him, father !

Æt. And knows he then the secret of thy heart ?

Just. It is a sore which never can be healed ;
But no one knoweth of it, save thyself.

Æt. So set thy love on Him, who ne'er deceives
The human soul with glory false and vain.
In Jesus' name, thy sin be thee forgiven !

In the third and fourth acts we are taken first to Athens, then to Byzantium, and finally to Julian's camp in Persia. Julian, in despite of his own principles of tolerance, and yielding to the suggestions of his evil genius Kalkis, permits both Aëtius and Justina to be put to death in Syrmium,—although, after the deed is done, he bitterly regrets it, and banishes Kalkis from his court. Ever since his elevation to the Imperial throne, having flung aside the profession of the Christian faith, he makes the most strenuous efforts to restore the ancient worship, and at Athens sacrifices, as Pontifex Maximus, to the Pagan gods.

His endeavours, however, are but coldly seconded by the mass of the people; and it is only in the ranks of his faithful and admiring army that he finds undivided, or almost undivided, support. Yet even there some are Christians, and it is to this circumstance that he owes his doom at last. Hauch has applied to dramatic use the hint of the rhetorician Libanius that Julian was slain, amid the confusion of battle, by a Christian, and makes it the groundwork of a brief but striking scene in the last act of the tragedy. We pass on to the conclusion. Julian has received his death-wound, and is carried from the fatal field.

'JULIAN'S TENT.'

Julian—Oribazes.

Julian. Leave me alone, for I require rest.—
But when I have regained a little strength
Then thou shalt read to me from Plato's Phædon,
And of the nature of the soul will we
Thereafter speak, of its eternal future,
And of its kinship with the lofty gods.
—First lead me to the entrance of the tent,
That I may see the splendour of the sun
Once more, if I must die.

(Oribazes conducts him to the door of the tent, where he reclines, after which Oribazes leaves him.)

Jul. (Lifts his head and gazes round.)

Am I alone?

Immortal gods, I could not have believed it;
My living faith it was that ye would guard me
Until my giant task had been fulfilled.

Can it, indeed, be true that this despised
And visionary creed of Nazareth
Shall gain a triumph over all the greatness,
And hero-power and glory and renown
With which the ancient ages were adorned?
Shall life be now a blanched and hueless thing,
Grey as the spider's web, devoid of beauty?
—Nay, nay, thou mighty Nature, and of fate
Thou God unknown, such cannot be *your* will!

—Besides, the spirit said, which Kalkis called
From the abyss, that in eternal grandeur
Our gods the lapse of ages should outlive.

But he was evil, and most likely false,—
It stood upon his gloomy forehead written;
And can I trust the spirit he evoked?

How strange it is that at the present moment
I must recall in thought my boyhood's friend,
Recall the words he once to me addressed.

"All deepest aspirations of thy soul,
All gentlest thoughts that stir within thy heart,
Attuning thee to love and tenderness,
And rousing credence in a better land
Where earthly pressure shall be felt no more,
And whither hate and discord never travel,—
See, that is Jesus' voice which calls upon thee,"—
Was it not thus to me Aëtius spake?

Ha! what is that? surely the air resounded,
Trembles the tent, and sudden lustre gleams!
—Behold, he pauses at the door without,
Upon a high and snow-white charger throned
In the meridian splendour, while his robe
Rolls amply-flowing round his shape divine,—
A garment whiter, more effulgent far
Than is the sun in all his brightest glory.
Before his face the shadows flee away,
And nothing do I now behold but him
High on the snow-white charger—

Vision.

Julian!

Jul. What wouldst thou with me?

Vision.

All is truth He taught.

Jul. Whom meanest thou?

Vision.

Him whom thou persecutest.

[*Vanishes.*

Julian. (*Holds for a moment his hand before his eyes, and
then lifts his countenance once more.*)

No, no, it was not true, it was a phantom,
A fever-dream; but, even were it true,
Although such cannot be, for 'tis a thing
Impossible,—but, even were it true,
So shall it not, at least, be true for *me*.
Far rather will I take my final flight
Unto that ancient and mysterious Power
Which beckons on me from the starry spaces,—
Far rather, at the limits of the world,
In air and water be dissolved, and driven
As is a cloud upon the tempest's breath,
Than bow myself before this Nazarene.

(*Oribazes approaches softly.*)

Jul. Now, art thou there?

Oribazes.

I heard thee speaking loudly,

And so I entered.

Jul.

Tell me, hast thou seen

A horseman, at the entrance, clad in white?

Orib. No, Cæsar—

Jul. Heardest thou the air resounding ?

Orib. It must have been a dream, a fantasy.

Jul. Yes, thou art right, it surely was a dream.

(*After a pause.*)

But say, how goes it with the battle, friend ?
Regains the foe his courage ?

Orib. Cæsar, no,—
The field is covered with the hostile chiefs,—
Among the slain lie officers and satraps
Of highest rank, no prisoners are made—
For thy victorious troops no quarter grant ;
It is a great and unexampled triumph.

(*Julian does not answer.*)

Orib. Death is approaching now.

Jul. Methinks the triumph
Will be of small avail, because they know not
How they may reap its fruits.

Orib. Thy vision fades.

Jul. No longer Julian helps them.

Orib. All is over.

Jul. It is not true,—it was a fever-dream !' (*Dies.*)

An able Danish critic,¹ in a recent highly laudatory review of Hauch's tragedy, takes exception to its conclusion, which he accuses of feebleness, when compared with the rest of the poem. We do not know that this charge can be justly brought against it. Let us give the critic's own words:—'The scenes which chiefly claim the reader's interest are Julian's different interviews with Aëtius, and also with Kalkis ; his appearance first at Byzantium, where, by his eloquence, he consolidates the victories which his sword has already won, and finally in Persia, where he encounters mingled defeat and triumph. This is, indeed, the very essence of the drama. Julian does not fall as subjugated by the Christian faith, but as the victim of insulted Christian fanaticism. A vision points to that higher Power which has nought to do with fanaticism, except in so far as the latter, like everything else, including Julian himself, must serve the purposes of Omnipotence. Julian has rendered to Christianity a service by unveiling the defects and untruths in the Roman Christendom of the period, yet he has at the same time, by stepping forth as its virulent antagonist, aided it to acquire, over himself, a victory. But the representation of all this lies beyond the proper boundaries of the drama ; and therefore the conclusion, especially when compared with the same author's earlier work *Tiberius*, appears feeble and unsatisfactory.' Now, it may be quite true that the introduction of the vision

¹ F. Helveg, in the *Nordisk Tidsskrift* for November 1866.

in the closing scene is inconsistent with the highest requirements of true dramatic art; but it seems that, inasmuch as *Julian* purports to be an historical tragedy, an interpretation both of human character and human history, Hauch had to choose the least of two evils, and rather render disobedience in some measure to dramatic rules than omit to indicate, at the conclusion of his work, how Christianity, that new world-regenerating power, whose gigantic struggles he depicts, carried within itself the germ and promise of all future spiritual conquests. As regards the so-called 'feebleness' of the close, we confess that we fail exactly to perceive it. The ray of the supernatural which falls upon the final scene from that vision born of a higher and diviner world, which, although perhaps violating strict dramatic propriety, possesses a profound mysterious meaning of its own,—that ray is, in our estimation, needed to throw light upon the dark and troubled chaos of conflicting action and opinion which is presented to us throughout the whole course of the tragedy, irradiating alike the past and future, and supplying an element without which the drama would lose much of its historical significance.

We may be allowed, in fine, to express the hope that the venerable poet who forms the subject of the preceding pages, may still for years be spared, and that he may yet enrich the noble literature of Denmark with works worthy of his former fame.

ART. V.—M. GUSTAVE DORÉ.

THE extraordinary popularity of Gustave Doré is one of the most remarkable phenomena of modern art, even though we use popularity more in the sense of publicity than of approbation. Go where you will, you will find his works. Their sale has been very great in Britain, astonishingly great throughout the world. What other French artist is employed to illustrate English books? What other artist of any nation stands, as it were, ready to illustrate anything and everything—the most sublime epics, the broadest farce, the Bible, or a fairy tale? And not only does he attempt everything, but he achieves a certain success in all. There is not one of these volumes that can be thrown aside as worthless. There is vigour, life, imagination in each of them. This extraordinary fecundity is in itself wonderful. To most artists, on reading a passage, there will arise a clear and distinct vision of the scene described; the longer the mind dwells on it, the clearer it becomes, until it stands embodied in fullest detail before the eyes of others. But which of us could put forth four or five different sketches of the same scene? Doré seems to get possessed by an idea; he turns and re-turns it, he thinks about it on paper, and gives us half-a-dozen different views of it. For instance, in Dante there are three sketches of the suicides punished, by being turned into trees; they fling aloft their distorted limbs, they are twisted and contorted as with pain, yet there is no repetition. There are three distinct representations of the same thought.

Such works must be worthy of attention; there is some reason for the popularity of everything, were it but a crinoline petticoat. So soon, therefore, as a thing is generally sought after and admired, it becomes an index to the taste or principles of a large portion of our fellow-creatures, and is therefore worthy of examination. Besides, every production of the human mind is the result of the man's whole character. He does it so, and no otherwise, because he is what he is. His features, his gestures, the shape of his head, of his hand, his walk, his writing, all reveal somewhat of the man's nature and character. There is truth in phrenology, in physiognomy, in the art of judging of character by the handwriting; the only difficulty is in deciphering the signs, and reading them aright. And if this is true of what we may call involuntary or passive manifestations of a man's inner self, much more so is it of active voluntary revelations of his nature—in poetry, prose, sculpture, painting, or music. The speaker, the author, or the artist expresses his thoughts, gives them to the public. We consequently know much,

more about him than we do of a 'mute inglorious Milton,' who never put pen to paper.

Again, what has made the man thus and no otherwise? In subordination to the overruling providence of God, he is the result of his race, of his nation and family, of his circumstances, his position and education, and, finally, of his own will working amid these complex influences. A great artist is a representative man, as truly, though not in the same degree, as a great statesman.

Only an epoch of passionate worship of beauty, and enthusiastic patronage* of art, only a race and a climate eminently characterized by beauty of form and colour, could have produced a Raphael; while, in the severer genius of Michael Angelo, we may trace, not only the sterner character of the man, but the influences of those biblical studies and that earnest search after truth which stirred the noblest portion of Italian society to its very depths. The friend of the high-minded, saintly Vittoria Colonna produces quite another Madonna from those of the lover of the Fornarina. He does not fear to represent Mary as an aged woman, bearing up the sacred body of her Son upon her knees, and gazing at it with mingled sorrow and resignation. To him there is a higher beauty in truth than in the youthful loveliness with which Raphael invests the Virgin Mother. The stout-hearted defender of Florence is revealed in the Titanesque grandeur of his famous 'Night,' as much as in the passionate lines in which he retorted in her name that it was well to be asleep, and better to be of stone in such a time of misery and shame!¹

An artist and his works are characteristic of the nation that produced him, of the time in which he lives, and of the taste of those who admire him. We will therefore endeavour to learn what it is that is indicated by Gustave Doré and his works.

The very first quality which strikes us in them is the one we have already mentioned: the wonderful abundance, fecundity, and vigour of the images which arise before him, and his remarkable facility in expressing them. Where there is such prolific production, it is impossible to attain great accuracy; it would be unreasonable to expect it. But Doré's faults in this respect are generally from haste, not ignorance. You see that he has studied, that he knows the human form, but that, in many cases, he has not taken time to draw it correctly. His sketches are the random shots of a good marksman.

Here is a young man who has already illustrated the Bible

¹ 'Grato m' è il sonno, e più l'esser di sasso,
Mentre che il danno e la vergogna dura.
Non veder, non sentir mi è gran Ventura,
Però non mi destar, deh! parla basso.'

and Dante, Milton and Croquemitaine, the Contes Drolatiques and Tennyson's Poems. If you expect all this to be done with classical purity of outline, like the studies Raphael made for his pictures, or even like those lovely drawings known to only a favoured few of the artist world, which the modesty of Edward Calvert, and his high standard of perfection, hid from the public, you expect that which you will not find. Why, the man is (we believe) under forty, and his drawings are numbered by thousands. He must do at least two or three a day.

By the Cenacolo of Raphael, in the old convent of San Onofrio at Florence, hang two sheets of paper covered with original studies for the picture. Two of them are of Saint Peter's Feet, so carefully studied, so delicately and perfectly expressed, that you dwell on them with delight. There is more beauty of outline in any of the thirteen pair of feet in that picture, than in all Gustave Doré's works put together. Look at the grace and elegance both of shape and of action of each of the hands; if you have the faculty of perceiving it, you will know henceforward what beauty of form is, and that beauty you will not find in Gustave Doré.

In rapidity and cleverness Doré is quite a typical Frenchman; he has all the dash, the vivacity, the *élan* of his race; he has also their hardness of heart, their want of sensibility, of tenderness, their total want of perception of beauty. As a people they do not know the meaning of the word. They understand effect, brilliancy, contrast of colour, elegance, prettiness, the attractive grace of Watteau, but pure simple beauty of form is a thing unknown to them. Ask the first sweet young girl you meet what she thinks of Doré, and she will unhesitatingly condemn most of his drawings as 'so ugly.' Her own glass shows her a fairer form every morning than any she will find in his works, and thus unconsciously gives her a higher standard of beauty than he has imagined. The plainness of Frenchwomen is recognised in their own proverb: '*Quand une française se mêle d'être jolie, elle est furieusement jolie*,' but it is very seldom they do meddle in the matter. The perfection of form among the ancient Greeks is considered the source of the perfection of their statues, and on this ground we might expect to find that British and Italian painters far surpass either the French or Germans in their perception and delineation of beauty. Delaroche, whose Martyre Chrétienne is one of the loveliest creations of the French pencil, had a lovely wife, the only and lamented daughter of Horace Vernet. We may lay it down as a canon that none but a beautiful race will have a keen sense of beauty, and, even though it should endanger the *entente cordiale*, we must maintain that the French are not a beautiful race.

Their illustrated books are all ugly,—Doré's perhaps the least so. The Italians are a remarkably handsome race, and this beauty is reproduced in their pictures. Without vanity we may say the same thing of our own nation. Look at the difference between the distractingly lovely young girls, the handsome matrons, and charming children portrayed by Leech, and those in any French illustrated book you can find.

Here comes in another striking difference. In an avowedly satirical paper like *Punch*, there is not a line that a brother would blush to read aloud to his young sister, or a father to his daughter. Whereas such a paper in Germany would be dull, and occasionally coarse; in France it would be both coarse and immoral—for, generally speaking, there is the trail of the serpent over everything French, its valuable Protestant literature alone excepted. Even a French picture-dictionary for children will contain prints to be hurried out of sight. But on this side the Channel, we are scarcely prepared for the fact that their caricatures are not only objectionable, but dull. They take exaggeration of ugliness or absurdity for wit. Their caricatures fulfil the true meaning of the word, from the Italian *caricata*, something overloaded, enhanced to a preposterous degree; while our own modern caricatures, such as those of H. B. and *Punch*, are rather satirical pictures, the fun of which lies in the meaning, not in the distortion.

What can be more diverting than Leech's exquisite satire on our undue valuation of 'a son and heir,' when he shows the puny little boy in the midst of his five beautiful elder sisters, saying, '*If you count the girls, we're six. I'm one.*' Yet it would lose half its force if there were any trace in it of real caricature.

Both these characteristics of French drawings are connected with a defective perception of beauty. Milton tells us that 'Order is Heaven's first law,' and perhaps no better definition of beauty can be given than this, that it consists in the most perfect combination of *unity* and *variety*, in other words, in a complete subordination of parts to their whole. There must be a dominant form, but infinitely and exquisitely varied. If there is no variety, we shall get the straight line; if the variation is too great, it becomes abrupt, startling, 'loud.' The right angle is not more beautiful than the right line. There must be difference, not disturbance; contrast, not opposition. The most perfect contrasts of colour are those which, like red and green, blue and orange, contain the same proportions of the primary colours as the prism reveals in pure white. The most perfect concord is heard on striking one string. Everything ugly is out of proportion, out of harmony, out of bounds. Sin is styled 'transgression,' a stepping beyond or over the Eternal

Law of right ; and there is no doubt that ugliness has some affinity to moral evil. All grossness is ugly ; all distortion or exaggeration is unbearable to an eye accustomed to dwell on the exquisite perfections of form and colour which make up true beauty. It is like horrible discord to a musical ear. The perception of beauty of any kind is in the first instance a natural gift, but it is one capable of being educated to perfection, or of being in a great measure perverted and overborne by false training. If we wish therefore to cultivate it either in ourselves or in others, we must resolutely refrain from becoming accustomed to its opposite.

What is true of the moral perceptions is true of intellectual ones :—

‘ Vice is a monster of so frightful mien
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen ;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.’

To keep the conscience pure we must refrain from a volunteer contemplation of sin ; and to keep the taste pure we must refrain from dwelling on ugliness, especially before the judgment is formed and the taste fixed.

What can be more hideous than those French bronze figures of preternatural length and emaciation, like spiders on legs ? Yet these are, or were, all the fashion in Paris !

The national hardness of heart and want of sensibility in the French nation comes out strikingly in Doré. Want of imagination often produces apathy. Kind-hearted people sometimes do not feel for suffering, because they cannot imagine it ; but Doré, with a vivid imagination of suffering, has no feeling for it. On the contrary, he revels in depicting it. This is especially the case in his illustrations of Dante. The poet represents schismatics as cut in pieces,—their punishment for dividing the unity of the Church. Doré gives no less than four illustrations of these mangled bodies—some with the face cut off, some split in two, others with their mangled stumps turned towards the spectator. It is like a butcher’s shop ; all moral meaning is wholly lost sight of, and nothing but disgust excited. Dante’s own descriptions are horrible enough, but they are generally brief, and there is a tone of judicial gravity about them which directs the attention rather to the punishment of the sin than to the torment of that punishment. We can read and approve of a hanging, though we could not endure to see either it, or an exact picture of it. Our sense of justice produces a feeling of satisfaction on hearing of the execution of such criminals as Burke

and Hare, Rush or Courvoisier, but a picture of a murderer in his dying agony would be scouted as too horrible. The physical details of suffering are no fit subjects for art. Music might as well reproduce shrieks of agony, as painting the severing of limbs, the rending of the muscles, the pouring forth of human gore.

The object of art is to ennoble, to soothe, to raise the mind and thoughts beyond the cares and toils of every-day life. The wings of imagination carry us for a brief season above the dust and soil of our daily path, and we should return to it refreshed and strengthened :—

‘Plying our daily round with busier feet,
Because our secret souls some sacred lay repeat.’

The merchant at his desk, or the statesman in his cabinet, lifts his eyes to one of Creswick’s deep brown pools, or Linnell’s ‘Early Spring,’ or Macculloch’s heathery hills (names taken at random, as specimens of the rich abundance of our national art-treasures), or he looks into the sweet face of such a wife as she whose loss drove Lord Lynedoch to the field of glory, or even at his faithful doggie or gallant bay, and forgets for a few moments the condition of Venezuela bonds, or the prospects of war between Prussia and France, and returns to his work with his heart cheered and his mind refreshed.

Many a noble scene in history has quickened the pulse and strengthened the patriotism of the spectator. Gallait’s *Compromis des Nobles* or his *Funeral of Egmont and Horn* are subjects that should be engraved deep in the heart of every Netherlander. There was a picture by Cosimo Conti, in the Florentine exhibition last year, of the Massacre of the Cignoli family by General d’Urban. They were a large family of peasants, whose sole crime was having in their house an old gun, which they kept to kill crows. The Austrians chose to consider all civilians who possessed arms as outlaws, whereas, even had they fought against their foreign foe, they should justly have been considered as in no worse a position than any other armed enemy. But in this case they had not fought, and there was no proof that they even thought of doing so ; and certainly eight or ten persons could not have fought with one musket. Yet D’Urban condemned them all to death. The murderer is coolly sitting on horseback at a little distance ; near him is a peasant covering his face with his hands, while the white-coated Austrians on the top of a bank are picking out their victims one by one with deliberate aim. Four or five men of different ages have already fallen, or are just hit. A father endeavours to shield his young son, a boy of fourteen ; but in vain : the lad has got a ball

through his heart. The whole are defenceless; there is no escape possible; there is no struggle; despair and manliness are expressed in the most natural and pathetic manner. This atrocity did more harm to the Austrians than a defeat. It roused the whole population against them. It is good for a nation to have such pictures, however painful, that they may remember what they have to fight for, and with whom.

There is another more terrible picture, by Maccio, of Fra Benedetto da Fojano, a disciple of Savonarola, who, for his efforts to preserve the liberty of Florence, was starved to death by the vindictive Medici, Clement VII., in a dungeon of St. Angelo. Even this amount of horror is a legitimate subject for art, because of its purpose. No physical or mental pain can be too great which tends to promote freedom and overthrow spiritual tyranny; but unless for so noble an end, the contemplation of suffering only hardens and debases, and is therefore to be avoided both in reality and art.

When a painful subject is represented, it must be tragic, not horrible. The mind must be directed to the cause, and not to the physical details of the suffering. It is ennobling to think of the faith or the heroism of a martyr, but not to see his limbs torn and his flesh lacerated. A true instinct on this point prevented the greatest Italian painters from treating horrible subjects. Except the Massacre of the Innocents, we cannot recall any martyrdoms, or even a Crucifixion, by Raphael or Michael Angelo.

The Spanish painters, on the contrary, with the ferocity of semi-Orientals, gloat over the most repulsive details of torture and death. Doré's representations of the Crucifixion are conceived in the very lowest Spanish or Dutch style; the dignity of the sacred Victim is wholly forgotten, and only the dreadful bodily suffering depicted. Our Lord falls fainting on the ground, according to Romanist tradition; is urged forward by blows. In one sketch the nails are being driven in. The whole series is most painful, and wholly opposed to the tender reserve and solemn simplicity of the Scripture narrative.

In one of the side aisles of a church at Antwerp is a small picture of the Crucifixion by Vandyke. No other figure is represented; clouds and darkness are around the cross. No heathen competent to understand a good picture could for a moment mistake Him for a malefactor. It is evident at once that He is some holy one dying as a sacrifice; and the effect is so powerful and so touching as to make one feel vividly how easily emotion might slide into worship of the symbol.

It is this want of deep feeling which makes the French theatrical where the Italians are dramatic. The one feels strong

passion, the other acts it. Any expression of strong feeling is dramatic, but a representation of it is only theatrical. There never was a people who expressed their feelings so openly or with such simplicity as the Italians: they make no parade of emotion, they only let it burst forth. The Italian Chamber of Deputies is much more like an English than a French assembly; there is none of the flourish and the bombast of the latter; there is vehemence only when some strong emotion is aroused; though there is far more facility and fluency of speech and grace of action than with us. Between ourselves and the Italians there is strong feeling in common. They show it, we repress its manifestation as much as possible; but there is no gulf between the two, as there is between a man who has feeling and one who has little or none. Consequently the Italians and English, and especially the Scotch, amalgamate in a way which scarcely ever occurs between the Briton and the Frenchman. Great Britain is infinitely more popular than France with the Italians; there are not the same repugnances between the two nations.

As might be expected from their dramatic nature, Italian artists excel now, as they did three centuries ago, in historical pictures. There is one at Turin of the gallant Sergeant Pietro Micca, who saved the city by blowing up a mine over which the French were passing, and himself with it, which one can scarcely look at without emotion. The man knows well what he is about to do, he feels the full solemnity of the heroic act, but his mind is made up, and all alone as he is, he raises his eyes to Heaven for strength and pardon. Ussi's noble painting of the expulsion of Walter de Brienne from Florence has just received the gold medal or highest prize at the Paris Exhibition, an honour which it richly deserves, and which has awakened the most lively sympathy and delight of the painter's countrymen. The news was celebrated at Florence by a triumphal procession through streets dressed with flowers and banners. The awful picture of the death of Boniface VIII., by Niccolo Barrabini of Genoa, is one of the most striking of modern works. That furious old Pontiff, who did his best to establish the French dominion in Southern Italy, expelled the Colonna family from Rome. Philip the Fair of France protected the Colonnas, and seized the Pope at Anagni. He was delivered by the Orsini, but became virtually a prisoner in their hands. He died of rage. Having fastened himself one night into his room, his body was found lifeless in the morning. He has just expired, sitting in his chair, his cap and a missal flung at some distance on the floor, his grey hairs in disorder, the carpet under his feet all crumpled up, the feet stretched out stiffly, as if with the last groan, his hands clutching the chair and the

rich table-cover, the hour-glass and the crucifix both overthrown, time and hope being alike over for him, a lamp going out and the smoke slowly curling upwards, tell the tale of the last struggles of him who is said to have 'entered the Church like a fox, ruled it like a lion, and died like a dog.' The face is painfully tragic and real in expression, yet not without dignity. Day is dawning, strong hands and halberts are forcing open the door, and every detail is admirable and suggestive. Italy may well be proud of her young painters. This is not the place to tell of her sculptors; those who have seen Pazzi's Dante, and Fedi's wondrous group of Pyrrhus, which would be a worthy companion to the famous Farnese Bull at Naples, need no other proof that her sons have not degenerated from their great predecessors. And there are other names worthy to stand by theirs.

We are far from doing injustice to Ingres, Delaroche, and other great French painters when we say that it is a characteristic of French art to be theatrical. At present their principal subjects are studies from the nude, and battle-pieces. As the *Times'* correspondent expressed it, 'they revel in nudity and blood.' Their low state of morals accounts for one class of subjects, their national history for the other. For the history of France affords few subjects for national pride, save victories. Up to the first French Revolution the progress of the nation was a downward one, in freedom, in morality, in all but luxury and politeness. Subsequent to Joan of Arc, what national hero have they except generals? The noblest characters among them, the Huguenots, the Jansenists, those of their magistrates and Parliaments who strove for freedom, were all losers, not winners. It cannot be said of them as of our own Covenanters,—

' They bought, stern rushing upon Clavers' spears,
The freedom and the scorn of after years.'

Our martyrs, both in Scotland and England, like Wishart at the stake, 'the reek of whose burning infected as many as it blew upon,' or Sir John Eliot dying in the Tower, or like John Brown of Kansas on the gallows, conquered by dying. To use a French term, their memory has been *rehabilitated*, and posterity now recognises the debt of gratitude due to them. But the French martyrs, whether for faith or freedom, did not purchase victory by the blood they shed. They sowed, but their country has not yet reaped. France has no Runnymede, no Reformation, no Bill of Rights. And he who rescued her from anarchy, and raised her to the highest pitch of splendour, had not a drop of French blood in his veins! The Dutch and Belgians, on the other hand, struggled for national life and freedom, and having

at length won both, can now look back on their ancient patriots as to the men who began the contest, who fought and who died for that which their descendants enjoy.

The Belgian historical painters are not surpassed by any living.

We would not be thought harsh in our remarks upon the French want of feeling. National character is the chief, but not the only cause of it.

The hardness of heart and immorality of the French in general are in striking contrast to the purity, nobleness, and depth of their Protestant literature. If the Swiss, being of the same race, are reckoned, scarcely any people can show such a phalanx of writers as Guizot, Vinet, Gaussen, Rochat, Merle d'Aubigné, and Madame de Gasparin, to which his English and Protestant tendencies authorize us to add the name of De Tocqueville.

This contrast guides us to the source of these national defects, viz., the thorough infidelity which has so long poisoned the national life of France. When a man has no faith in God, he loses all faith in goodness. 'The disciple is not above (or better than) his master.' He who sits at the feet of Voltaire cannot aspire to anything higher, or find anything above the reach of that mocking laugh. There is much infidelity in Spain; very much in Italy; the same cause produces the same effect, only modified by the material on which it works. But in Spain, in spite of Arab ferocity, and in Italy, in spite of depravity of morals, there is far more natural warmth of heart and power of affection than in France.

The French have a special talent for telling a story, and Doré has much of this national faculty. It is Daru who remarks on the difference in this respect between the Gallic and the Germanic races, and says that it is the Gael, whether of Scotland, Brittany, Ireland, or France, 'qui ont le plus longuement et le plus agréablement rédigé leur anciennes annales.' In strong contrast with inarticulate Mr. Bull, whatever a Frenchman has to relate he will make a good story of. It may not be quite exact, but it is clever, amusing, and full of point. So Doré by no means enters into the characters he represents; he never seems to begin by studying his author, whether it be the Bible or Dante; he does not attempt to fill his own mind with the spirit of the book. He snatches at the outline of the story, gives a sort of general notion of it, and then depicts the scene clearly, so that no one can doubt what is going on. But it is a very perfunctory idea of the real scene. However, if he does not tell the true story, he tells another which he thinks just as good.

There is a striking instance of this in his illustration of Francesca di Rimini. Either in ignorance or neglect of the

famous line, 'La bocca mi bacciò tutto tremante,'—the lover is kissing her cheek, while she turns away her head. The insulted husband glides up behind with a dagger in his hand. It is a striking scene, full of theatric power, but it is not what Dante describes,—two young lovers, separated by policy, and carried away by strong feeling into a momentary forgetfulness of duty. A similar scene, depicted by Sorbi, of Filippo Lippi about to kiss the young nun who was sitting to him as a model, shows how much better it might have been done. The action of Filippo is full of impetuosity; the poor thing shrinks away with her arms crossed on her breast, but her soft loving eyes betray that the nun loves.¹ In Doré's sketch Paolo looks more as if he were whispering in the lady's ear. There is no passionate ardour, which indeed is not compatible with that Narcissus-like adoration of self, so common to our Gallic friends. A Frenchman can flirt, but he cannot love. Perhaps they are the only people who have no true love-songs.

Coleridge's 'Genevieve,' the most exquisite love-song in any language, could not be expressed in French. No Frenchman ever sang,

'I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.'

No Frenchman has ever made the lady of his love famous with sword or pen. They have no Beatrice, no Laura, no Leonora d'Este, no 'Dead Lucy,' no 'Divine Althæa,' no Mary Chaworth, no 'Mary in Heaven.'

Moreover, Doré does not even care to make his lovers beautiful. Even if not so by nature they would appear so to each other, and should be so represented to us. It was true philosophy which made Dick Tinto always give a lover a good leg.

Other nations, however, not only share in this talent, but often to a greater extent than the French, from their self-consciousness being less strongly developed. The painter's nationality and individuality should disappear in his work. He must be more objective than subjective. The hearts of men are never so deeply stirred as by one who, like Shakespeare, makes the creatures of his imagination better known to us than himself.

The Italians manifest this power in the highest degree.

Gatti's picture in the Scottish Exhibition this year, of Leonardo da Vinci playing before the Duke of Milan and his Court, was not so much a picture of the scene as the scene itself, while the harmony of the colouring is equally remarkable. In our own

¹ Her name was Lucrezia Buti. He carried her off, but she was poisoned, it is said, by her family, just before Filippo received the Papal permission to marry her, which had been procured for him by the powerful interest of the Medici.

country, omitting older painters, among whom Hogarth stands pre-eminent for the possession of this faculty, there are several of our modern artists who display it very strongly. The 'Eve of the Deluge,' by W. B. Scott, in spite of the tigress and her cubs looking as if they were badly stuffed, and of Noah and his family being more like figures who have been taken out of an ark, than the patriarch going into it, yet has extraordinary dramatic power. The 'excess of riot,' the mocking unbelief of the ungodly, the dawning fear on the smiling countenance of the girl with the fan, and the intense alarm in the face of the lad pointing to the waterspout in the distance, and seeing 'too late,' that the words of the preacher of righteousness are about to 'come true,' are most forcibly depicted. Another artist, William Douglas, with some faults of colour, and occasionally deficient grace, yet tells a story admirably in the 'Eve of the Execution,' and the 'Conspirators Surprised.' Possessing the first and greatest qualification for an artist, he should take a hint from the gorgeous painted windows which shed such a glow of mellow splendour over the old cathedrals. In them no one colour is predominant. The prevalence of yellow in his 'Conspirators' reminds one of the modern imitations of those jewelled panes.

The Norwegian picture of the sweet old grandmother displaying her bridal crown to the admiring eyes of her young grandchildren, is marked by great delicacy of expression, the countenance of the elder girl being full of sympathy as well as delight. She has a presentiment that the coming years may place such a crown on her own young head. The faces of the younger children are, rightly, made less intelligent,—the youngest of all showing simply round-eyed admiration of something bright and 'grand!'

It would be interesting to compare Doré's illustrations of Don Quixote with those of Leslie. The latter is tenfold more comic from the absence of caricature. In them Don Quixote is the most chivalrous of gentlemen; the Duchess a lovely high-born lady; Sancho the most droll of clowns. In Doré all the refinement is lost. On shutting the book, the two most prominent recollections are—some fine wild rocky landscapes, and that Don Quixote is being incessantly thrown from his horse, or beaten into a jelly.

The most important of Doré's completed works are his Illustrations of Dante, published about seven years ago.

The frontispiece is almost poetic. It is suggestive that the face, like the destiny of the poet, should lie so much in shadow. But when we look into it, we find that, as usual with Doré, the general effect is better than the design. It is more *effective*

than true. How well it is executed! What definite shape is given to every shadow and to every mezzo tint! . But the shading is better than the outline. There the delicate curves of the nostril and mouth are totally lost. The mouth is drawn down, yet the eye is widely opened upwards, like a bad drawing-school copy. All that can be quickly well done is well done, but it is not carefully studied. The execution of the dress is admirable. But how inferior is the expression to the pathetic, calm sadness of the original, as seen in the cast taken after death, and still preserved at Florence, of Dante's noble face, showing the lofty features worn by sorrow and care.

In the first illustration there is a grand wood, but the figure of the poet is not a noble one. It is not contemplative, like a seer, but like a timid monk looking over his shoulder in fear of being detected out of bounds.

The next is much better. There is a fine desert, the sea-fowl hovering low, the clouds drifting; Dante passing on his way in spite of the angry spiteful panther snarling at him. Exquisitely as he characterizes the hour or the scene in few but most apposite words, Dante gives no descriptions of landscape. Doré has invented the scenery of the poem, and nothing could be more appropriate than those lightning-blasted trees and the unclean bird poised above the heads of the poets as they enter the narrow cleft. The *facilis decensus Averni*—the entrance to the infernal regions—is very fine. The rocks are like no particular rocks; they are evidently 'evolved from the depths of his moral consciousness,' but the idea of leaving the light of the upper world for the yawning gates of hell is admirably given.

A little more study of nature would raise Doré to the rank of a true landscape-painter. The time is past when it was supposed that the dignity of historical painting forbade the exact imitation of nature in the accessories of a picture. There was a confusion of thought between the ideal and the unreal, and this confusion still exists under another form. Formerly it was supposed that art was eclectic in this sense; that the artist was to select all that was most beautiful in nature, and then compose something more beautiful and perfect than anything to be found in real life. But the faithful student was soon compelled to acknowledge that he could by no means reproduce the real beauty that he saw, and which study taught him to perceive daily more and more. As the historical painter did study the 'human form divine,' he generally renounced the chimera of improving upon it, and came to acknowledge that there are men and women now walking on this earth not less but more beautiful than the Apollo Belvidere or the Venus de Medici.

His theory on this point then entrenched itself behind those things which he had not carefully studied, such as rocks and mountains, and in spite of the example of some of the greatest painters, as Titian and Rubens, it was thought beneath the dignity of the 'grand school' to show us real landscapes, and real horses, dogs, and other animals. At last the truth was recognised that nature is superior to art. Fashion and public opinion ran into an opposite extreme, and accepted the canon that reality could not be too servilely or too minutely copied and reproduced. All that could be seen by the most minute inspection was to be, as far as possible, represented. Two truths were forgotten—one, that the object of Art is not to make a servile transcript of anything or everything in nature, otherwise the turnips and carrots of the Dutch school or the boozing boors of Teniers would be the perfection of art; but to select that which is most beautiful, just as poetry has been defined the best things said in the best words. So painting should reproduce that which is best in the human form, in scenery, and the visible world in general. The other principle is, that painting should strive to represent, not *all* that is there, but *all* that is really seen; not all that is visible to the naked eye, but all that the eye of the mind perceives; all which the thoughts dwell upon and are interested in. When we drink in the loveliness of one of our west-country lochs, the golden fringe of seaweed left by the retreating tide adds beauty to the scene; but we do not see nor think of each blob of the bladder-wrack which forms the golden hem of earth's garment. When we admire a beautiful woman we often do not know what she had on. We remember her dress only as part of the general atmosphere of beauty which surrounded her; and if any portion of it has especially attracted our attention, it is because of its being peculiarly suitable and becoming to her, and not for its intrinsic excellence. The lover may worship the shadow of his mistress's shoe-tie, but he certainly does not remark the edging of it when he is permitted to gaze on her face.

In other words, the painter should adhere faithfully to nature in all things, or he will not give a *true* representation, but he must give due prominence to the most important part of his picture, by what is technically called slurring over or subduing the less important part, not by doing it carelessly or badly, but slightly. Just as when we speak, we emphasize the most weighty words, and utter those which do not require such peculiar attention in a more monotonous tone of voice. We do not mispronounce or mutter them, but we do not accentuate them.

True art is eclectic, inasmuch as it selects only what is beau-

tiful. It is thus opposed to the realistic school, which copies without choice, and to the pre-Raphaelite, which bestows equal time and pains on a lady's countenance and on the pattern of her dress. Now, as the latter, being the inferior object, is much easier to copy, the result is that we get a perfect representation of the lace and brocade, and an inferior one of the wearer. In Millais' famous picture of *Autumn Leaves*, the leaves are the real subject of the picture, and would be all the more admirable if our minds were not disturbed by the ugliness of the children who are collecting them.

In that which he has studied, *i.e.* the human figure, Doré, like most of the French artists, is realistic. He makes no attempt to represent any higher kind of beauty than that which he meets with daily. His *Thais* is not a Greek beauty, but ordinary, and not very young. The resplendent *Beatrice* is plain, the angel is . . . stumpy!

He surely must be aware that there is in the world a higher type of form than any he has attempted to portray. His harpies are lean old Frenchwomen, with bats' wings and untidy hair; they are ludicrous and monstrous. The *Minotaur* is absurd. It is Bottom the Weaver with a bull's head instead of an ass's.

The vigorous sketch of furious old *Charon* is marred by the fault of the engraver, in making a hard black line round the limbs. The despair of the lost spirits is graphically represented. So is the apathy of the virtuous unbaptized—

‘ Only so far afflicted that they live,
Desiring without hope.’

They are strewed about in every attitude of listless inactivity, like a party of shipwrecked seamen on a plenteous desert island, with no motive for exertion, no hope of release.

In this sort of general representation of a scene Doré excels; he prefers drawing a crowd moved by a common impulse, to interesting us in a few individuals. If he were a musician, he would excel in choruses and avoid recitative. Those who have sinned from passion are represented in a flock like a flight of cranes, and the idea of their being swept along by the blast is well conveyed.

But in another sketch of the same scene they look more as if they were floating on the water; and *Francesca* is like a reminiscence of one of Michael Angelo's fresco figures reclining at the side of an arch. How different from the pathetic drawing of Ary Scheffer, who singles out the hapless pair, as Dante has done in the poem, and awakens our deepest pity for them, which Doré, in his numerous sketches of this episode, totally

fails to do. In seeking after variety of attitude, he only attains to contortion, and loses all clearness of expression. In the last sketch they might be falling down, or dragged up, or anything as well as borne on the air. Dante, overcome by emotion, falling as one dead (*come corpo morto cadde*), is perhaps the best figure.

Minos, but for his tail, might be Polyphemus saying to one among the crowd, who are supposed to be receiving judgment, 'Thou'lt be the last I'll swallow.' The drawing of the prodigal rolling great weights is good, though theatrical; so are the figures dashed against the rocks.

Doré gives a general view of the heretics, as of the cranes. Consequently it looks like a graveyard, or the Solfatara near Naples. The detached figure of Farinata is much finer, and more impressive.

The rain of fire inspires no awe. It is a sort of map of the scene, like the towns in old charts, whereas Prout shows us a street corner, and fixes the character of the city in our minds. The Simoniacs, plunged head downwards in flames, are absurdly drawn with their feet sticking out of round holes, which remind one of a cooking-stove. Doré has no better way of indicating demons than by furnishing them with enormous tails. He repeats them over and over again. There is a horrid sketch of their fishing up speculators with pitchforks out of the lake of boiling pitch. There is no beauty in men and women contorted and writhing in serpent folds, yet two sketches are devoted to this subject. Four more represent mangled bodies; two more, forgers dashed to pieces at the foot of a precipice. The hypocrites with their cowls of lead is a good procession of monks.

A certain degree of repetition in so fertile a producer is to be expected. The desert place over which Dante is transported by the monster Geryon is very like the Sierras through which Don Quixote wanders. Compare it with Flaxman's noble outline of the same subject, where there is beauty in every line. Yet this of Doré has the merit of giving a lively notion of the *sliddering* sensation one would doubtless experience on a scaly monster, who would perversely fly upwards, and would not keep his back straight when going over such an abyss.

On the whole, the illustrations of Dante appear to display the peculiar characteristics of Doré, his defects and his merits, more forcibly than any other of his works, always excepting *Croquemitaine*, which is perhaps the best suited to his style of all the works he has undertaken.

It is a legend of the times of Charlemagne, and gives full scope to his wildness of fancy, sense of the ludicrous, and

exuberance of spirits, while the nearest approach to beauty he has ever made is in the sweet figure of Mitaine leaning upon her lion. His extravagances suit the tale; there is a marvellously vigorous drawing of Charlemagne's knights riding forth in pomp. Roland is really handsome, as a knight of romance ought to be, and he is mounted on a horse, breathing flames, far from beautiful, but with such a tail! sufficient to satisfy even a child's imagination of Roland's horse. There is indescribable fire and spirit in the whole sketch; and the unicorn's horn of wondrous length on the head of one horse, the buck's horns on the head of another, the clouds of dust, the spirited action, all add to the impression of warlike clang and splendour.

A similar drawing of Roland riding into space is marked by such fire and speed of action, that one forgives the conventional horse, with a horridly drawn head, open mouth, and small nostrils. But in Roland's descent afterwards, the demons are neither sublime nor terrible; not even 'fearsome,' only grotesque and queer. If there be only a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, it is much easier made downwards than upwards, and very few French artists get beyond the lowest step.

Was there ever anything more ludicrous than Mahomet's approving smile? It makes one laugh only to think of it. Mahomet is represented by a fat fancy Turk, with an enormous turban, and preposterous crescent, lying on a cloud with his heels in the air like a Cockney on the grass, and looking down with a grin of most amusing absurdity on some misdeed of one of his votaries. The whole figure is a congeries of crescents.

In the other fairy tales the Sleeping Beauty is, at first, very pretty, and there is an uncanny malicious old woman by her, with admirably drawn bony stiff old fingers. He excels in old women. The old granny in Little Red Riding Hood is an excellent drawing, full of force. But there is great hardness of heart in the man who could depict the pretty little innocent darling, with terror in her large soft eyes, about to be eaten by the wolf. Why draw such a horrid subject?

Then, when Puss in Boots visits the Ogre, there is a dish of babies (whole) and spinach on the table!

The Sleeping Beauty has been often painted, but Doré admirably represents the lapse of time since sleep fell upon the whole court. The creepers in the court-yard have grown over the sleeping hounds, and twined round the horn that the huntsman had raised to his lip, while in another scene the same thing is indicated by an enormous crop of mushrooms, toadstools, and weeds in the doorway, and spider-webs all over the dinner-table.

Cinderella is also pretty in the first sketch, with a worthy old cook of a fairy godmother; but the best drawing of this set is the last, in which the delight of the old courtier when the slipper fits, and the almost adoring expression of his fat colleague over the pretty foot which reveals his future princess, is most divertingly given.

In his most recent work, *Elaine*, the fine mezzotint engravings are less harsh than the foreign woodcuts. Elaine's figure is very sweet, gliding on the quiet river under the walls of the palace. She is less lovely in face than an English artist would have depicted her, but the figure is full of grace; but when brought in dead before King Arthur, it is very bad, and it looks like a woman who has fainted in her chair. The bystanders are good, especially the men. Doré constantly represents the circumstances admirably, but fails in the principal figure—the heart of the story.

Lancelot, however, sitting remorsefully by the river and the reeds, is very fine.

Doré's illustrations of the Bible are perhaps his least successful work. This might be expected from his peculiar and national characteristics.

The French edition is magnificent—one of the most beautifully 'got up' books that can be seen—admirably printed in double columns, divided by most lovely arabesques, exquisitely engraved by Giacomelli.

And yet, even here, there are signs of its being merely 'a commercial enterprise.' It is a Bible for rich purchasers, not for readers, for those who will turn over its pages carelessly, without studying the passages which are illustrated. This is evident from the manner in which the prints are inserted at equal distances from each other, but without the slightest reference to the text opposite which they are placed. For instance, the Annunciation stands opposite the 14th and 15th of Ezekiel, and Jeremiah dictating to Baruch is in Ecclesiastes, and Susanna and the Elders in Jeremiah.

The illustrations being chiefly from the New Testament, they are stationed at regular intervals throughout the book, like troops lining a street in open order.

There is a story of old Lord Selkirk, in the days when symmetrical arrangement was considered the acmé of gardening, finding a boy shut up in a summer-house at the end of a terrace at St. Mary's Isle, and being informed by his gardener that it was for stealing apples. On reaching the other end of the terrace, where there was another summer-house, he beheld the gardener's son looking dolefully out of the window. 'Eh! John, what is this? has your boy been stealing too?' 'Na, na, my

Lord,' was the answer, 'I just pit him in for *see-metry*!' On this principle the French publishers have acted, thinking only of symmetry instead of suitability.

Baruch is a very graphic representation of a discontented, weary prisoner. An English painter would probably have tried to represent the patience and resignation of a saint, or the joyful confidence of one suffering for the truth; but the realistic Frenchman depicts the horrid bore and weariness of being shut up in a dungeon, and does it to the life.

There is great repetition in many of these pictures—Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, Jonah cast ashore by the fish, are all on rocks by the sea-shore. Some of these scenes, are, however, finely imagined; they only want some knowledge of real rocks. As we have said, a little study would place Doré at the head of modern French landscape-painters.

Jonah pleading with the Ninevites is very good, and the four chariots of Zechariah full of spirit and fire. So is Daniel's vision of the four beasts coming up out of the sea. The wild rough night is very grand—'the four winds of heaven striving upon the great sea.' Only it is a pity that the winged leopard and the bear are mere nameless monsters.

The firelight on the Three Children in the Furnace is admirably done; and perhaps no one else could have given such a representation of Ezekiel's Vision of the Dry Bones. On the whole it is very fine. You seem to see bone uniting itself to bone, and the life coming into the dead bodies. One incomplete figure is gathering up his own head!

Doré depicts the scenic effect much better than the event itself. For instance, Judas Maccabeus pursuing Timothy would do just as well for Cæsar crossing the Rubicon. By the way, the horses are shocking; they have generally a tortured look, with their mouths forced open by the bit. In the stable at Bethlehem the ox is more like a pig. A countryman of Rosa Bonheur ought to know better.

The Magi guided by the Star is a picturesque march of Arabs on camels; but, except for the immense meteor in the sky, it would do for any other march of any other caravan.

The Marriage at Cana is a good sketch of a wedding-feast in a courtyard, but too small to excite any special interest in the chief persons at it. The miracle of the Loaves and Fishes is another of these bird's-eye views. The Ascension is good, but the figures are again too small. The landscape and the beholders, in fact the *scene*, form the most prominent part of the picture.

Examples of Doré's carelessness and want of sympathy with his subject abound in his illustrations of the Bible. For instance, in the parable of the Prodigal Son, the father is fainting,

the whole family in despair, more like the Jews weeping over Jerusalem; the son, whom the French style *l'enfant prodigue*, is represented as a boy of twelve or fourteen coming slyly round the corner and down some steps *pour faire une petite surprise à sa famille!* This is the more inexcusable, because in the next scene the reception of the prodigal, the great joy of the father, and deep repentance of the son, flinging himself at his father's feet, is very good.

In the parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus, the latter is being beaten away from the gate. This is not said, and is not likely, being quite contrary to Oriental usage. He was doubtless allowed to lie at the gate, and probably 'fed with the crumbs' until he died there.

Again, in the story of the Pharisee and the Publican, it is expressly said the publican stood afar off and 'smote upon his breast;' but Doré places him close to the Pharisee, and prostrate, with his arms spread, in the attitude of one looking for a needle.

That the drawing of the Tribute Money does not tell the story is evident, for the figure of our Lord is exactly the same as in the scene of the Widow's Mite. How admirably it is possible to represent His asking, 'Whose is this image and superscription?' may be seen in Masolino's famous fresco in the church of the Santo Spirito at Florence.

The Massacre of the Innocents is a very poor *réchauffé* of Raphael. Our Lord on the Mount of Olives is a reminiscence of Carlo Dolce. The Child Jesus among the Doctors in the Temple is preaching, and *not*, with the humility becoming his years, 'hearing them and asking them questions.' He was not denouncing or confuting them, for 'they were astonished at his understanding and answers.' The artist has totally failed in the principal subject of the picture, but the varied expression of the surrounding Jews is good. Most painters come short of even a tolerably adequate representation of our Lord in the days of His humiliation, but Gustave Doré does not even aim at a noble ideal. The Resurrection of Lazarus is very bad and careless. In the healing of the sick, the attitude is that of a magnetizer, not of a LORD. In his Walking on the Waters there is too much haste and want of composure,—as in the Cleansing of the Temple the action is too violent; it amounts to flogging out the sellers. In the Woman taken in Adultery, the woman is coarse, like a common beggar, and there is a want of nobleness in the Lord's face, but the quiet protecting attitude is good. Perhaps the best in the whole volume is the drawing of our Lord preaching to the multitudes. His figure does not satisfy us—but when does it? But the solemnity of the audience is very fine. They look like men pricked to the heart.

In Stilling the Tempest the story is not told. The daughter of

Jairus, instead of being a little maid, is so badly done that she might be a stupid lad of twenty; and no gratitude, no joy, is manifested by her parents. The Death of Ananias is depicted on a steep hillside, whereas we are told that 'the young men arose and carried him *out*,' and that his wife Sapphira '*came in*.'

Doré shines in scenes of violent action; the fury of the men who stoned Stephen, and the violence of the people when all Jerusalem was in an uproar and Claudius Lysias took soldiers and centurions and rescued Paul, are admirably rendered.

The Woman clothed with the Sun, and upon her head twelve stars, is of course interpreted to be the Virgin, and is just a small copy of any image of the Virgin and Child.

The Last Judgment is apparently the facsimile of a drawing in white chalk on a slate.

In approaching such subjects, an artist should at least remember what has been already done by way of representing them, and that, unless his persuasion of being able to perform something not wholly unworthy of being placed by the side of these masterpieces is well founded, he will be justly censured, not only for his failure, but for his presumption and stupidity in not being aware of it.

This rapid survey, founded however, on careful examination (a short account of a long voyage), brings us to the conclusion that Doré's works are not fitted to cultivate or refine the taste, or to do much beyond amusing the possessor. They are of more interest to the artist than to the public, because, in spite of their defects, they have also marked merits.

In one point he is worthy of being copied, and that is in the absence of scribbling, *i.e.*, of lines without meaning, in his works. They may be badly drawn, but if so, it is evident that it has been done on purpose, for there is a definiteness and precision in the execution which is too often absent in our own. The first requisite for an artist, as for a poet, is that he should have a precise meaning. If it be a wrong idea, it is better it should be clearly expressed, than that no one should understand what it is he means to say. In the first case the error may be corrected, in the second he talks nonsense. Take up some of our magazines, and it will be evident that there are many lines which are mere scratches, and indicate nothing definite. Some sketchers, even of considerable talent and experience, seem unaware that light, and consequently shade, have as precise form as the nose or the chin on which they fall; that the most delicate reflected light has a clear boundary and shape; and shade, even on muslin, can never be represented by a few careless scratches.

It were well if the public were equally strict with a former noble Mistress of W——k Castle, into whose romantic grounds

admittance to sketch-books was sternly denied, the porter asserting that 'My Lady will have no *scratching* here.'

But in other respects Doré's merits are not such as can be imitated. We cannot learn his fecundity of imagination; we may become satisfied with his low standard of taste. In his works there is nothing lofty; little that is beautiful. Some of our own artists show far too great a tendency to the realistic school, *i.e.*, to representing nature without discernment and without choice.

Two at least of our most able and popular magazines are remarkable for the ugliness of their illustrations, and yet many of these are by artists of no mean skill.

There is a striking sketch by F. Sandys, in *Once a Week*, of Cassandra denouncing woe upon Helen, well drawn, full of power and passion; it is wanting in beauty and nobleness. Cassandra is not the lovely prophetess who scorned the suit of Apollo himself, but a vindictive scold. Helen, instead of the soft radiant Grecian beauty who led captive the hearts of men, is a great heavy sullen woman, too cowardly to express her rage. The very selection of the light upon the figures is most ungraceful.

With this tendency at home, it is a pity to import works which will only drag the public taste still lower.

If you want illustrations of Dante take Flaxman's pure graceful compositions; for the Bible get photographs of the old masters; for Don Quixote take Leslie; and if you want a specimen of Doré, buy Croquemitaine and Cinderella.

To perceive beauty or goodness we require a subjective capacity for so doing. There must be the beauty and there must be the eye to see, the ear to hear, and the soul to appreciate it. This capacity is blunted and spoiled if misdirected. Cruickshank, by dint of drawing distorted figures, came to see all mankind with monstrous heads and noses and spindle waists. The landscape painter is most careful of his eyesight; we should be equally careful of our mental eyes.

Striking up Yankee Doodle after playing 'He shall feed His Flock,' would jar upon every nerve, and the performer would deserve to be turned out of the room. Not only so, but every time he played Yankee Doodle he would decrease his capacity for entering into the spirit of the nobler melody. If Art is to be anything beyond a toy—if it is to be a worthy sister of Poetry, and not a mere exponent of popular fancy and fashion, her votaries must practise total abstinence from all that is ugly or base or bad. Whether painters or the public, we must set before ourselves no lower standard for contemplation than 'WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE TRUE, WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE PURE, WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE LOVELY.'

ART. VI.—*Life and Work at the Great Pyramid during the Months of January, February, March, and April, A.D. 1865 ; with a Discussion of Facts ascertained.* By C. PIAZZI SMYTH, F.R.S.S.L. & E., &c., Professor of Practical Astronomy in the University of Edinburgh, and Astronomer-Royal for Scotland. In Three Volumes; with Illustrations in Stone and Wood. Edinburgh, 1867.

THESE handsome volumes supply a tempting opportunity to the professional writers of a 'smashing' article. All honest hard work does. In the listless, and socially useless, lavender-gloved exquisite, the horny hand of the 'navvy' produces contempt, if not nausea. And there is a feeble thrill of pleasure, a dim consciousness of power, when the critic can in a single evening's scribbling demolish, to his own satisfaction at least, the structure which has cost his victim years of steady labour. The present opportunity has not been lost, the mild lightnings of polished sarcasm and scorn have played in all their gentle violence around it, but Professor Smyth's book lives for all that.

And there is something more. This procedure is part of a system. 'Can any good thing come out of Scotland' is the constant cry of a considerable class of cockney critics, more provincial, in their complacent egotism, than is a genuine rustic. It is, indeed, remarkable that there is left any good thing in Scotland when we think how eagerly it is sought for abroad. Putting aside, as possibly of questionable value, metaphysicians and political economists, of whom there is no end, and passing by such unclassed specimens as Mill, Maine, Gladstone, Carlyle, and Macaulay, is not England wholly indebted to Scotland for at least her gardeners, her geologists, and her Governors-General; and has she not of late begun to import from us, among other necessities, even her Gaisford Prizemen and her Senior Wranglers? Is it a humiliating sense of obligation which dictates these outbursts, or do they indicate moral decay? Is England jealous, or on the wane? [There is here room for a fine classical allusion, but we forbear.] This constant carping at men and things merely because they are Scottish is perhaps intelligible, if not defensible: what we cannot account for is the singular fact that an Englishman who has the misfortune to live in Scotland is as much its object as the most unequivocal Sawney; while your Scottish (nay, even your Irish) humbug, if he but live in a London garret, at once becomes a cherished brother (sometimes a fellow critic), and all he writes is accounted excellent. It is painful to have to deal, even mercifully, with such a pitiable state of matters.

'*Life and Work*' are words which might form the text of many a stirring lay-sermon, for they embrace a grand moral truth, as well as a physiological necessity, which are but caricatured under the more sounding title of 'Muscular Christianity.' Yet they are thoroughly appropriate in their present position, well indicating in more than one way the contents of the book before us; for it may be looked on either as a journal of travels, coupled with another of scientific observations; or as a description of a brief but important period of a genuine working life, that kind of life which of itself suffices to distinguish the man of science from the charlatan.

The Astronomer-Royal for Scotland needs no introduction even to the popular reader, who must be acquainted with his graphic works on Teneriffe and Russia, and his successful labours in time-signalling, whether by Time-Balls, Time-Guns, or by Electrically-controlled Clocks. The scientific world remembers, amongst much other valuable work, the results of his Teneriffe observations, his gyroscopic telescope, and his improvements in photography. Whatever he takes in hand he works out exhaustively, details the most dry and measurements the most tedious are alike conscientiously gone into; we may perhaps differ from him in parts of his reasonings and conclusions, but we know that he gives us, honestly and without bias, the immediate results of his skilled labour. This last consideration alone is sufficient to stamp the value of his present work. No two previous visitors to the Pyramid agreed in almost a single measurement of its mysterious proportions, some were careless of accuracy, some were biassed, others (not excepting even the French *savants*) committed palpable mistakes. We now have the facts as to the actual dimensions of many of the more important parts of this colossal structure, whatever may be their value; and even if these were all that Professor Smyth's volumes contain, they must be hailed as a remarkably valuable contribution at once to History and to Science.

But these are not all. The sketches of Arab life and manners, and those of certain social and political questions in Egypt, which occupy a great portion of the first volume, are extremely interesting and instructive. A traveller who can use alike his eyes and his pen as Professor Smyth does, cannot spend a month anywhere without noting and recording much that is new; even where the ground has been so thoroughly gone over as in this case it has been by men like Wilkinson and Lane: for their very familiarity with Egyptian life could not but prevent them from remarking as singular much which would appear striking to a comparative stranger gifted with equal intelligence. In addition we have glimpses of the early history of Egypt, drawn from

many sources both rare and curious ; we have graphic accounts of Yankees and Anglo-Indians 'doing' the Pyramid and 'done' in their turn by the crafty natives ; a meteorological journal, and a sketch of the geology of the district. Besides all this there is a general examination of the measurements, with a view to discover the object of the Pyramid, leading to a disquisition on the 'metrical' system ; with a very startling religious argument, bearing on metrology in general, which we fear could not properly be examined in an article like this, even if we had space to spare for it. In briefly reviewing the book we shall avail ourselves, as much as possible, of the persistently vivid and sometimes peculiarly grotesque language of the author.

The singular dedication of the work we shall extract entire, as it succinctly records the most important measurements and researches which had been made at the Great Pyramid before Professor Smyth's visit. We heartily concur in the selection he has made from the host of claimants to honour in connexion with this important inquiry ; and believe that the addition of his own name to the three he mentions will complete the too short list of promoters of genuine observation (as distinguished from mere estimates and so-called theoretical anticipations) among all who have written upon the subject.

All that leads, however indirectly, to the undertaking of an important enterprise must be regarded as of some value ; but we regret that we cannot sympathize with Professor Smyth in the terms in which he refers to the 'late John Taylor of London,' of whom he speaks with a sort of reverential awe. He seems to us to have been little more than an amiable enthusiast ; of an order not much above that of the Quadrators, Trisectors, or Perpetual-Motionists, who are unfortunately becoming more numerous as smatterings of science become more widely diffused. We everywhere recognise, and highly value, Professor Smyth's anxious endeavours to acknowledge the priority of others, and his conscientious recognition of the claims of every one from whom he may possibly have derived even a hint. But this may be carried too far, and we think that in the present case it has been. Of a thousand wild and random speculations about the Pyramid hazarded by a dreamy stay-at-home, there is great *à priori* possibility, if not probability, that one or two should have some real bearing on its object or the designs of its builders ; but what credit does the mere speculator deserve for that ? If he makes every admissible guess about it, some must be correct ; but can this be permitted to interfere, even to the slightest extent, with the claims of him who by laborious investigation *on the spot* has discovered what the truth really is ? When Faraday made public his splendid

discovery of magneto-electric induction, some philosophers are recorded to have said, 'Oh! that's nothing very new; ever since Oersted discovered the action of a current on a magnet we knew that a magnet must somehow be able to produce a current.' No doubt every one suspected the possibility, even the likelihood, of some such thing; but does this in the least affect the value or originality of Faraday's grand experimental inquiry? Wherefore we shall say no more of John Taylor than that it seems to have been by means of his writings that Professor Smyth's attention was first called to the subject. That end attained, he disappears for good or evil, and Professor Smyth is really indebted, partly to the three inquirers named in the following dedication, but more especially to his own independent labours, for the results he has published.

'TO THE MEMORY OF
PROFESSOR JOHN GREAVES,
IN THE YEAR 1638,
AND
COLONEL HOWARD VYSE,
IN 1837,

Alike distinguished in their respective epochs, for honourable labours and faithful research at the Pyramids of Jeeah;

AND MORE PARTICULARLY
TO THAT OF
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE,
REPUBLICAN GENERAL IN 1798,

Who earnestly sought to moderate the rigours of war upon the ancient land of Egypt, by causing his army to become most efficient means for introducing there, step by step in its victorious progress, the elevating influences of science, and amenities of literary learning;—on a scale so vast, and with an intelligence so many-sided, as not only to have far surpassed all the wealthiest Kings and Princes of the earth, either of earlier or later times,—but to have been crowned with discoveries in the Great Pyramid, both possessing crucial importance for that primeval monument's metrological theory, and bringing to clearer light things long since dimly alluded to in Holy Writ: this record of some further, though only private and individual, work performed on that foundation, is dedicated by

C. PIAZZI SMYTH.'

That the Great Pyramid differs essentially from all the various structures of the same general outward form, which are to be found in great numbers in Egypt, and in scattered localities in other parts of the world, was soon obvious to explorers.

That it is the earliest existing monument of its class is also now generally allowed. That its companions were designed as gigantic regal tombs, or rather mausolea, or at all events that they were employed as such, was proved by the discovery, in their interior, of sarcophagi containing human remains. But they are, in many parts, covered with hieroglyphics and with representations of Egyptian animal-gods; while in the Great Pyramid not a trace either of hieroglyphics or of idol-worship has been discovered; nothing, in fact, save the exquisite masonry and the builders' marks. Besides this, the interior construction of the Great Pyramid is much more complex than that of the others; and its external form is peculiar to itself. Of course these facts at once led to the question, For what purpose was the Great Pyramid built? and many ingenious, besides innumerable preposterous, attempts have been made to answer it. In all probability this question will some day be definitely and finally answered, if the monument itself be not hopelessly demolished in its significant parts, by specimen-hunters, before the answer can be given. A farther question, which does not to us at least seem to be of much consequence—By whom was it built?—has also led to many curious, and often absurd speculations; but, so far as we are at present able to judge, it is destined never to be satisfactorily answered.

That the Great Pyramid was originally entirely cased with a species of hard white limestone, almost deserving the name of marble, each of its sides being a smooth steep plane, so that the summit was inaccessible, is distinctly related by Herodotus, and was confirmed by Howard Vyse's discovery (in the *débris* at the bottom) of two of the original casing-stones *in situ*, and later by Professor Smyth's discovery of numerous fragments of the same hard white limestone, all cut with great exactness to one definite angle. The present staircase-like appearance of the exterior is due to the removal of these casing-stones to be used as building stones in the mosques and aqueducts near Cairo. It therefore appears that we may at once dismiss the supposition that the Pyramid was erected as an astronomical observatory, or for any similar purpose.

It remains then, at least so far as sane speculation has yet ventured to hint, to be considered whether this Pyramid was not designed as an almost imperishable record of metrological data, indicating, it may be, standard units of length, area, and volume alone; or possibly, as some have supposed, of mass and temperature also, perhaps even approximate representations of the dimensions and mass of the earth itself.

In this state of uncertainty the question stood when Professor Smyth's attention was accidentally called to it. He

immediately commenced to examine all the available records of actual measurements; and, indeed, in 1864, published a volume on the subject. From the comparison of these measurements it was painfully evident that almost all of them were excessively faulty, and it was by no means an easy matter to say, even generally, which were most to be trusted: so that, though we admire the skill with which he managed to extract from such a mass of discordances something very like the real dimensions of many of the most carefully constructed portions of the Pyramid, we must, for the present at least, leave this previous publication unexamined. The result of his inquiry had been, however, to convince him that something could yet be done to attain certainty where discrepancies were so glaring: and he determined to make the attempt himself. The whole narrative, though it records occasional intervals of comfort, and one or two brief moments of delighted surprise, is one of perpetual struggle against difficulties of every description. Official lukewarmness and imbecility, tempestuous weather in the Bay of Biscay, Arab indolence and knavery, crowds of vulgar sight-seers, promised instruments unsent, extortionate charges, and the fever of the country, form but a few units of the phalanx of opponents through which this dauntless explorer steadily fought his way.

When Professor Smyth, accompanied by his indomitable wife, arrived in Egypt, with twenty-seven large cases full of measuring and photographic apparatus, he found that a great deal of preliminary work was necessary before getting to the Pyramids at all. An interview with the Pacha, to whom he presented a memorial indicating the nature and extent of the State assistance without which he would have been unable to carry out his schemes of measurement, led to his introduction to Mariette Bey, a remarkable Frenchman, 'Officer in charge of the Antiquities of Egypt.' The following account of the formation of the museum at Cairo is not calculated to tickle the vanity of Europeans:—

'He had been distressed, and deeply, at seeing the remnants of ancient Egypt for ages ill-treated by the natives of almost every country. For years and years no one from Europe had visited the time-honoured valley, but to see what and how many art-memorials he or they could carry away. Belzoni was a well-intending individual; but we are inclined to doubt his advanced position in ethics, when he expresses contempt for the fellahs of Egypt, because, merely, they ceased to appropriate statues and columns on finding there was no actual gold inside them. He, Belzoni, flattered himself that he belonged to a higher civilisation; for, knowing what golden prices the said sculptured remains would bring in the Parisian market, he carried

them off in scores : or, he knew a reason for stealing, and stole accordingly. European Governments also competed in theft with private individuals, until from the largest obelisks down to minute signet-rings the treasures of Egypt became scattered over the earth ; and the "monumental land" itself seemed to be in danger of lapsing at last into the pre-monumental and entirely unliterary condition of either South Africa or Australia.

'It was time, thought M. Mariette, that the pillagings of the ancient country should cease ; and by first displaying his own collection of antiquities in the form of a Public Museum, and then calling the attention of the authorities in a variety of ways to the case, he got them both to adopt his Museum as the nucleus of a national one for Egypt, and at once to stop by law the exportation of native antiquities to other countries. He himself too was appointed to look to the safety of all the monuments, and also to conduct any excavations which the real interests of science might demand ; in fact, to carry out his own system, in which the Museum formed a necessary part ; for thereto were carried all the very small articles discovered, and which, if left at the place of their discovery, might be easily stolen. Nothing, too, but such portable curiosities were ever taken there, and no destruction of any large monument has at any time been made, in order that the Museum might have specimens to exhibit.

"How different," says M. Renan, who was in Egypt at the time of our visit, and has published his ideas on Egyptian antiquities in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for April 1865,— "how different is all this from the Egyptian Museum at Berlin ; for while that collection of the late Prussian king was formed by carrying the saw and the hatchet among precious monuments, which, since the passage of M. Lepsius, have offered nothing but the aspect of destruction, the inappreciable Museum of Cairo has never required the demolition of the least morsel of a building." It encloses, in fact, only loose, and in size minor subjects of antiquarian interest.'

Our author has, like M. Renan, a holy horror of all Prussians and their 'annexations.' Witness the calm concentrated scorn of the following passage, which is not the only specimen of the kind in the work :—

'Many therefore are the inscriptions, and inscriptions upon inscriptions,—for these inscribers are no great respecters of each other,—in this neighbourhood ; yet none of their handiworks can compete in size with that of Dr. Lepsius, who has held forth at enormous length in praise of the virtues of the late King of Prussia, on the highest and westernmost of these remarkable blocks. That inscription is indeed noble in the space which it occupies, but the site of it must have been rather unhappily chosen by the courtly philologist ; for, in the few short years that have intervened, there would seem to have been torrents of rain, "rainless" though the region be generally termed, torrents that have brought vilifying streams of mud from the upper masonry right through the centre of the modern hieroglyphics ; nay,

worse still has happened, for certain obscene birds of night, for their own foul ends, have presumed to take a particular fancy to that neighbourhood; and, by a style of marking peculiar to themselves, have made confusion more confounded.'

Or the following :—

'Thus, as to where granite is first to be met with, a thorough read scholar may prefer Baron Bunsen for his deep German learning,¹ against the world of British observers; and will put every such mere mechanical man down at once with the well-turned sentence, from pp. 164 and 165 in volume ii. of the noble *Egypt's Place in Universal History*,—declaring the whole Queen's chamber of the Great Pyramid, whose salt-bearing limestone we have already treated of, both from observation, touch, and taste,—“to be entirely built of granite.”'

The following neatly veiled sarcastic remarks on Humboldt are admirably introduced, and hit off to a nicety the scientific charlatanism of that otherwise notable man :—

'Let our readers only refer to the Travels of that excellent and most able man, Dr. Clarke, in 1800, the Cambridge Humboldt of his day, and read his theory of the Pyramid.

'The worthy Dr. Clarke, then, not having seen *through* the rubbish heap, totally disbelieved any other entrance into the northern face of the Pyramid, than the one entrance passage proper; and, as that was in so strange a position to modern European ideas, being so high above the base, and so far east of the central vertical line, it could not have been hit on, he argued, by accident at the very first shot of the excavators. *Therefore* there were no excavators, and never had been any; and least of all, any ignorant fellows bearing the name of Khaliph Al Mamoon, son of the Khaliph Haroon Al Rasheed,—but the passage must have been left open by the original builders, or their immediate successors, and must have remained open ever since.

'But we need not follow any further the Doctor's argument, which, with the instability of an inverted Pyramid, or standing on its apex, rests entirely on the assumption of the non-existence of a certain second entrance, which any one whatever can now, without any learning at all, see does exist; and, in fact, may feel too, by the draught on a windy day.'

But enough of this, for the subject is not a pleasant one; yet it will be some consolation to ruffled Prussian self-love to find that the French, and even the poor Danes, have their share in at least the general, if not the particular, denunciations of Vandalism.

The less extensive of two schemes of preparation for the examination of the Pyramid, which were submitted to the

¹ "Germans, who in all matters of research are immeasurably before the English: exhausting a subject."—L. A. Brooke's *Life of Rev. F. W. Robertson*, vol. i. p. 321.

Viceroy, was approved by him, and orders were soon given for carrying it into effect. The scheme consisted of such items as Government permission to reside in tombs or tents near the building, loan of tents, protection to life and property, and a general cleaning of the interior of the Pyramid. The absolute necessity for the latter condition is abundantly evident from the amusing details with which we are furnished as to the immense accumulation, not merely of sand and stones, etc., but of an almost impalpable dust which was raised in clouds by the slightest disturbance, and remained for a long time suspended in the air, interfering almost as much with comfortable breathing as with precise measurement or even photographic processes. In addition to these favours, the Viceroy granted conveyance for the whole party, instruments, etc., to and from the Pyramid, and ordered the villages in the neighbourhood to furnish constant supplies of food at the usual market prices. This last piece of attention appears to have been found of especial value. In Egypt, generally, during the period of Professor Smyth's work, cotton seems to have become omnipotent; every one dabbled in speculations connected with it, to the sad neglect of ordinary agriculture, and with the almost certain result of aggravating to a fearful extent the ravages of cholera, when, a few months later, it broke out in the country. The expense of living in Cairo while waiting for Government assistance, the miserable squalor and filth of a city which has been lauded for its loveliness and its delights, the ignorant rudeness of the greedy cotton merchants, are all described in lively terms. The hiring of servants to work at the Pyramid, paying them wages and 'baksheesh' as a retaining fee, for weeks, while nothing was being done, and the decamping of the scoundrels just before work commenced in earnest, seem thoroughly Oriental; so unlike are they to anything that would be tolerated in the West. Equally so is the mode in which the servant takes the pay, and in complacent idleness watches his younger brothers doing his work for him without any wages at all. There is much here that we are tempted to extract, but we must refrain, as we are yet hardly over the threshold.

Our travellers were delayed at Cairo for some days after they were finally prepared to start, by the descent from the upper country of the reserve inundation water, and the consequent flooding of the plains. Professor Smyth is thus led to make some shrewd remarks upon the properties of the Nile mud, and the Egyptian soil, showing how it is enabled to bear copious crops, in a country where no rain falls, by its thorough saturation once a year. In connexion with this subject there are some curious observations on the number of wells in Egypt, and on the

temperature of the water raised from them, which deserve attention.

Here is the first glimpse of the Pyramids:—

‘Something else too could be said in favour of Egypt, wet, as we saw her then, viz., the colour and force of the landscape in a picturesque point of view. How frequently do we in many travellers’ books meet with Egyptian views, characterized by being hard and red; or all red and yellow, in light tints too that weary themselves with sameness, and are flat, flat without air or distance. But now to the north-west, what a scene! The Pyramids of Jeezeh on their far-off desert-hill; the Great Pyramid fully revealed with its confusion of sepulchres on the steep below, and underneath that again, on the flat-tened plain, a few thin fretted lines of distant villages with their beloved date-palms just showing their crowned heads. The second Pyramid is also visible, but half-concealed by large palm-trees in the middle distance; and the third, conspicuous enough with an undulating Libyan background, but too small to interfere with the notability and majesty of that one of the three which all the world has long agreed to call the Great Pyramid. How far off through a tenderly illumined atmosphere are all these monuments of the past; and how much farther by the aid of the tinted hills, and intervening plains and distant villages hardly to be made out but by telescopic gaze. And then came the strangely pronounced forms of the waving fronds of lofty palms in middle distance, with the sun’s light striking full amongst them,—eclipsing some in rays of golden splendour, and again eclipsed itself in their deep purple shadows below; while, lower and nearer still, the eye wanders over long reaches of the dark-brown wetted plain; dark almost to intense blackness, yet always in some rich tint of Vandyke brown or chocolate-colour, that gradually lightens and brightens up to the more immediate foreground, with its tumultuous river of yellow waters and sentinels of snow-white, crane-like birds; reminding one of the mediæval traveller’s description,—that “about this Ryvere Nyle ben manye briddes and fowles, or Sikonyes that thei clepen Ibes;” for this fair bright egret is the nearest living representative here of the ancient ibis, and is equally a friend to, and confiding in, man.

‘On the opposite side, again, or to the south-west all gorgeous with the rays of the setting sun falling full in its direction, what force and power are given to all the nearer and middle distances by these mellow browns of the overflowed land; and then beyond them comes the end of a village into the view, its mud-hovels illuminated so resplendently on one side, and throwing shadows so pronounced on the other, as to look like some natural fortifications improved by ancient kings. Beyond still, and south of these forms again, what distance is expressed in the dark green plain, where woods of date-palms rise behind woods of date-palms; each mellowing gradually into the far-off air, like the successive elm rows of the more fertile parts of England, when seen from an occasional height. But here the vision does not finish yet

with these faint small forms; for beyond all the distance that mere tree-covered slopes and leafy vales can make manifest, rise to view, on the eastern or Arabian side of the Nile, the exquisitely aerial lilacs and blues of the Mokattam Hills. From their gaunt and serried sides were brought, four thousand years ago, the most compact of the blocks for building the Pyramid, and still they furnish the corner-stones and pavements for modern palaces in Cairo; and we can distinguish even from this spot the square and more determined angles of their composition over all the other hills, and see too the warrior faces of many a noble cliff, which lighten up for a moment into a golden glow with the last look of the sun upon them; and then only blues and aerial greys are seen encompassing their forms, while evening hastens to fall over the whole valley.'

The celebrated Sphinx does not seem to have excited much admiration, perhaps on account of the engrossing interest Professor Smyth felt in the Pyramids; aided, no doubt, by his belief that the Great Pyramid is the only non-idolatrous structure of ancient Egypt.

The following is almost contemptuous:—

'It is what we had been noticing for some time past, but could hardly believe in its paltriness and complete distinction from the Pyramids. It is vertically under the Great Pyramid certainly, but so far under, as to be three times nearer the base than the top of that long table-formed hill, on whose summit not only the Great, but all the other Pyramids of Jeezeh, are situated. In fact, the Sphinx appears to us to be vulgarly shoved in at the base of the hills, merely to be away from the cultivated land, just like any trifling modern tomb! The head and face are visibly reddish, the neck and line of the back white, on the yellow sand; while a clump of plane-trees and a group of date-palms close in front of it, add another proof of how far below the eternal drought and solitude of the Pyramids, the said Sphinx must be.

'At length, after heading the "Southern Causeway," and passing the trees with a dervish's well amongst them, we reach the man-monster, the andro-Sphinx as it has always been, though some writers will still call it "she;" . . . the Horem-hou, the biggest, if not also the oldest, idol in the world.'

Although, to all appearance, the Sphinx belongs to a different age from the Great Pyramid, yet as they are generally associated in the minds of Europeans, it may be interesting to quote some farther remarks upon the monster, especially since we now obtain something like accurate information regarding its enormous dimensions.

'Having taken two photographs of the Sphinx from different quarters, with measuring-rods placed up against it to give the scale, I find they indicate the following numbers rudely,—

	Feet.
Head, height of from bottom of chin to top of forehead, . . .	= 19
„ horizontal diameter on level of forehead, . . .	= 23
„ circumference, at do., . . .	= 72
„ horizontal diameter near broadest part of wig, . . .	= 29
„ circumference, at do., . . .	= 91
Neck, height of, . . .	= 5
„ horizontal diameter, . . .	= 22
„ circumference, . . .	= 69
Breast, height of portion visible above sand, . . .	= 13
Whole height at present above sand, . . .	= 37

‘How much in depth is beneath the sand, of course our photographs tell not, but it may be nearly as much as what is above; or, judging from Mr. Salt’s drawings, taken at the time of Captain Caviglia’s notable excavations down to the fore-paws, it may be somewhat more. Such therefore must have been the height of the original limestone cliff which was chiselled out, as it stood, into this leonine monster; for it is reported to be all firm rock, except the two horizontal fore-paws, each fifty feet long and constructed in masonry.

‘Why and wherefore many travellers will go on calling this Sphinx “she,” when there is nothing feminine about it, and when every large Sphinx yet found in Egypt has been an “andro-sphinx;” or, according to Sir Gardner Wilkinson, “an emblematical representation of the king, uniting intellect and physical force,” we cannot conceive. Yet they still persist; and the last Scottish minister who described his gallop through the Holy Land for the benefit of his parishioners, and had of course taken Cairo and the Pyramids in the grand tour, uses the expression roundly; as likewise does the last appointed United States consul to a Syrian station, who equally, or still more of course, must go the prescribed circle,—and then write out the impressions acquired, to enable his not yet travelling countrymen, while improving their lands in the new West, to realize mentally the decayed scenes of the ancient East. Still more remarkably, a French author of genius, whom we recently fell in with, perpetually raves of the beauty and seductive air of the “*fille*,” and “*demoiselle*,” who sits at the foot of the Pyramids in mystery sublime,—proposing to the men, who are enchained by her charms, impossible problems, and then making them feel, when too late for escape, the sharpness of her cruel claws.

‘George Sandys also, two centuries earlier, was under much the same error, describing “the Colossus, as wrought into the form of an Ethiopian woman, the face something disfigured by time, or indignation of the Moores, detesting images;” wherefore the present sad breakage and flattening of the nose is by no means a very modern mischief. “Colossus” was the usual name in Sandys’ time, though he admits that some men “do call it a Sphinx,” and Pliny “gives it a belly; which I know not how to reconcile unto the truth, unless the sand do cover the remainder;” but of that Sandys must have assured himself afterwards, as he confidently speaks of the upper part of the Sphinx representing a “maide,” and the lower a lion, in order to “defigure the increase of the River, then rising when the Sunne is in Leo and Virgo.”

'The fact is, we must dismiss from our minds entirely all classic prejudices, and no more think of explaining this great Egyptian Sphinx, by the long subsequent Greek successor at Bœotian Thebes, than by means of the talking seal at Mr. Barnum's show in New York; for they belong to totally different ages, and diverse-minded peoples. If, too, this colossal andro-sphinx has no kingly beard now, that is because what *was* there originally, has been broken off amongst other modern dilapidations; but the sculptured blocks which formed it, have been found in the sand; and the accompaniment is given complete in the hieroglyphic *views* of the Sphinx, discovered by M. Caviglia on the tablets forming the small temple between its paws. But over and above that testimony, the massive build of the jaws bespeaks not only a man, but a very powerful one; while the lamentable protrusion of the lower part of the face, combined with the low forehead, and large, as well as badly-placed ear, show a decidedly evil and animal-minded disposition, to which the huge wig adds no idea of fine æsthetic perceptions.'

Having made a general reconnaissance of the Pyramid hill and its neighbourhood, the party selected for their temporary abode certain tombs in the eastern side of the hill, which had thirty years before been occupied by Howard Vyse. With various necessities, and even luxuries, brought from Europe, a good deal of extemporized carpentry, and careful stopping up of possible snake-holes with clay, a comparatively cool and comfortable residence was prepared. Other neighbouring excavations served, one as kitchen (wherein the grave old Ibraheem concocted wondrous dishes, and perpetual coffee), another as workshop and storehouse for instruments. This dwelling being about half-way up the cliff, and accessible from above or from below only, was guarded at night by three firelock-men at the top of the cliff and three at the foot, whose constant talk (usually about money, and the mighty things they would do with a fortune when they got it) seems not to have been peculiarly adapted to soothe their wards to slumber. These men were, however, along with all the inhabitants of the district, suddenly deprived of their guns by the Governor of Jeezeh, who was of course delighted to seize the opportunity furnished by an accidental shot which unfortunately killed a young girl, one of the guests at a wedding-dance. How his guards were armed in future, Professor Smyth tells us:—

'So then there was still much grumbling at East Tombs: and Reis Atfee came again and again to groan out disconsolate sentences as to its being a very bad affair; that no guns were left in the village; and how could he go out to shoot wild-ducks for the lady, when his gun was in the Governor of Jeezeh's strong room?

‘ But to all these remarks, we offered only moral-philosophy forms of consolation; and were indeed, in our secret minds, extremely glad that an end had been put to that eternal firing of guns, that had gone on every night, and almost all night, in different parts of the plain, ever since the close of Ramadan, and up to the evening of Smyne’s ill-starred dancing-party. The men of the night-guard, too, contrived to furnish themselves with some sort of weapons; and one big, long-armed man brought a huge-knobbed stick, with rusty headless nails driven purposely only about half way in, forming one of the most diabolical-looking weapons that ever a savage wielded; and the wretch described, gloatingly, what the effect was, when the jagged knob was brought round with a great swing, which he showed us how he was in the habit of delivering upon a man’s head in the dark,—playing havoc and destruction with that realm, wherein nature has enclosed reason and placed her on a throne, but whence a wild Arab is ever ready to let her out.’

Thus established, the party proceeded at once to work, but were sadly interfered with during almost the whole of their stay. The first important difficulty which occurred was the great Mohammedan fast, or Ramadan, which seems to tell with considerable effect on these poor savages, putting them into a state of chronic discomfort, and disqualifying them from steady work by the ‘tyranny of a fixed idea,’ as well as by bodily torture. There are many curious observations on this subject well worth reading; but our limits prevent a quotation here, though we had marked more than one passage for the purpose. Another terrible difficulty, and one which might have proved of serious consequence to the value of all the results obtained, was caused, it seems, by a great optician at home. Names are not given, and we have not the slightest means of conjecturing who is referred to, but we fancy that he can hardly feel very comfortable when he reads this manly though plaintive protest. We give it at full length, for Professor Smyth deserves not merely credit for what he has done, but sympathy for the painful discouragements under which he did it:—

‘This complete reference system was what was intended; but alas for the man of small means who requires any original instruments of his own, to be made by a great optician! There may be, and indeed there are, some opticians whose word may be taken, and performance trusted, as well as those of any other class of business men; but in dealing with your very great opticians, all ordinary ideas are transcended. He was a notable optician of whom the story is told, that when he had on one occasion sent home a telescope ordered by a customer,—he was complimented as being true to the day, but wrong in the year,—though the story does not say how many years he was

behind his promised date. And of greater opticians, still more extraordinary stories are told; so that even Royal Observatories must consent to wait until "*los grandes artistas*," of a recent Spanish bulletin, may be pleased to redeem their promises.

Something of this characteristic doubtless arises, from the peculiar demands of the optical profession for almost superhuman mechanical accuracy; or certainly for greater truth and refinement of work than was ever attained to before, by any man under the sun. Though whether it is to be the greatest also that ever *will* be obtained, is the practical problem to be solved; and in deference to which, all ordinary attention to common punctuality, appears to sink into nothingness; and a peculiar state of mind is developed, dissatisfied with a shade; and either recommencing *de novo*, just when a structure was thought by others to be complete; or apparently idling over unfinished work, but really thinking how the next step is to be accomplished, and in some manner, perhaps, never before realized by mortal hand, or brain either.

'With the splendid living practitioner, however, in fine metals, to whom application had been made for the finishing off of our Pyramid-measuring apparatus, I had believed that where his mind was excited with the scientific importance of a subject, he would struggle to keep his appointments,—and had therefore sent him a copy of *Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid* in the summer of 1864, before detailing the orders for what was required. He had taken to the project, too, very kindly; even to twice visiting Edinburgh, where he had discussed by day the instruments to be made, and by night the probable history of the Pyramid. Time however passed away after that, time long enough to have made the whole apparatus again and again; and when, with everything else duly prepared and packed up for the voyage to Egypt, I wrote to him to send me his contribution that it might be examined at home,—he replied that he would go across the country with it the following week and give it to me at Liverpool when embarking: concluding his letter, though, by asking a question about the microscope beam-compass, which showed it had not been begun, in fact never thought about during all the interval.

'But then this man was a born genius among opticians; and where genius is concerned, no one else must presume to say what its flights may not attain to; and I still hoped that in presence of the practical necessity of the case, the gentleman concerned would outdo even himself, and successfully finish everything in a manner that would make his name favourably connected with Pyramid mensuration. And sure enough he did come to Liverpool with three boxes of apparatus, which I was asked in the haste and inconvenience of a railway station to examine, approve of, and there and then accept as a fulfilling of the long previous order.

'A number of the articles certainly were remarkably well got up, and moderately charged; but when we came to the reference scale, some doubtful features began to appear; and by the time the stone

standard and microscope-compass were reached, I was compelled to take formal objection; for the order had been entirely departed from, and something produced which would not work. But the good ship "*Thessalia*" delayed her sailing for several days, in order that she might load up some hideous big iron boilers on her deck; both to the consternation of her captain and sailors,—who, in the ensuing voyage, were nearly sent to the bottom thereby,—and to the utter straining of every iron plate in her frame; to an extent also, which it is devoutly to be hoped the good people at Lloyds' will find out, and charge the wealthy owners with treble insurance rates ever after,—receiving in return the thanks of "all who travel by sea;"—during these few days therefore of grace to him, our first of modern opticians promised to rectify the microscope-compass. But again he brought it up imperfect, and saw it was imperfect, and that the stone scale also was not the sort of stone scale I had intended to be guided by during Pyramid measures; so there was nothing for it, at the last moment of setting sail for Alexandria, but to hand him back that part of the apparatus, with full instructions how to alter it; appoint him a month to alter it in, and then send it out to Egypt after me,—under penalty of ten shillings per day for every day's delay after the month should be expired. Paid, therefore, for the instruments he *had* finished, and finished well, the full amount charged,—the great optician, after a little wincing, signed the deed, and took home both stone standard and microscope-compass; promising again and again, to have every desired alteration performed upon them; and then to get them sent out so speedily, that they would arrive in Egypt before I could well have reached the Pyramids, or been inconvenienced to any extent by the absence of such important apparatus.

'On this faith, therefore, it was that my wife and I had set sail in November 1864, without the veritable keystone of our measuring system; but in such full trust of immediately receiving it, that we never for one instant paused in our onward progress of occupying the ground at the Pyramids, and beginning whatever measures were locally possible. But we did not know fully, what it was to have to deal with a genius. For into whose mind except that of a genius, and indeed a most magnificent one, of the optical instrument-making class, would it ever have entered,—after those trying scenes in Liverpool, and with a copy of the one-month penalty paper in his pocket,—to return innocently to his Downshire home, and not look at the instruments concerned, for *three* whole months!

'Yet such was the case; and there were we, at East Tombs,—week after week, and month after month, in a rising temperature, and with our wooden measuring-rods altering in length,—writing frantically to our agents at Alexandria to inquire everywhere, and from all the Liverpool ships in particular, if no instrument-box had arrived for us, marked for immediate despatch. But of course there was nothing of the sort; and from the time we had left the Mersey and plunged into the stormy seas beyond,—rolling in the troughs of the waves at the

mercy of those big boilers on deck,¹ and in the midst of some of the very worst of weather of all that autumn and winter,—we had been cut off from the whole British world by an impervious bank of more than Cimmerian darkness; and might as well have drifted out on the ocean in an open boat, for any help received from whence it had been expected, or sympathy from those amongst whom it might have been demanded. But fate eventually was kind; and the Arabs, under the wholesome control of a strong Egyptian Government, were a sufficiently respectable, though not very instructed, set to be amongst for a time.' . . .

'Among those who are fastidious about accurate measuring scales, though not to the very highest requirements of science, there is a great appreciation of wood, when used in the direction of its fibre, and that fibre straight, dry, and well-seasoned; wherefore they find, that good sound deal is about as trusty a substance as can be employed; and the question is only, among different examples of it, to pick out the most shapely in grain and thoroughly seasoned. Now a friend in Manchester, who had taken a special scientific interest in this proposed visit to the Pyramid, had advised me last autumn of certain old organ pipes, recently taken out of an organ, dating from the reign of good Queen Anne; old enough therefore to have dried most thoroughly: and composed of such admirably straight-grained wood, that one of his friends was making measuring-rods of it; and found,—that when they had been covered with copal varnish, they were "unchangeable." My kind friend, moreover, did not stop here, but procured a slice, one hundred and five inches long, five inches broad, and three-quarters of an inch thick, wherewith to construct the important reference scale for Pyramid measuring in 1865. This precious example, therefore, dating from England's Augustan age, was duly handed over in the rough to the great optician; and re-appeared under his auspices with many fine fittings, at Liverpool, when the long bar-box was opened there.

"It looks very dark?" said I.

"Oh, that's the drying oil," replied he, "which has been rubbed into it."

"Oil!" I exclaimed, with a pang of anticipated horror; "what made you think of rubbing in oil, when you were asked to coat it with copal varnish?"

"But what," he persisted, "could be better than oil; when, mark you, it is drying oil?"

"That may be," was answered, "but it is not dry yet; and oil has the effect of moisture in revivifying vegetable fibres: nullifying therein, too, all the good effects of age for mensuration purposes. Just as when you take at the Cape of Good Hope, the old, dry, and closed-up head of seed-vessels belonging to a certain plant, dip it into water, and lo! in ten seconds it softens, swells, twists, and presently expands into

¹ 'A species of cargo unknown in Utopia; and in any other state where the lives of seamen are valued by Government and the people more highly than a few £ s. d. of freight.'

what,—though scentless, brown, dead, and no flower,—they prettily call the *rose of Jericho*."

'At the time,—I concealed most of my grief and apprehension; but on afterwards finding,—even in the shaded recesses of the instrument tomb,—that the oiled scales were still sticky, and the Queen Anne's organ reference scale was not only curling up like a shaving, but had in a few weeks become twisted in the very plane of its breadth by a whole inch-and-a-quarter,—I could no longer think of using it for its original destination; and even ventured an idea, for indulging in which I trust to be forgiven, respecting the greatest genius of modern opticians,—and to the effect, that his future portion may be amongst the roses, of that ancient and celebrated city which has just been mentioned.'

Finally, and worst of all, the Travellers. They must have been a frightful nuisance, for over and over again in these volumes we read of them, their vulgar ignorance, their offensive curiosity,—in a word, their utter snobbishness. Swarming in crowds into the narrow passages of the Pyramid, each gaping idiot pushed or dragged along by a couple of Arabs, they knocked over cameras and measuring-rods, laid hold of Professor Smyth's exquisite clinometer to steady themselves, and finally drove him out of the Pyramid for hours at a time every day of his stay. Inside and outside he found the Pyramid littered with broken bottles, greasy scraps of paper that had held 'desecrating' luncheons, and 'incredible quantities' of other refuse of 'gormandizing operations.' Inside, the floors of the passages are covered with candle-grease, the roofs grimed with smoke, and the walls 'cut, carved, hacked, painted and marked in various ways' with innumerable names. Britons and Yankees seem to be equally numerous, and equally disgusting. But there was one party of Yankees whose snobbishness seems to have exceeded anything that Professor Smyth observed among the European visitors. We quote his description, not because it is pleasant even to read of such things, but because it shows that the favourite form of petty spite against the gallant Confederates, which was regarded by some Yankees as a piece of genuine smartness, is in reality as old as it is contemptible. Besides, by an odd transition, it leads us to one of the most singular of Professor Smyth's ideas about the Pyramid.

'Suddenly, about day-break or soon after, when, too, the thermometer had gone down to 49°,—the clouds quickly cleared away, the moon was seen setting red and disk-like just over the northern foot of that far-off western Pyramid (?), which we will venture to call, until a better claim be established, "*Dr. Leider's Pyramid*,"—a round of azimuth angles was hastily taken; the sun's level rays began to strike in our eyes; and, in a moment more, "*the travellers*" were

upon us,—one party indeed arriving after another in almost endless succession.

‘ Their attendant Arabs all came up to shake us very powerfully by the hand, as being old friends of theirs, and long since free of the Pyramid; but alas! to see the so-called “travellers!” The same genus of men who used to cut such mad pranks within the four walls of the King’s chamber below, and delighted to bang the coffer so mercilessly, and insult “King Cheops’ gravestone;” now, they were as quiet as mice; just looked faintly round for a minute or two; turned pale on going near the edge of the platform; a weaker-stomached brother brought up his breakfast or last night’s supper,—and then they were gone again; but only after expressing many fears, as to how they were ever to be able to make the descent. They might, therefore, have afterwards described their experiences most truly in the words of Dr. Veryard, A.D. 1701, who writes,—“We descended from the top of the Great Pyramid the same way, but with far greater hazard than when we came up; as well by reason of the bad way, as the *Terrour* with which the precipice struck us.” The *Sieur du Mont* has likewise hit off the feelings of many of these travellers, when he says, “But he who can look to the bottom of the steps without amazement, may justly boast the strength of his head; for my part, I must confess I was struck with so much *horror* when I cast my eye downward, that I was hardly sensible of any pleasure in viewing so great a variety of objects.”

‘ An enthusiastic party of Americans was, however, capable of more work, though they did not stay up much longer. But in that short space of time, they had arranged themselves into a meeting on constitutional principles of Anglo-Saxon derivation, with a chairman, secretary, and audience; wherein a resolution was proposed, seconded, and carried unanimously, to the effect,—“that whereas this here pile whips everything in the way of building we’ve seen in all our grand tour through the used-up, worn-out world,—yet we calculate King Cheops, its builder, must have been such a horrid old tyrant and cruel oppressor of the people, that it is hereby resolved, by us free and independent citizens of the *Unyted States*,—that, ‘we *won’t* give him a cheer.’ ”

‘ After which expression of most decided opinion, and offering the thanks of the meeting to their excellent chairman, for his well-balanced conduct and impartial attitude on his very elevated seat,—the gentlemen liquored up, the ladies, as they bashfully expressed it, “consented just to take a swallow,” and the whole party disappeared down the steep slope of the Pyramid much more quickly than they had come up;—every man of them, though, with little Confederate flags picked out on the soles of their boots, so that they might have the pleasure of trampling on the hated ensign of the South wherever they went.

‘ A Yankee notion this, with a vengeance; and it had been reckoned, we were afterwards informed, when first produced in Boston two or three years previously, to be not only “considerable ‘cute,” but

"decidedly *ahead* of anything that had ever been invented in the Old World in such a cause." Yet Sir Gardner Wilkinson writes, at page 366, vol. iii. 3d edit., of his *Ancient Egyptians*, touching certain royal sandals from Thebes, that they "were frequently lined with cloth, on which the figure of a captive was painted; that humiliating position being considered suited to the enemies of their country, whom they hated and despised,—an idea agreeing perfectly with the expression which so often occurs in the hieroglyphic legends, accompanying a king's name, when his valour and victories are recorded on the sculptures: 'You have trodden the impure Gentiles under your powerful feet.'"

'In still more ancient times too, than those of the above extract,—which probably applies to the eighteenth or nineteenth dynasties,—is it described of King Shofu, or Cheops, of the Great Pyramid itself, that he caused to be engraved on the public roads the figures of the gods of Egypt, "in order that they might be trodden under foot both by man and beast."

'Yet why that primeval king wished them to be so trodden, has never been fully settled. The world, indeed, content to take his character from his enemies only, has for thousands of years gone readily enough into the damning sentence,—that it was because he, Cheops, was an *atheist*; and have even added latterly, that if the temples of Thebes are to be looked on as monuments of idolatry,—the Pyramids of Jeezeh, where no sculptured figures of any species, of either gods, saints, or demons, appear,—are to be held as demonstrations and durable records of the *infidelity* of the kings under whom they were built!

'Yet the open-mouthed world has not been always right, on momentous questions of religious faith; and it may be, following the improvement inaugurated by the late John Taylor, viz., the method of considering all the facts from a Christian point of view, that the real reason was,—that King Cheops, being no atheist, but on the contrary, a zealous, and Elijah-like worshipper of the one true God in spirit and in truth—took every method which was open to him, for trying to wean his besotted subjects from their degrading animal-worship; and for showing them practically that their gods, in whom they trusted, were no gods.'

We must make one more somewhat lengthy extract before we proceed to examine the strictly scientific portions of the work. But the reader must not on any account fancy that we are picking out the best parts of the book. On the contrary, where there is so much that is fresh and racy, the difficulty is to refrain from quoting. Had we printed all that we had marked as well worth quoting, there would have been no room left us to enter on the real work of the expedition. In fact the first of the three volumes, with its 563 pages, is a charming medley of travels, science, and politics, of history ancient and modern,

and above all of gossip : throughout expressed in singularly lively and occasionally grotesque language. We have met with very few books of its kind which can be compared with it for general interest and readability. But, as we have given some of the Scottish Astronomer-Royal's well-deserved animadversions upon the conduct and opinions of certain Prussians, it is only fair to show that when he finds cause he deals quite as rigorously with his own countrymen. We do not care to inquire whether he is fully borne out by facts ; every man will judge the question according to his own views and sympathies : we wish to show that Professor Smyth having, rightly or wrongly, formed an opinion for or against his own, or any other, country, comes manfully forward and states it in his own forcible language. Through the whole of this work, and, we may add, in all his writings, this is most abundantly evident. How painful the contrast when we read the works of almost any other author, whether British or foreign ! It is curiously suggestive to find cherished historical and national recollections dealt with as follows :—

‘ When they therefore arrived at the Pyramids, and began to observe for themselves in a more accurate manner than had ever been attempted before,—soon one discovery followed another, and high scientific ideas began to be entertained touching what other men had looked upon only as tombs. Thus too, the world might have arrived long since, at a full knowledge of the meaning of the most remarkable work of ancient men,—had not the British Government rushed in perfectly needlessly ; confusing all those learned researches ; and doing so, at an expense of many millions of money, as well as thousands of lives of Britain's sons who could ill be spared, and whose unaccomplished careers upon earth will never be made up to their nation.

“ But was it needless,” does any one ask, “ to send out our great military expedition to Egypt under Sir Ralph Abercromby, when Britain was engaged in a life-and-death struggle with France, and therefore bound to oppose that power in every possible manner, and especially to check each movement of her rising chieftain, Bonaparte ? ”

“ Yes, perfectly needless,” we reply, after hearing local particulars, and feeling some of the climatic circumstances. Because, the two warlike ends quoted above, would have been served infinitely better by our not having sent out a single soldier, and merely letting matters in Egypt alone, and keeping them so. For how stood the case ?—the French army was at the time completely cut off from its parent country by our command of the sea ; its stores exhausted, its arms and uniforms all in ruin, daily harassed and thinned by more or less fighting with Turks, who were continually increasing in numbers as those of the French were decreasing ; sickening also with a desire to return home that could not be gratified, and growing daily in hatred against

the general who had brought them to such a country, and then deserted them. In fact, if they had been simply left there for many years more, the majority would have been killed or died off, and the few survivors,—become rabid anti-Bonapartists,—would have taken peaceful service in British ships, or accepted any sort of occupation to escape.

‘Even as it was, when we had been slaughtering them in battle, and they killing too many of our soldiers in return, and we engaged to take them back to their own country in our ships,—it is recorded by Dr. Clarke that the detachment of French troops, ragged and miserable, sent on board his brother’s man-of-war, the “*Braakel*,” would do anything to ingratiate themselves with the British officers and men; and, amongst other voluntary demonstrations, got up a band, which used to play night and morning, “*God save the King*,”—George, of course; and all who could speak any English, *would* make a special point of giving the line, “*Send him victorious*,” with extraordinary enthusiasm, for it was in fact their only hope of getting out of Egypt.

‘Perfectly needless, therefore, even for its expressed purposes, which *may* be considered patriotic, but not very philanthropic, was the English Government’s first murderous expedition to Egypt; and then it was besides, obstructive to the cause both of science and local social improvement. For the French army had been engaged all the time in giving the most important and deeply required lessons on respect for Europeans, to the overbearing Orientals of the most anarchical country on the face of the earth,—while their *savants* were unrolling the history of the land’s primeval days.

‘England interfered with the progress of both these subjects, and took up neither of them herself. Not the scientific,—for though we did plunder the French of the “*antiques*” they had collected; the doing so, while the objects were on Egyptian soil, and then carrying them off to London,—can only be considered as an unrighteous plundering of Egypt herself; as well as a fatal entangling of ourselves with a peculiar thing of spoil, which brings us no blessing from any nation, while it excites against us the most revengeful feelings even still of our nearest neighbour. And not the social problem either was served,—for our dismal defeat on the second English expedition to Egypt at Rosetta, with the beheading there of whole lines of English soldiers by Turkish scimitars, and the carrying away of others to slavery or forced Mohammedanism,—went far towards removing in Oriental minds that grand lesson which the French had given them, when they overthrew the more powerful cavalry of the Mamelukes, even at the very epoch of their greatest strength and impetuosity; and made their battle of the Pyramids both a watchword of triumph to the soldiers of European training, and a classic reference in military annals and the literature of war for all future time.

‘Had the French army indeed occupied and ruled the country some time longer in their own manner, it is probable that the Osmanlees

would have looked on Europeans with even august respect; and our expedition to Rosetta in after years need not have taken place, or the losses our troops sustained there been incurred. What these were precisely, it is difficult now to estimate, as sufficiently evidenced by the following almost chance paragraph in Colonel Howard Vyse's first volume:—"Amongst other undertakings, a company of Greeks was employed in 1837 to weigh up a number of guns in the Bay of Aboukir, many of them English, and most probably lost in the unfortunate expedition under General Fraser, *of which no detailed account was ever published*. It was probably thought by the Ministry then in power, that the result of the expedition to the Dardanelles was sufficient to gratify public curiosity."

We now propose to give a short, but pretty complete, account of what is to be seen at and in the Pyramid—taking our facts mainly from Professor Smyth, but occasionally from Vyse and from the French *savants*. It is difficult to give, without figures, an intelligible description of an interior, but we hope our readers will be able easily to follow us. At present we have nothing to do with the object or design of the builders, we are merely concerned with what they actually did build. When this is made intelligible, we shall say a few words about the purposes which the Pyramid was probably intended to serve. And we hope that we shall not allow ourselves to be carried away by the opportunity of being virtuously indignant, and then vulgarly sarcastic, if we find that Professor Smyth's views on this subject since he has worked at the Pyramid are not precisely the same as those he advocated before he went to Egypt. To some minds an honest recantation appears pusillanimous.

The general process of Pyramid building, as described by Lepsius (who coolly claims it as his own, though we now know that it was explained to him for the first time by an English architect of the name of Wild, who accompanied his expedition), is somewhat as follows:—Immediately on his accession, an Egyptian king, having finished off, as will presently be explained, the sepulchre of his predecessor, proceeded to construct his own. A narrow gallery, dipping due south, and terminating in a subterranean chamber, is hewn in the solid rock. The inclination of this gallery is such that the sarcophagus, finally to be inserted, will easily (but not violently) slide down, for which purpose the most effective angle will be a little less than the angle of repose for the two materials of the sarcophagus and the rock. This subterranean work completed, the work above ground commences. Beginning above the tomb-chamber, but usually a little to the west of it, huge squared blocks are gradually accumulated during the reign of the king, keeping always nearly

to the form of a pyramid, with its base-sides almost in, and perpendicular to, the meridian. If the reign be a long one, and these blocks extend beyond the entrance to the sloping passage, the passage is carried on, at the same angle, through every successive course of the masonry, and may thus, at the finish of the pyramid, have its entrance raised considerably above ground. The king dies, the sarcophagus is slid down into the subterranean chamber, the passage is ingeniously blocked by a stone portcullis, or perhaps by several, the new king dresses flat the protruding edges of the mass of masonry, and, having thus finished the interment of his predecessor, commences his own tomb.

We may regard this as a pretty accurate account of what took place, although there are one or two points open to considerable question, such as the final dressing of the exterior, etc. But as these are not at present supposed to be of any consequence, so far as regards the theory of the Great Pyramid, we shall not here enter upon a discussion of them. The point to be observed is that, with the single exception of the Great Pyramid, all the chief Egyptian structures of that class are built on this type. There are, no doubt, cases in which a king has prepared the pyramid of one of his ancestors for his own interment, usually making a new entrance through the solid masonry. But the *single, subterranean*, chamber is in general the leading feature.

Even the Great Pyramid, in old times, was supposed to contain nothing but this. There is sufficient evidence that the subterranean chamber there, with its long sloping entrance gallery opening high up the north face, and considerably to the east of the centre, was known in Roman times. But the passage was gradually choked up, or its entrance concealed by sand or *débris*, so that when, more than a thousand years ago, Khaliph Al-Mamoun, the son of Haroun-al-Rasheed, excited by absurd legends of wondrous treasures said to be concealed within the building, determined to examine the interior, his workmen had to push their way slowly and laboriously through the solid stone. Day and night they wrought without intermission, till they had got a tunnel of nearly a hundred feet pierced; yet nothing was found. Heartily discouraged, and remembering the current story of an old king who was reported to have said that all the wealth of Egypt could not destroy one of the Pyramids, they were about to desist from their apparently hopeless task, when a most singular accident occurred. They heard distinctly the fall of a huge stone somewhere near them, and within the pile of masonry they had begun to fear was solid throughout. This encouraged them to persevere, and they soon

broke into the old passage which had been, as we have seen, known to the Romans. So far, they had merely achieved with immense toil what could easily have been accomplished in a short time by removing the rubbish which concealed the original entrance; and, but for a peculiar combination of circumstances, they would have discovered no more about the Pyramid than had been known long before, and was to be seen in every other Egyptian Pyramid. But the stone whose fall they had heard, and which had thus led them to the old passage, had done more. It must have been seriously shaken by their frantic exertions in piercing the solid masonry, for there is abundant evidence that it was supported so that nothing but extreme violence could have displaced it. It was one of the roofing stones of the lately described continuation (above ground) of the subterranean passage, and the particular stone on which abutted the granite portcullis which had been let down like a stopper to close entirely the entrance to the upper chambers of the Pyramid. Professor Smyth has discovered, in the peculiar flooring of the entrance passage, indications which would probably have been sufficient (as they were no doubt intended) in time to point out to a careful observer the fact that there was thereabouts some novelty to be inquired into. Be this as it may, accident too soon revealed the secret. Al-Mamoun's people, not being able to push back the granite stopper, continued their excavations so as to pass round and above it, and entered (for the first time in a pyramid) an *ascending* passage. Their disappointment and rage, when they found what they found, we need not describe. It was such that the Khaliph, despot as he was, was obliged to bury secretly a large sum of money, and allow his workers to find it. It was declared to be exactly the sum which had been spent on the excavations; so having, as they thought, neither gained nor lost, they gladly left the Pyramid to itself.

We must now endeavour to describe, as well as we can without drawings, this novelty in pyramid construction. Rising, still due south, from the granite portcullis, and at an angle of inclination almost exactly the same as that of the entrance passage, the first ascending passage is of workmanship, materials, and dimensions not very different from it, and leads to the second ascending passage or Grand Gallery, which is broader, seven times as high, and of more careful and exact workmanship. The direction is still due south, and the incline the same. From the upper end of the Grand Gallery we pass (still south) horizontally through a low passage to a small room called the Antechamber, whose peculiarities we shall presently

describe, and thence finally to the so-called King's Chamber, a magnificent apartment constructed of polished granite. The sole contents of this chamber consisted of an immense chest, coffer, or sarcophagus (for it has been called by all these names and more), constructed of a single granite block. Though there is no record of its ever having had a lid, it is obvious, even in its present shamefully chipped condition, that its western side was lower than the other three, and that they also are bevelled to the same level, so that a flat lid might be slid on from the west. But whereas the grooves in which the lid of a sarcophagus runs are such that, when the lid is clamped by sliding pins in its lower surface to one of the edges of the vessel, it is absolutely immovable: in the Pyramid coffer, the lid, if there ever was one, could at all times be raised vertically. It is singular that such men as the French *savants*, whose measurements were made with extraordinary care, and in general with great accuracy, should not have noticed this peculiarity, and should have described and figured the coffer as having all its upper edges on the same level. Professor Smyth was evidently quite unprepared to find this peculiarity, though he afterwards recognised that it had been noticed by Howard Vyse. Had he been (as has been recently asserted in so many words) a determined supporter of a theory, prepared to go all safe lengths in the way of making evidence for it, instead of a scrupulously honest and accurate observer, what a chance was here! One or two additional chips from the edge of the coffer, and no trace of preparation for a lid would have been left. Howard Vyse's drawing would have been easily explained as an inadvertence, and the testimony of the French drawing and description would have been decisive of the point. Which of his sneering critics would have had the firmness to resist such a temptation? To the doings of Bunsen, Lepsius, and such like (as well as to those of scientific thieves and plagiarists of every degree), let us leave the application of the awful words of their countryman—

‘Weh dem der zu der Wahrheit geht durch Schuld,
Sie wird ihm nimmermehr erfreulich seyn.’

The flooring of the Grand Gallery is not continuous with that of the first ascending passage. From the gap there proceeds (southward) a *horizontal* passage leading to a limestone chamber of peculiar shape, known as the Queen's Chamber. Its peculiarities will be presently alluded to. But from this same gap, on the west, there is a rough and crooked shaft called the Well, which descends to the lower portion of the entrance

passage, where it is cut in the live rock. There is something connected with this well, whose explanation, though probably simple enough, we have not been able to make out from Professor Smyth's works, nor indeed from any others we are acquainted with. How was this well discovered? He speaks of it as known a thousand years ago, and also of its having been opened by pushing a ramp stone into the Gallery. If it was not hit upon by accidental excavation at its upper end, all the elaborate preparations for secrecy must have been useless; for if its lower end had been left open it would have given entrance to the Grand Gallery at once. In Vyse's work we find a trace of a suggestion that it formed the passage by which the workmen escaped from the chambers of construction (shortly to be mentioned) at their completion. This notion seems scarcely to require contradiction, as these chambers would obviously and necessarily be finished from above.

The only other large known feature demanding notice is the disposition of the masonry just over the King's Chamber, where, apparently with the view of relieving the pressure on the magnificent granite blocks which form its roof, there are five *chambers of construction* arranged vertically above one another; the roofs of the four lowest being horizontal, that of the highest formed with a ridge. The lowest was discovered last century by forcing a passage from one of the upper corners of the Grand Gallery, the others by Vyse in 1837 by vertical excavations. A singular discovery made in these chambers will presently be noticed.

The King's Chamber is rectangular, the lengths of its sides being almost exactly as two to one, the longer lying east and west: and the coffer is near the western end. The walls, all the way round, except above the small entrance passage, are formed of *five* layers of granite blocks, exactly equal in thickness. But the flooring blocks are inserted so as to hide 5 inches of the lowest of the five courses. The mean length of the chamber (east and west) is 412.55 inches, its breadth 206.3, and its height about 230. It is curious that the breadths of the entrance, and the first ascending, passages, as well as the breadth of the floor of the Grand Gallery, and of the other smaller passages, are almost exactly $\frac{1}{16}$ th or $\frac{1}{10}$ th of the sides of this chamber. Various other curious and simple numerical relations are obvious from Professor Smyth's measures. The ceiling is composed of nine gigantic beams of granite laid from north to south, two of them partially hidden by the east and west walls respectively. They are not of equal size, but their dimensions are something like 5 feet by 7 by 27, giving a content of nearly 1000 cubic feet!

Some of the most curious of all the contents of the Pyramid are to be found in the Antechamber, a small room whose length is about 116·5 inches, its breadth (at the ceiling) about 65, and its height somewhat over 149. It is constructed partly of limestone and partly of granite, but the details cannot be made intelligible without the aid of a diagram. There is, however, what Professor Smyth calls a granite wainscoting on the east and west sides, extending to *different* heights above the floor, and cut into vertical grooves opposite to each other, evidently for the insertion of sliding slabs of stone. Three of these, which have either never been inserted, or have been entirely removed, must have descended to the floor; but the fourth, and most northern one, which is still in its place, and consists of two slabs superposed and cemented together, *does not reach the floor*. It leaves, in fact, a space of nearly 44 inches depth beneath it, the grooves not having been cut farther down. On the northern side of the upper of these slabs (which, together, form what Greaves called the 'Granite leaf') is a very curious sculptured projection, somewhat in the form of a horse-shoe, and suggesting the handles attached to some of the later sarcophagi. This feature is unique in the Pyramid, and Professor Smyth seems inclined to believe that it hints at some grand discovery relating to the mystery of the Pyramid, which would be effected by simply raising the upper slab of the granite leaf from the lower. He could not undertake this himself, as he had strictly bound himself over to do no damage whatever to any portion of the building. Surely so intelligent a man as Mariette Bey will not long leave this possible key to the object of the whole structure uninvestigated, especially as, with modern mechanical means, the upper part of the leaf may easily, and with perfect safety, be raised and replaced. Had Vyse thought of it, he who hewed recklessly in all directions, as his fancy prompted him, might possibly have solved the Pyramid problem thirty years ago. The other curious peculiarity consists in the division of the south wall into five spaces by four deep, straight, vertical grooves, which extend from the ceiling to the top of the entrance passage to the King's Chamber.

The Queen's Chamber is nearly square (205 inches from East to West, and 226 from North to South), but its roof is angular, the ridge running east and west—so that the east and west walls are pentagonal, the other five sides of the chamber being rectangular. The masonry of the limestone lining of this chamber is exceedingly good, some of the joints, cement included, being finer than a hair, but it is now much defaced by an incrustation of salt. The floor, singularly enough, is rough

and undressed, like the general masonry of the mass of the Pyramid. The peculiar feature of this room is a very curiously shaped niche, resembling very much a transverse section of the Grand Gallery, which is excavated in the East wall to a depth of about 41 inches, its height being 186. This niche is placed excentrically, its middle line being about 25 inches south of the middle line of the wall.

The determination of the original dimensions of the Pyramid is by no means an easy problem, at least as regards the important element of its height. The dimensions of the original base, however, are still capable of being measured with absolute freedom from uncertainty, for during the last day or two of Professor Smyth's visit he was enabled, by the assistance of Mr. Inglis, a young Scottish engineer, in the employment of Mr. Aiton, one of the contractors at the Suez railway works, to uncover at once all four of the original corner socket holes: only two of which, discovered by the French *savants*, had been seen since the Pyramid was stripped of its limestone casing. Unfortunately the mounds of rubbish, the *débris* which has fallen during ages from the sides of the Pyramid, and which has, of course, accumulated in greatest quantity at the middle of each side (above which there is the longest stretch of crumbling material, and where the limestone is not so hard as at the edges), prevent any direct attempt at measurement of the lengths of the original sides. Mr. Inglis, with his railway practice, by levelling (and reducing) over these heaps of rubbish, arrived at the following (merely approximate) results as the distances between the corners of the original structure, which are fortunately still perfect:—

North side,	.	.	.	.	9120 inches.
South „	.	.	.	.	9114 „
East „	.	.	.	.	9102 „
West „	.	.	.	.	9102 „

He also ascertained that, taking the north-east socket floor as datum plane, the

South-east is	.	.	.	13·6 inches low,
North-west	.	.	.	4·2 „ low,
South-west	.	.	.	5·6 „ high.

The floors of these sockets are all carefully cut and levelled; the north-east one, which is considerably the largest, presents the curious result that its diagonal from N.W. to S.E. is *exactly* 200 inches, while the semi-diagonal (from the middle of the former diagonal to the N.E. corner of the Pyramid) is

almost exactly 100 inches. The other semi-diagonal cannot be measured, as the inner corner of the socket floor is bevelled off.

The *present* height of the Pyramid, above the plane of the surrounding pavement discovered by Vyse, is 5445 inches. To correct this for the amount which has been removed from the top is a rather difficult business. Professor Smyth has adopted several processes; for instance, a determination of the probable amount of thickness of casing and backing stones together which have been removed from the outside near the top. Measurements also of the angles of elevation, or depression, of the edges of the Pyramid as it at present stands, these edges being, as before remarked, built of more enduring material than the rest of the exterior. Again, Vyse's measurements of one of the gigantic original casing-stones supply a very valuable datum, and its result is corroborated by the measurement of the angles of the various fragments of casing-stones (from all the four sides) picked up by Professor Smyth among the *débris*. The results, generally, give for the inclination of the faces of the Pyramid, values lying between

51° 50' and 52°.

As a verification, it is easy to calculate from these numbers that, if the Pyramid's base be square, the inclination of its edges should be from

42° to 42° 10'.

Actual observation gives it a little over 42°.

Herodotus tells us that he was informed that the Pyramid was constructed so that the area of one of the sides should be equal to the square of the height. Calculation from this gives for the inclination of the sides an angle a little below

51° 50',

namely, the angle whose tangent and cosecant are equal.

The view advocated by Professor Smyth, viz., that the circumference of the base of the Pyramid is to its height in the ratio of the circumference to the radius of a circle, gives for the the angle in question a value slightly above

51° 51'.

Between rival theories which give such excessively close results, it is obviously impossible to decide by means of data so rudely approximate as those which we can now obtain from the Pyramid itself. It is quite possible that both are correct, and that the discovery of the fact that, when the sine and cotangent of an angle in the unit circle are equal, either is very nearly

equal to an eighth of the circumference (a fact which may be expressed in various other simple forms, all, however, involving the division of a line in extreme and mean ratio), is due to the early inhabitants of Egypt.

Corroboration of these values of the original angle of the Pyramid is derived from certain trenches in the rock to the east of the building. These trenches obviously radiate from one common centre, and appear (though pronounced by Bunsen and others, who never saw them, to have been excavated for the purpose of making mortar in) to have been designed for such preliminary work as laying off a meridian line, and the angles to which various important stones were to be cut.

The measured angle of these trenches appears to differ by only a few seconds of arc from the value calculated from the hypothesis advocated by Professor Smyth. The following extract shows the origin of the hypothesis, and the shifts to which even Germans may be driven when they wish to prove that which is not:—

‘This view of the matter is owing certainly and solely to the late John Taylor. He derived it originally from the measures published by Colonel Howard Vyse, giving the angle of his two celebrated casing-stones *in situ* at the northern foot of the Pyramid, as being between $51^{\circ} 50'$ and $51^{\circ} 52' 15''$. This result was by two different methods of measurement, but the latter slightly better than the former, so as to raise the mean rather above $51^{\circ} 51' 8''$: and he, John Taylor, held to his view therefrom, notwithstanding that a host of diverse mathematical theorems were advanced by other investigators, as having probably regulated the proportions of the Great Pyramid. Notwithstanding also that Colonel Howard Vyse's friend and assistant in Egypt, Mr. Perring, subsequently fell away from his own original measures; and having lost by death the Colonel's friendly and honest guidance, committed the fatal mistake,—applauded though it was by Chevalier Bunsen,—of remodelling all the measured proportions of the Pyramid, according to a pure hypothesis as to even numbers of the Egyptian cubit having been employed on the principal lines. Whence resulted the angle $51^{\circ} 20' 25''$, for the inclination of the sides of the Great Pyramid; a quantity which has therefore been boldly, even brazenly, printed as being the actual fact, in the second volume of Bunsen's *Egypt's Place in Universal History*.

‘Now, if the question had rested still, where Colonel Howard Vyse left it, I would not have presumed to interfere. For although my angle-measuring instruments were superior to his,—there is not now any feature accessible about any part of the Pyramid, which can approach in the remotest degree to the admirable facilities for correct measure which his large casing-stones *in situ* afforded,—or which can pretend to bring the question within the very small range of uncer-

tainty, which his two perfectly independent methods of measuring the same thing, ultimately resulted in. But when some one else in London, subsequently alters the quantity at will, by more than half a degree,—I have then no compunction in bringing out whatever I may have actually observed in Egypt; and in thereby allowing all men to see for themselves, whether there is any probability of $51^{\circ} 20'$ being nearer to the fact of the Great Pyramid, than $51^{\circ} 51'$; for the odd seconds are not worth noting in the presence of more than half a degree of defalcation.'

All the processes (unfortunately most of them are rather indirect) which Professor Smyth could apply to the determination of the azimuth of the sides of the base and of the passages, lead to results showing that the sides of the base of the Pyramid are set almost due north and south, and east and west: and that the entrance passage runs due south. The same is, in all probability, true of the Grand Gallery and of the other interior passages; but, while the granite portcullis remains *in situ*, or unbored, it will be impossible to settle their azimuth decisively.

Various instruments were employed to measure the inclination of the several passages,—a pocket sextant, a fine clinometer, and a large alt-azimuth instrument. The final and most probable results are—

Entrance Passage, ...	$26^{\circ} 27'$,
First Ascending Passage, ...	$26^{\circ} 6'$,
Grand Gallery, ...	$26^{\circ} 17' 37''$.

The latitude of the Pyramid, as observed with the large circle, is

$$29^{\circ} 58' 51'',$$

and this, of course, is also the apparent altitude of the pole of the heavens. It is an old and a very plausible idea that the entrance passage was adjusted to such an elevation that the pole-star, at the time of construction of the Pyramid, would just be seen along its axis when on the meridian; and, as we see from the above angles, at its *lower* culmination. But this supposition requires that the pole-star (which must of course be a sufficiently marked star for popular purposes) should be about $3\frac{1}{2}$ degrees from the true pole. Now, within the extreme limits of time which have been assigned for the building of the Pyramid, but one conspicuous star has been at that distance from the true pole. That star is α Draconis, which may be easily found in the sky by using as 'pointers,' not the two stars of Ursa Major which are employed to indicate the present pole-star but, the next two of that conspicuous group of seven. They point to the star in question, which is situated nearly

opposite to the middle of the tail of the bear, and which was the pole-star during the third and fourth thousand years before the Christian era. It was at an angular distance of about $3^{\circ} 40'$ from the true pole on two occasions during that period, viz. about 3400 B.C. and about 2200 B.C. If the supposition be correct that the entrance passage was built to point to this star, one of these dates must be that of the construction of the Pyramid. How are we to decide which? Professor Smyth's reasoning here is very ingenious indeed, and gives us something more than a bare suspicion that his results are not mere coincidences, but that he has really hit upon the means of finding the exact date of the building. His argument is, briefly, as follows. The *lower* culmination is not, especially in low latitudes, so marked or so important an event as the upper. We must look out for something else. When α Draconis was passing its lower culmination, was there, at either of these dates, any remarkable object passing the meridian *above* the pole? At the former date there was nothing very notable; at the latter the Pleiades, a remarkable group of stars which have been superstitiously regarded in all countries and from the earliest times. Even in modern days there have been found genuine men of science who have endeavoured to prove them to be the Central-Sonne, the chief attracting mass about which revolve the separate items of the Visible Universe. Moreover, at or very near to that period, say about 2170 B.C., we find that the Pleiades were at zero of Right Ascension. Thus at the completion of the Pyramid, at the instant when α Draconis culminated below the pole, the Pleiades and the intersection of the ecliptic and equator were (close to each other) on the meridian above the pole. Of course these calculations are not exact as to date, for we are not thoroughly well acquainted with the true value of the constant of Precession, and still less with the amount and direction of the proper motions of either of the stars involved in the present question. Still the conjunction of such phenomena forms a cogent argument.

We have already mentioned that we could not here discuss the religious argument which, among many others, Professor Smyth has introduced into the question. Nor do we think it at all unworthy of our critical function to acknowledge that we are entirely ignorant of hieroglyphics, and even of high-flown modern Egyptology—matters which are made to appear to be at the finger-ends of at least one class of London reviewers. But we may notice that Professor Smyth brings forward many reasons for his assertion that the Pyramid, though actually *built* by the idolatrous Egyptians, was built under the direction of some one

supernaturally inspired, not merely gifted with genius or intellect surpassing his fellows. The names or hieroglyphic 'ovals' of the Kings Shofu (more familiar to us as Cheops) and Nou-Shofu, in whose reign it was built, are found roughly marked in red on several blocks in the chambers of construction. These appear to be mere quarry-marks, as they are built in in all positions, and as they occur only on stones which have obviously been brought to the Pyramid from a distance. It is very curious to inspect in Vyse and Perring's work the facsimiles they give of these rough yet expressive scrawls of four thousand years ago, fresh as when they were just written. Professor Smyth, here mainly following an Egyptologist of the name of Osburn, gives his reasons for believing that these kings, in no way connected with the country, migrated thither to build the Pyramid, and then left Egypt for ever.

The idea that the Pyramid is a record of standards of length is of old date: and Professor Smyth has reprinted Newton's very curious *Dissertation on Cubits*, from a translation which appeared in Greaves' collected works. Newton's principle is that, knowing approximately the length of a unit, as of course we know (from its very nature) that of a cubit, we may assume that the principal dimensions, say of the base of the Pyramid, the height of the Grand Gallery, a side of the King's Chamber, etc., are integral multiples of that unit, whence its exact length is easily found. Another somewhat similar principle he introduces as follows:—

'If any person shall hereafter exhibit in this manner the dimensions of the remains of the old buildings of the *Babylonians* and other nations, it will not be difficult to determine from thence the antient Cubits of those countries. In the meantime I shall produce one instance, which occurs, as a specimen of this calculation. Mr. *Purchas* informs us, that there is still extant between the antient *Babylon* and *Bagdad*, a vast rude structure of brick; the bricks of which his friend Mr. *Allen* found to be one Foot long, eight Inches broad, and six Inches thick; he means Inches of the *English Foot*. These proportions shew, that the bricks were regularly formed, and consequently, that in the making of them regard was had to some particular measure used by the *Babylonians*, which was of great use, to enable the workmen from the number of bricks to determine immediately the dimensions of the walls with respect to the length, breadth, and thickness, and *vice versâ* to compute the number of the bricks necessary to the building of the wall agreed upon. As the *Babylonians* therefore measured their buildings by Cubits, it follows, that the bricks according to their length, breadth, and thickness conjointly must compose the measure of the Cubit. Now two bricks according to their length, three according to their breadth, and four

according to their thickness, form the same measure; and consequently the measure is that of a cubit.'

Professor Smyth takes a somewhat similar course. But as he is seeking what the Pyramid standard is, not knowing it approximately, as Newton did his cubit, he assumes that a side of the Pyramid's base is such a multiple of the standard as to record the number of days in a year. Avoiding fractions, let us take 366. From Mr. Inglis' measurements, already referred to, we see that the $\frac{1}{500}$ th part of a side must be something very near to 25 British *inches*. Now, five and all its powers are essentially Pyramid numbers; witness, for instance, the number of corners of the Pyramid itself, the markings in the Antechamber, and the courses in the King's Chamber. Hence the *inch*, very nearly, as we still have it, is the true Pyramid unit of length. Into this part of the question, we think, Professor Smyth has entered with needless labour, considering our present uncertainty as to the exact length of the Pyramid base. Besides, the true question seems not to be so much, Do we retain the Pyramid inch with extreme accuracy? as Does the Pyramid embody a standard unit, and, if so, is that unit at all nearly of the length of the British inch? We have already noticed the remarkable feature of an exact length of 200 inches in the north-east socket. Other such coincidences are mentioned by Professor Smyth; and he then proceeds to argue that this inch, as recorded for all time in an almost imperishable monument, was intended to be, and is, the exact 500,000,000th part of the earth's axis of rotation. That it is very nearly so is apparent from the most recent geodetic operations; that it was meant to be so belongs to that aspect of the question which we cannot here consider. But the mere fact of the coincidence which, though to us it appears to be purely accidental, is yet as close as that attained by the French astronomers when they set to work to make their *mètre* from a definition connecting it with the earth's circumference; this coincidence alone, we say, *gives greater value to the inch*. It is curious to think that, had the earth been spherical, and had the French and Pyramid standards been, the one, what it was designed to be; the other, what it is supposed by Professor Smyth to be; their ratio would have been that of the circumference of a semicircle to its diameter.

We may confess that as we are quite prepared to believe that the inch may be as old as the Pyramid, and imperishably recorded there; so are we not unprepared to accept the idea that our British 'quarter' is connected with a capacity measure also

recorded in the Pyramid. From a standard or unit of capacity we may, of course, by filling it with water, derive a unit of mass,—commonly but erroneously called a unit of weight. We can also conceive that a standard temperature may have been aimed at in the massive construction of the Pyramid, so that the unit mass as there measured should always be of the same amount. And, granting these things, we can sincerely admire the practical science and sense of these ancient builders in choosing for the material of their standards a substance which had for ages uncounted settled down into a permanent state.

But when Professor Smyth takes the farther step of attempting to show that not only are the earth's dimensions recorded in the Pyramid, but its mass, or at least its mean density, also: we at once join issue, and refuse to follow.

The idea that weights as well as measures were the object of the Pyramid seems to have been due to Greaves: though it appears to be improbable that the curious work entitled '*The Origin and Antiquity of our English Weights and Measures discovered by their near Agreement with such Standards that are now found in one of the Egyptian Pyramids*,' which was published in London in 1706, and which has his name affixed to the title-page, was really written by him.

The importance at the present time of such a work as this of the Scottish Astronomer-Royal cannot easily be overrated. There is a frantic outcry, by a small but pertinacious section of the community, for the adoption of the French Metrical System, to the exclusion of everything else in linear, square, cubical, or mass, measure. Such people are as pestilent as the Permissive Bill, or the Ballot and Manhood Suffrage agitators: they are the blustering and useless drones among the quiet but powerful workers in the hive. But just as Parliament will some day be pestered into granting the demands of these people, merely with the effect of giving them the trouble of seeking a fresh subject for their clamour, so it is to be feared that the 'metrical' agitators also will sometime succeed. Were it conclusively proved that our present standards, at least one or two of the chief of them (for no sane man will attempt to defend our twentyfold varieties of important measures,—varying in the most arbitrary manner with locality, etc.), have been in existence, and in comfortable use, for more than four thousand years, we might perhaps be allowed to keep them. A yard is bad; but a *mètre* is preposterous, being a great deal too long to be handy, while handiness is the main virtue to be desired in a standard. Even in France they practically acknowledge our system to be better than their own. Moderate

purchases by weight are almost invariably spoken of in *demi-kilos* (nearly pounds English), the kilogramme being about twice too large to be handy. A great deal is said of the advantages of the decimal division. For scientific men of every description it is of course indispensable. But the decimal division has nothing whatever to do with the unit; and can be applied to the inch and grain quite as easily as to the centimetre and gramme. We hear it said that the adoption of the decimal division would greatly facilitate the teaching of arithmetic in schools. We utterly deny it. Subdivisions into quarters, eighths, and twelfths are much more easily seized by the mind of the less intelligent and less educated of the people than tenths and hundredths; and all the decimalization that can be effected on the pound sterling will never do away with the demand for half-crowns. If Professor Smyth's book but calls attention to the evils likely to arise from the introduction of the 'metrical' system, it will be, in sober earnest, a blessing to the country.

A word or two in conclusion. We have always had an extremely high appreciation of Professor Smyth's talents and acquirements, as well as of his scrupulous honesty and laborious devotion to his work, an appreciation which almost every page of these volumes tends to increase: but we fear that in some cases he does mischief by giving the rein too freely to his wonderfully fertile imagination: as, for instance, in his speculations about the symbolic meaning of the proportions of the Queen's Chamber; which appear to us to be excessively forced, and utterly unworthy of a place beside so much that is of real excellence. We may illustrate what we mean, by taking as an outrageous instance any one of those recent works in which Teleology, already erected by men of genuine science, and giving promise of the evolution of a vast deal of valuable truth, was seized upon by ignorant but cunning enthusiasts and ridden to desperation, to the disgust of scientific men and to the arrestment of its progress. We need hardly tell the reader that we do not mean, by employing such an illustration, to imply that there is any possibility of instituting a comparison between the brains (such as they are) of these quasi-Teleologists and those of the Scottish Astronomer-Royal; we merely wish to show what harm may be done to a good cause by trying to carry it farther than circumstances warrant.

But, having instanced the results of one of the worst conceivable specimens as a warning, let us see how Professor Smyth defends his own mode of proceeding:—

'We would ourselves, previous to our experience of the Great

Pyramid inquiry, have looked rather suspectingly on any book or person found either attributing to any ancient people a higher degree of acquaintance with astronomy and terrestrial physics than what is certainly known and generally practised in the present day,—or finding something amongst them totally alien to all their acknowledged manners and customs throughout their whole historical period. But any one so doing would be acting to a certain extent under the influence of prejudice in favour of what he knew, or supposed he knew, before; and would be only justified therein, if his old beliefs were established on very firm data, and the new ideas rested on no additional, or certain, or sufficiently numerous facts to allow of chance coincidences being eliminated, and something approaching to proof established.

‘So far, however, is the Great Pyramid from being in this latter questionable condition, that it possesses infinitely more facts capable of close and accurate measurement than does any other subject of equally long standing on the surface of the earth; and we have now before us a greater number of, and more refined observations as to, those facts than have ever been seen in print before. Hence we have considered ourselves not only allowed, but pre-eminently called on, to drop all past prejudices as to what early nations might be supposed able, or not able, to do; and try what the measured features of the Great Pyramid, taken merely on their own inorganic merits, can say for themselves.

‘If, then, after having long followed this, in principle, unexceptionable course, certain all the while of the unrivalled closeness of our measures,—we find developed before our wondering gaze a consistent, continuous, and most philosophic system of metrology, explaining far more of the measureable lines and angles about the Great Pyramid, than any other theory has ever done or attempted to do,—what answer shall we return to the sweeping judgment enunciated by Chevalier Bunsen on p. 658 of vol. iv. of his *Egypt's Place in Universal History*, and religiously believed in, we are told, by a vast majority of the heads in the literary world,—a judgment pronounced, indeed, originally upon Sir John Herschel's and John Taylor's researches, but more applicable now, if at all, to our own? The words are, in the authorized London edition of 1860 A.D.—

“The groundlessness of the fancies which have been again very recently indulged in about the astronomical purposes of the Pyramids, and about a hidden symbolical system of astronomy, is demonstrated by that thorough conviction which is forced upon us by a view of the monuments and the reading of the hieroglyphics.”

‘The following is all the answer we propose—simply to examine the alleged demonstration of Chevalier Bunsen on the same principles we have been testing the Great Pyramid by, or with little beyond plain common mechanical sense. On which understanding, let us inquire, first, what monuments these are, so undefinably alluded to; and, second, what sort of a view of them is it which is required to be taken?’

‘If a material view of any of the standing monuments of the land, we believe the Chevalier Bunsen was never in Egypt to enjoy that important and instructive sight; and if a literary view of them only, through the works of other men, what were the monuments viewed? For if they were not the Great Pyramid, they can hardly be received as being more weighty in a question of and about the Great Pyramid than the Great Pyramid itself! We fear, too, that the mention of “the reading of the hieroglyphics” shows that the monuments which the scholarly Chevalier preferred for explaining the Great Pyramid by, were not even other Pyramids of any kind or degree, but merely small buildings or excavations, like the tombs—things of no sort of resemblance to the Great Pyramid, and not unfrequently of a very different age.

‘Chevalier Bunsen’s knowledge of the Great Pyramid’s wondrous mass of building, “in number, weight, and measure,” appears to have been confined to his copyings from Howard Vyse, and to some unfortunately manipulated contributions by Mr. Perring; the Chevalier’s statement, too, of these, is accompanied with so many slips or misrepresentations of his own, that in the course of ten pages (155-165 of his vol. ii.) we have marked twenty notable errors of facts and features of mechanical construction.

‘We do not detail each and every one of these errors here, partly because to find out mistakes in a copyist when the original authority can be referred to, is rather supererogatory for the advancement of science; and partly because, in charity, we remember how very difficult it was in our first Pyramid book of 1864 to realize all the facts of the Pyramid, on other persons’ mutually contradicting descriptions alone. But there is one of the faults of the eminent German author of too serious a nature, and too wilful on his part, to be passed over in silence, and it is this,—after having profited his own volumes most largely, both in the plates and descriptions from Howard Vyse’s labours, Chevalier Bunsen indulges in successive ungenerous animadversions on the laborious and successful explorer he has been borrowing from.’

We repeat that we have had great pleasure, not merely in the sense of gossip and amusement but in that of sustained scientific interest, throughout our perusal of these very remarkable volumes: and we must express our conviction that steadily as the author confesses himself to have worked, their pages contain evidence of far more extensive and laborious work,—of every description,—than is detailed for the reader’s information. The amount of time spent, merely in the reading, and comparison, of the different and non-accordant descriptions of facts or fancies of a score of authors, must have been immense. And the high purpose, visible throughout, which renders some passages more like prophetic warnings than ordinary scientific advice, shows

that Professor Smyth has all along been actuated by a feeling that he was engaged on a work which was to be important to the welfare of his country. Besides, although we cannot agree to all the conclusions at which he has arrived, considering (as we do) some of them to be extravagant and unwarrantable, we feel that he deserves no common credit for his remarkable investigations; and we think he has fully made out a case for further inquiry. This, however, ought now no longer to be left to private means, but developed by the resources of a powerful State; especially if that State be one which is about to change, without adequate consideration, its ancestral standards (which may prove to be older than any existing records) for an extremely artificial system of, at best, doubtful utility. Modern mechanical devices are capable of easily lifting, and replacing without injury, the hugest stones in the Pyramid; and until that is done in the interior, and until the original sides are measured with Ordnance Survey precision, there will always be a strong feeling that important attainable knowledge is being allowed to disappear gradually from the earth for want of a little liberality and decision.

ART. VII.—*The Early Years of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort.* Compiled under the direction of HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN. By LIEUT.-GENERAL THE HON. C. GREY. London, 1867.

CONSIDERATIONS of some weight seemed at first to recommend that any notice of this book should be postponed. The public has been made so familiar with it by the extracts which appeared in almost every newspaper immediately after its publication, that much of what we have to say can hardly fail to be a twice-told tale. Moreover, we have before us only a small portion of what we are promised; the portrait is yet incomplete. On the other hand, the book affords ample material even for gleaners coming so late as ourselves; and, although the character of the Prince is not traced through the action of his whole life, enough is here revealed to justify the attempt to form some estimate of that character, inadequate as such an estimate must doubtless be. Lastly, we feel that it is almost a duty at once to greet this remarkable publication, so far as we can claim to do so, with the cordial welcome which it so entirely merits, and that it is more becoming to bring without delay our tribute, howsoever slight and unworthy, to the memory of the noble nature here portrayed, than to defer longer the expression of our admiration and reverence.

In this volume we have recorded the boyhood and youth of the Prince, his marriage, and his married life till the birth of the Princess-Royal. The most striking characteristic of the book, and that which gives it a peculiar charm, is an unwonted and admirable frankness. More reserve is usual even in the memoirs of persons of no extraordinary rank; such perfect openness with regard to the domestic life of royalty is, so far as we know, quite without parallel. This frankness has been well advised; no one could have blamed some reserve; but the absence of it gives the book a tenfold power. As regards the Prince himself, the utter disregard of concealment proves that there was nothing to conceal, thus adorning his character with the dignity of virtue far more convincingly than any laboured panegyric; while as regards the details of growing affection, and of domestic life, there is a simplicity and a beauty in this unreserve which imparts to the record a peculiar interest, and which, coming from the heart of the Sovereign, will reach directly the hearts of all her subjects.

The execution of the book is on the whole good. Here and there we have noted a remark by the compiler which had been

better away, which, being mere surplusage, tends only to weaken. But these instances are rare, and as a rule General Grey has executed his delicate task with remarkable success.

‘The first circumstances of a man’s education, as the deepest and richest, bear all the rest which time heaps on him.’ Hence we do not regret the minuteness of detail in which the narrative of the early years of the Prince occasionally indulges. With a single exception, his home seems to have been unusually happy. The exception was an important one: when only five years old he was deprived of the care of a mother. That lady, we are told, was full of cleverness and talent, witty and accomplished. But we are given to understand, from hints rather than explicit statements, that she was not the wisest of women; and hence an ‘incompatibility’ between her and her husband, which ended in a separation. The most minute description of her is given by M. Florschütz, the Prince’s tutor:—

“Endowed with brilliant qualities, handsome, clever, and witty, possessed of eloquence and of a lively and fervid imagination, Duchess Louise was wanting in the essential qualifications of a mother. She made no attempt to conceal that Prince Albert was her favourite child. He was handsome and bore a strong resemblance to herself. He was, in fact, her pride and glory. The influence of this partiality upon the minds of the children might have been most injurious; and to this was added the unfortunate differences which soon followed, and by which the peace of the family was disturbed: differences that, gradually increasing, led to a separation between the Duke and Duchess in 1824, and a divorce in 1826.”

She never saw her children after the separation, and died seven years later, at the age of thirty-one. There is something, to our minds, very interesting in the character of this unhappy young Princess, slight as are the glimpses we get of her. A few of her letters, in which, with all the pride of a young mother, she dilates on the perfection of her sons, win our sympathy by their liveliness and genuine affection. We are assured by the Queen herself that the Prince, young as he was when he lost his mother, never forgot her, and always spoke of her ‘with much tenderness and sorrow.’ ‘One of the first gifts he made to the Queen was a little pin he had received from her in childhood.’ Of the Prince’s father we learn little which interests us, and have no materials for forming any judgment on the merits of the domestic quarrel.

The loss of a mother, however, was the less felt by the young Princes owing to the loving care of their grandmother, the Dowager-Duchess of Coburg, and their step-maternal grand-

mother, the Dowager-Duchess of Gotha. The Dowager-Duchess of Coburg must have been a woman of a rare character, combining tenderness and gentleness of disposition with a vigorous and energetic intellect. The Prince lost her guidance when he was about the age of twelve; but the Dowager-Duchess of Gotha continued to watch over him with more than a mother's affection till he left Germany for his English home.

The Prince spent his winters at Coburg or Gotha, his summers at the Rosenau or Reinhardsbrunn. The Rosenau, the place of his birth, was, and throughout life remained, an especial favourite. Not only did he love the place for itself, but he valued highly the undisturbed leisure for study which he could there most securely enjoy. There is often a good deal of exaggeration in pictures of the temptations to which those born in a high rank are exposed. Princes brought up and cared for as were Prince Albert and his brother, are, in fact, guarded from much danger. But it must be hard for them to resist the inducements to idleness and self-indulgence. This difficulty Prince Albert successfully overcame. His boyhood was that of a student; and he was never so happy as when he could lead a student's life, secure against gaieties or ceremonial, amid the beauties of Rosenau. M. Florschütz gives a programme of study drawn up by the Prince for himself in his fourteenth year, which gives an average of eight hours' work a day. The subjects of study are not unworthy of attention. There is less of the classics than would be required from an English boy; on the other hand, modern languages are embraced, of which an English schoolboy is generally ignorant, and accomplishments, to which he is uniformly a stranger.

In 1836 the Duke of Coburg and his two sons came to England. The Prince was then in his seventeenth year; but even at that early age he won golden opinions by the sobriety and decorum of his demeanour, and by his unaffected interest in subjects of real importance. Nor could any one fail to remark his liking for the society of men of culture and eminence, and his distaste for the amusements of fashionable life,—a distaste which he never lost. To the last, he went into ordinary society as a duty rather than a pleasure.

The Royal party were lodged at Kensington Palace, where they remained for four weeks the guests of the Duchess of Kent. The Queen then saw Prince Albert for the first time; and, though nothing was settled, the possibility of marriage must, after that visit, have been present to the minds of both. To the minds of their relatives it had been present long before. When they were children it had been the cherished hope of the

Dowager-Duchess of Coburg; and the idea had been always warmly encouraged by the late King of the Belgians. Nay, it had been among the anticipations of the nursery. The Queen herself tells us how Prince Albert used to relate that 'when he was a child of three years old, his nurse always told him that he should marry the Queen, and that, when he first thought of marrying at all, he always thought of her.' Immediately after this visit, the brothers, by the advice of King Leopold, set off on a tour through Switzerland and the north of Italy,—the object of the sagacious King being to divert public attention from Prince Albert for the present. During this expedition the Prince seems to have entertained a constant recollection of his cousin,—sending her views of the various places he visited; and from Ferney an autograph of Voltaire. The letter which the Prince wrote to the Queen on her accession to the throne has been often quoted; but it is so characteristic of him in its dignity of tone, and in the view it takes of the fitting ambition which should inspire earthly greatness, that we must give it here:—

"MY DEAREST COUSIN,—I must write you a few lines to present you my sincerest felicitations on that great change which has taken place in your life.

"Now you are Queen of the mightiest land of Europe, in your hand lies the happiness of millions. May Heaven assist you and strengthen you with its strength in that high but difficult task.

"I hope that your reign may be long, happy, and glorious, and that your efforts may be rewarded by the thankfulness and love of your subjects.

"May I pray you to think likewise sometimes of your cousins in Bonn, and to continue to them that kindness you favoured them with till now. Be assured that our minds are always with you.

"I will not be indiscreet and abuse your time. Believe me always, your Majesty's most obedient and faithful servant,

"ALBERT."

From this time forward, during his student life at Bonn, during his subsequent travels in Italy, the prospect of being the husband of our Queen seems to have been kept steadily before him. It was well that it was so. For the contemplation of such a future could not fail to have an invigorating effect on the mind, to form and steady the character. 'A prince,' says Richter, 'can never contemplate soon enough the Tabor of the throne, so that in after years he may be gloriously transfigured upon it, and not hang as a cloud on the mountain.' Two years were spent in hard work at Bonn, under such Professors as Fichte, Perthès, and Hollweg, at the close of which the brothers were

separated for the first time,—Prince Ernest going to Dresden to enter the Saxon service, Prince Albert setting out to complete his education by a tour in Italy. What the Prince thought foreign travel should be made as a means of culture, and how conscientiously he endeavoured to realize his ideal, may be gathered from the following description of his mode of life at Florence and Rome:—

“He rose at six o'clock. After a light breakfast, he studied Italian under a Signor Martini, read English with me for an hour, played on the organ or piano, composed, sung till twelve o'clock, when he generally walked, visiting some gallery, or seeing some artist. He returned home at two to a simple dinner, which he hurried over as much as possible, giving as a reason that ‘eating was a waste of time.’ His drink was water. After dinner he again played and sang for an hour, when the carriage was announced, and he usually paid some visits. The visits over, the carriage was dismissed, and the great delight of the Prince was to take long walks in the beautiful country round Florence. This he appeared heartily to enjoy. He became at once gay and animated. ‘Now I can breathe—now I am happy!’ Such were his constant exclamations. He seldom returned home till seven o'clock, his hour for tea; and, if not going to the Opera or an evening party, he joined in some interesting and often amusing conversation with Baron Stockmar, when the latter felt well enough to come to tea. At nine, or soon after, he was in bed and asleep—for he had been accustomed to such early hours in his own country, that he had great difficulty in keeping himself awake when obliged to sit up late.”

‘During the time the Prince remained in Rome, he devoted himself assiduously to seeing all that was best worth his attention. “He rose,” Mr. Seymour says, “at daybreak, wrote his letters, and at nine o'clock began his visits to the different galleries and studios, returning only to partake of a hurried dinner; after which he again set out and spent the time till sunset in visiting some of the interesting remains of ancient Rome.”’

In 1839, the Prince, equal, as the result proved, even at that early age, to all the difficulties of the position which awaited him, came again to England. Though nothing, we are told, up to this time, had passed between the Prince and the Queen themselves, yet in the spring of the previous year the idea of such a marriage had been proposed to the Queen by the King of the Belgians. The idea was favourably entertained; but there was some proposal of delay for two or three years, to which the Prince naturally enough objected, and for suggesting which the Queen severely condemns herself in more than one passage of this volume:—

"Nor can the Queen now," she adds, "think without indignation against herself, of her wish to keep the Prince waiting for probably three or four years, at the risk of ruining all his prospects for life, until she might feel inclined to marry! And the Prince has since told her that he came over in 1839 with the intention of telling her, that if she could not then make up her mind, she must understand that he could not now wait for a decision, as he had done at a former period when this marriage was first talked about.

"The only excuse the Queen can make for herself is in the fact, that the sudden change from the secluded life at Kensington to the independence of her position as Queen Regnant, at the age of eighteen, put all ideas of marriage out of her mind, which she now most bitterly repents.

"A worse school for a young girl, or one more detrimental to all natural feelings and affections, cannot well be imagined, than the position of a Queen at eighteen, without experience and without a husband to guide and support her. This the Queen can state from painful experience, and she thanks God that none of her dear daughters are exposed to such danger."

"She thought herself," the Queen says in a memorandum on this subject written in '64, "still too young, and also wished the Prince to be older when he made his first appearance in England. In after years she often regretted this decision on her part, and constantly deplored the consequent delay of her marriage. Had she been engaged to the Prince a year sooner than she was, and had she married him at least six months earlier, she would have escaped many trials and troubles of different kinds."

It may well be that an earlier marriage, or at least an earlier engagement, might have saved Her Majesty from some of the perils which surround a youthful queen. But, so far as the Prince was concerned, we are not so clear that the delay was disadvantageous. Great as were his prudence and self-control, his perfect avoidance of all youthful errors or follies, surprising at any time of life, could hardly have been possible at an earlier age. A short delay was not in vain if it enabled the Prince to work out for himself the principles by which his conduct should be regulated, as he states them in a letter to Baron Stockmar:—

"I have laid to heart (*recht beherzigt*) your friendly and kind-hearted (*wohlwollenden*) advice as to the true foundation on which my future happiness must rest, and it agrees entirely with the principles of action which I had already privately (*im Stillen*) framed for myself. An individuality (*Persönlichkeit*), a character, which shall win the respect, the love, and the confidence of the Queen and of the nation, must be the groundwork of my position. This indivi-

duality gives security for the disposition which prompts the actions; and even should mistakes (*Missgriffe*) occur, they will be more easily pardoned on account of that personal character: while even the most noble and beautiful undertakings fail in procuring support to a man who is not capable of inspiring that confidence.

"If, therefore, I prove a 'noble' Prince (*ein edler Fürst*) in the true sense of the word, as you call upon me to be, wise and prudent conduct will become easier to me, and its results more rich in blessings (*segensreicher*)."

How at last the engagement came about is told in some very charming letters by the Prince and the Queen to various relatives. These letters, as also an extract on the same theme from the Queen's journal, have been everywhere quoted, and have been read with delight by all. Nothing can exceed the frankness and straightforward simplicity which marks every line. In a different style are two letters from the King of the Belgians to the Queen, one written before he had heard of the engagement, the other immediately afterwards. We give these, because they have been less universally quoted than the others, and because they are very characteristic of the good old King, full of affection and kindly wisdom, enlivened by an easy yet graceful familiarity of style:—

"MY DEAREST VICTORIA,—I was greatly pleased and interested by your dear letter of the 12th, which reached me yesterday evening. . . . The poor cousins had all sorts of difficulties to encounter" (during the journey to England). "It was, however, a good omen that once, when they were in danger on the Scheldt, the 'Princess Victoria' came from Antwerp to their assistance. To appear in their travelling dress was a hard case, and I am sure they were greatly embarrassed.

"I am sure you will like them the more, the longer you see them. They are young men of merit, and without that puppy-like affectation which is so often found with young gentlemen of rank; and, though remarkably well informed, they are very free from pedantry.

"Albert is a very agreeable companion. His manners are so gentle and harmonious that one likes to have him near one's-self. I always found him so when I had him with me, and I think his travels have still improved him. He is full of talent and fun, and draws cleverly. I am glad to hear that they please the people who see them. They deserve it, and were rather nervous about it. I trust they will enliven your séjour in the old castle, and may Albert be able to strew roses without thorns on the pathway of life of our good Victoria. He is well qualified to do so."

"MY DEAREST VICTORIA,—Nothing could have given me greater pleasure than your dear letter. I had, when I learnt your decision,

almost the feeling of old Simeon : ' Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.' Your choice has been for these last years my conviction of what might and would be best for your happiness ; and just because I was convinced of it, and knew how strangely fate often changes what one tries to bring about as being the best plan one could fix upon—the maximum of a good arrangement—I feared that it would not happen.

" In your position, which may and will perhaps become in future even more difficult in a political point of view, you could not exist without having a happy and agreeable '*intérieur*.' And I am much deceived (which I think I am not) or you will find in Albert just the very qualities and disposition which are indispensable for your happiness, and which will suit your own character, temper, and mode of life.

" You say most amiably that you consider it a sacrifice on the part of Albert. This is true in many points, because his position will be a difficult one ; but much, I may say *all*, will depend on your affection for him. If you *love* him, and are *kind* to him, he will easily bear the bothers of his position, and there is a steadiness, and at the same time a cheerfulness in his character, which will facilitate this."

We have no inclination to discuss at any length the conduct of the Opposition of that day with regard to the Prince. The subject is not a pleasant one, and we feel no disposition to rake up old disputes. But we must protest against the opinion expressed by General Grey, that the Government were to blame for what occurred. He ascribes the miscarriage to their 'want of management, and of a conciliatory spirit.' Lord Melbourne was never deficient in either quality ; but party-feeling was then so high that no 'communication' with the Opposition would have had any chance of leading to a satisfactory arrangement. The 'Bed-Chamber Plot' had in the previous May foiled the expectation of the Tories ; the leaders of the party preserved a certain decorum ; but the rank-and-file permitted themselves to hold language, not only of Ministers, but of the Sovereign, which recalled, as Lord Macaulay said, the style of Hugh Peters. With men in such a temper there could be no hope of coming to any amicable understanding. The spirit which urged the Tories in the Commons to reduce the vote for the Prince was ungenerous enough, but might on some grounds be defended ; but nothing can even palliate the petty jealousy which was exhibited in the Lords on the question of precedence—all the more inexplicable on any good ground, because the only person whose interests were practically involved was the King of Hanover, about whom no one thought or cared. Well might King Leopold write, that it 'seemed to him incomprehensible

that the party which professed to "uphold the dignity of the Crown should treat their Sovereign in such a manner," and that too on an occasion "when even in private life the most sour and saturnine people relax and grow gay and are mildly disposed." This miserable nonsense went on some time. Not without some indignation can we read the Queen's statement that, at the first prorogation of Parliament after her marriage, there were people 'who pretended that the Prince could not drive with the Queen in the state carriage, or sit next her in the House of Lords.' Even more contemptible intrigues were directed against him :—

'Nor were there wanting those who would gladly have kept him permanently estranged from it; and not only so, but who would have denied him, even in the domestic circle, that authority which, in private families, properly belongs to the husband, and without which, it may be added, there cannot be true comfort or happiness in domestic life. The Prince himself early saw the necessity of his asserting and claiming that authority. "In my home life," he writes to Prince Löwenstein, in May 1840, "I am very happy and contented; but the difficulty in filling my place with the proper dignity is, that I am only the husband, not the master in the house."'

Shortly after his engagement, the Prince had written to his grandmother, 'With the exception of my relations towards the Queen, my future position will have its dark sides, and the sky will not always be blue and unclouded.' At this time he might have cause to fear that his sky would be but rarely serene. Fortunately, however, for himself, for the Queen, and for the nation, the exception he mentions enabled him to overcome all difficulties. The anticipations of King Leopold were fulfilled. Secure in the affection and confidence of his wife, the wise firmness and dignity of his character had full scope, and speedily vindicated his position beyond the power of the meddling or the malicious to disturb. And to his lasting honour he never showed the slightest trace of resentment towards any one who had been concerned in proceedings which could not have failed to annoy him at the moment.

Our principal concern with this volume, for the present, is as it illustrates the character of the Prince-Consort, and as it portrays the domestic happiness of the early years of the Queen. But the book has a wider scope than this. It is interesting as a record of the inner life of the Court; and in this point of view will be valuable to the future historian. And it is especially interesting from the sketches of character which it contains, novel to the great majority of readers, and from the additional insight which it gives us into characters of which the public

knew something already. It is impossible by means of extracts to give the reader an adequate idea of the variety of the book, any more than of its frank simplicity. Among the family portraits, if we may use the expression, are those of several members of the Coburg family, especially of the two Dowager-Duchesses above referred to; and of Baron Stockmar, the chosen friend for many years of the Prince and the Queen. Among those eminent men with whom we gain a more intimate acquaintance than we had before, Lord Melbourne and King Leopold are conspicuous. In Lord Melbourne we see not only the accomplished gentleman, but one of the most independent and large-minded of our modern statesmen. He was persistent in urging on the Queen the propriety of overcoming her prejudice against the Tories. He gained entirely the confidence of the Prince, who speaks of him as 'a very good, upright man;' while the Queen expresses towards him feelings of regard unusual in their relative position: 'Lord Melbourne has acted in this business, as he has always done towards me, with the greatest kindness and affection.' The wise and kindly man of the world seems to have entertained for his youthful Sovereign not merely the loyalty of a confidential Minister, but an almost fatherly affection; and it is pleasant to see that this feeling was reciprocated in full measure. Her Majesty's journal records, with evident gratification, how, when she announced her marriage to the assembled Privy Council, she 'saw Lord Melbourne looking kindly at me with tears in his eyes, but he was not near me.' The public will now be more firmly persuaded than ever that this country was fortunate in a Premier during the first years of the reign of Queen Victoria. In a not less attractive aspect is the character of the late King of the Belgians displayed. Of his letters we have already spoken. Besides these, we are given, in the Appendix, 'Reminiscences' by the King, containing an account of his family and of his early life, especially so far as connected with England, down to the date of his refusal of the crown of Greece. These reminiscences are exceedingly interesting, and are written with all the vigour and vivacity which marks the King's correspondence. George IV., as might be expected, comes out very badly. His mean vindictiveness seems to have been beyond what we could have believed even of him; and certain of his satellites, such as the late Lord Londonderry, appear to have been in all respects worthy of their master. And we cannot here refrain from the remark, that the frankness of these reminiscences brings out in a strong light the absurdity of those over-loyal critics who objected so warmly to Mr. Thackeray's delineation of George IV. The sarcastic lecturer said nothing too severe for the facts of the son-in-law.

There are three 'studies,' as it were, of the Prince's character in this volume; one by his tutor, M. Florschütz, a second by his cousin, Count Arthur Merndorff, and a third by Prince Löwenstein, a fellow-student at Bonn. The best of these is that by Count Merndorff—at once the most vigorously written and the most effective as a delineation of character. But all agree in essentials; the pictures they present are in every important respect the same. To the intellectual powers of the Prince, the quickness and originality of his mind, his extensive knowledge, his varied accomplishments, his love of music and art, we have in these 'studies,' as indeed throughout this whole volume, the amplest testimony—if, indeed, any such testimony were needed after the publication of his 'Speeches and Addresses' five years ago. As to his character otherwise, so much has been lately said, and said so well, that no words of ours can extend or enhance the universal recognition of his worth. Yet we cannot refrain from adding our testimony, slight and unneeded as it may be. The oftener we recur to the pages of this book the stronger becomes our conviction, that he was a great and a good man—great in his wisdom, self-knowledge, and self-control; good in his purity, benevolence, and truth. In a nature so rich in excellence, it is difficult to say which quality most imperatively demands our respect; but perhaps this volume illustrates with peculiar force the benevolence of the Prince—his deep and unresting desire to benefit his fellow-men. When his cousin ascends the throne of England, the first thought he suggests to her is, 'that in her hand lies the happiness of millions;' when he takes his place by her side in that high eminence, the chief support on which he relies in view of the troubles awaiting him, is the 'consciousness of using his powers and endeavours for an object so great as that of promoting the happiness of so many.' By a nobler spirit can no man be animated; and by that spirit Prince Albert was animated throughout life.

His sagacity in the conduct of affairs was almost unfailing. That quality, indeed, he owed to no common training. From his earliest years he had been little addicted to mere amusement; and even in a ball-room the occupation most agreeable to himself was conversation with some eminent statesman or man of letters. When he was but nineteen years of age, the Grand Duke of Tuscany remarked this preference during a ball at Florence: 'Voilà un prince dont nous pouvons être fiers. La belle danseuse l'attend—le savant l'occupe.' A writer in the *Saturday Review* has quoted this anecdote in order to laugh at this characteristic, remarking that a boy of nineteen at a ball would have been better employed in dancing than in conversa-

tion. There could have hardly been a better instance of our insular narrowness and coarseness. An ordinary English boy would probably have thought that, in such circumstances, dancing was the only possible occupation ; therefore, according to this reviewer, a Prince, destined in about two years to fill one of the most arduous positions in Europe, had no right to prefer anything else. Not so had Prince Albert been trained. Rather would his instructors seem to have borne in mind the words of Richter :—

‘ Let German philosophy show him in his high station something different from what the persiflage of French philosophy, and that of worldliness, exhibits ; which endeavours to represent the throne as the highest heritable place at Court, or as a regency with a handsome income, and the country as a vast regiment at once ridiculous and useful. Ah ! verily the ancient error of regarding princes as the sent and anointed of God (which, in fact, every man is, only in different degrees—the man of genius, for instance, or every rational creature, as compared with the beasts), is much nobler, and more efficacious for good, than the modern error of declaring them only to be the ambassadors of selfish extortions, that is, of the devil. And let German earnestness of heart show the young eagle-prince his wings, his mountains, and his sun.’¹

Owing to his careful education, and the natural seriousness of his disposition, the Prince’s character was formed at an unusually early age. Nothing could have been more fortunate for one who was at twenty-one to be the husband of our Queen. Hence his wonderful prudence, his unexampled success in avoiding all indiscretions or blunders. Yet with all this gravity and early thoughtfulness, there was nothing in him of the ‘ old head on young shoulders,’ in the ordinary sense of the saying. On the contrary, he excelled in all the manly exercises popular among his countrymen, was fond of fun, a good mimic and caricaturist, and with a strong liking even for practical jokes. He thought, and in our humble judgment wisely thought, that in his peculiar position these dispositions should be kept under restraint ; but though restrained, they were still there, giving a completeness to his nature, and preventing earnestness of character from degenerating into formality or narrowness. Add to all this, deep religious feeling, not limited by any reverence for forms, but a profound conviction, giving a colour to his whole life, in the light of which all his actions were done ; and, flowing from this, a capacity to live undazzled among all the splendours of the world, to enjoy its pleasures without undue elation ; and we have a character such as has seldom adorned a throne.

¹ *Levana*—Translation, p. 307.

' O how should England, dreaming of his sons,
Hope more for these than *some* inheritance
Of such a life !—a heart—a mind as thine,
Thou noble father of our kings to be !'

The thought of the poet can bear a wider application than he has given it in these well-known lines. England can hope for *all* her sons some inheritance in such a life. For it is the property of virtue like his to extend its influence beyond all limits of rank or station ; any one, however lowly, can share in this inheritance by following his example.

That such a man should have been at any time unpopular seems strange. And it is the more so because Prince Albert spared no pains to acquire a knowledge of the English people, and to study even their prejudices. Nothing could have been more judicious and more dignified than his refusal of the command of the army, most unwisely urged upon him by the Duke of Wellington—who, indeed, never understood the British public at all. Yet it is true that the Prince had occasionally to contend with much misconception and considerable unpopularity. The grounds of this were singularly ill-founded. It rested mainly on an apprehension of the Prince's undue influence in political affairs. That apprehension was quite imaginary. From the first, Lord Melbourne desired that the Prince should share the counsels of the Queen as her best friend and adviser, a desire which was entertained by all her subsequent Ministers. This he was always willing to do ; more he never did. The view which he took of his position was marked by a rare nobility and self-forgetfulness, and cannot be better expressed than in his own words to the Duke of Wellington, when declining the office of Commander-in-Chief :—

' This requires that the husband should entirely sink his own individual existence in that of his wife,—that he should aim at no power by himself or for himself,—should shun all ostentation,—assume no separate responsibility before the public,—but make his position entirely a part of hers,—fill up every gap which, as a woman, she would naturally leave in the exercise of her royal functions,—continually and anxiously watch every part of the public business, in order to be able to advise and assist her at any moment, in any of the multifarious and difficult questions or duties brought before her, sometimes international, sometimes political, or social, or personal.' ¹

To this idea of his duties we now know that he steadily adhered. How noble in self-denial must have been the man who could conceive that idea,—how perfect in self-control must

¹ *Speeches and Addresses*, p. 77.

have been the man who could maintain it throughout the varied contingencies of more than twenty years! And those, too, the years during which, in the case of most men, the passions are strongest, and the judgment not yet matured; and during which, therefore, the temptation to break through such stringent rules must have been often strong. For it is always to be borne in mind that the Prince died at forty-two: seldom has any man gained such a reputation for sagacity and prudence at so early an age. It is no disparagement to the living to say that the glory and the happiness of the reign of our Queen has been owing, in no small degree, to the line of conduct so faithfully observed by the Prince. Why then his unpopularity? It arose, so far as it really existed, from various causes. The English people are not generous to strangers; they cannot comprehend any difference from their own tastes and habits; they even resent such difference. Hence their foolish dislike to foreigners as a rule; a dislike not easily overcome by any individual foreigner. Moreover, by a certain section of the aristocracy, Prince Albert was with reason disliked,—by those, namely, who regretted the license of previous Courts. Even such a feeling as this (the motive being unknown) had some effect on the public, increasing the prejudice against the Prince. But at the worst, his unpopularity with the body of the people was never more than temporary. It was only roused at times of strong political excitement—such as the outbreak of the Crimean War—when the public were misled into some ridiculous belief that the influence of the Prince was opposed to the wishes of the nation. And it has long passed away:—

‘Now thy brows are cold
We see thee what thou art, and know
Thy likeness to the wise below,
Thy kindred with the great of old.’

Years ago, Perthès foretold that the Prince was ‘sure to become the idol of the English nation, silently to influence the English aristocracy, and deeply to affect the destinies of Europe.’ Doubtless the English nation now cherishes his memory with a grateful affection; probably, had he lived longer his influence as an able and trusted statesman would have greatly affected Europe; what he has done for the English aristocracy we cannot tell; but we do know what he has done for the English monarchy. It is startling to reflect—and it would be well did those in high places reflect often and seriously—on the change which has taken place within the last seventy years in the feelings of the English people towards the monarchy. We are loyal as ever, when a Sovereign—like the present—justly

commands our loyalty ; nay, we are even more so ; for our loyalty is founded upon rational conviction and regard. But loyalty, as an unreasoning instinct, has passed away. It is not too much to say that it would be hard for a king like George IV. again to reign in this country. Prince Albert saw and understood this change. He rendered no slight assistance to our gracious Sovereign in resting the throne upon new and more lasting foundations. On these foundations—rectitude of life, earnestness of purpose, self-denying pursuit of duty—the throne will stand firm ; but should their support be withdrawn, the days of the monarchy will be evil, and, it may be, few.

In concluding this notice, necessarily hasty and imperfect, we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of recalling to our readers the words with which Mr. Thackeray closed his 'Roundabout Paper' for December 1862—words which, when first written, came home to our hearts with a great power of appealing, and which we now know, as we then believed, to be not more pathetically beautiful than strictly true :—

' Wise, just, moderate, admirably pure of life, the friend of science, of freedom, of peace and all peaceful arts, the Consort of the Queen passes from our troubled sphere to that serene one where justice and peace reign eternal. At a moment of awful doubt, and, it may be, danger, Heaven calls away from the wife's, the Sovereign's side, her dearest friend and counsellor. But he leaves that throne and its widowed mistress to the guardianship of a great people, whose affectionate respect her life has long since earned, whose best sympathies attend her grief, and whose best strength and love and loyalty will defend her honour.'

The nation sympathizes with the loss of the counsellor ; it sympathizes yet more deeply with the loss of the husband and the friend. Nothing lies so close to the hearts of the English people as a reverence for domestic happiness. And when they know that those of the highest station in the land have enjoyed this happiness as truly as it can be enjoyed by any, their feelings are stirred with a vehemence of sympathy strange to the usually impassive English nature. Perhaps the greatest merit of this book consists in the simple frankness of its appeal to this feeling : one touch of nature makes the whole world kin ; and never was Sovereign made kin with her subjects by a purer and truer touch of nature than is here. 'It is this,' said Lord Melbourne at the first, 'which has made your Majesty's marriage popular, that they know it is not for mere State reasons ;' and so it continued to the end. The people knew that their Queen enjoyed that felicity which 'is immeasurably above all ambition, more precious than wealth, more

noble than name. He knows not life who knows not that ; he hath not felt the highest faculty of the soul who hath not enjoyed it.' And as by the publication of this book a fuller knowledge has been given, so a heartier sympathy will be yielded. Whatever of public duties can be performed by the Sovereign only, the Sovereign, we feel assured, will continue to discharge. But in the face of the greatness of the loss which this volume makes clear to us, and of the reality of sorrow which every page reveals, who could join in the cry (let this brief notice suffice for a topic so distasteful) that such grief should be disturbed by idle gaieties for the amusement of a frivolous aristocracy ?

ART. VIII.—*The Achievements and the Moral of 1867.*

THE year 1867 will always be memorable in British history, both for what it has done and for what it has revealed. It has witnessed a collapse of principle and a disintegration of party far beyond anything that has been seen in our own time or in our fathers',—a weakness in what was considered strong, an instability in what was considered firm, a fluctuation in what was thought established, a melting away of what had been regarded as permanent and almost eternal, that are little short of bewildering. It is not so much that old landmarks have been removed, and new principles and modes of action have been avowed, and vast constitutional changes introduced, and political steps taken of enormous and uncalculated magnitude;—but that these things have been done by some of the very last men we should have expected to do them, that they have been done, half unconsciously, half unintentionally, by most of the doers, in a manner in spite of themselves, and that they appear to have been done from no adequate motive, and under the pressure of no discernible or absolute necessity. People have drifted rather than been driven; they have groped and swayed about as in a sort of somnambulism; they have not succumbed to any irresistible force so much as yielded helplessly to some invisible, unintelligible, feeble fatality. We venture to affirm, that no one who opposed the Reform Bill of 1866, or introduced that of 1867, had the least anticipation of what the Reform Bill under which we shall elect our Parliament in 1868 would be; and even now we greatly question whether any one can predict with the least approach to accuracy what the operation and results of the new law will prove to be. All we know is, that statesmen and parties have curiously changed places, and appear to have changed views; that we have lived for six months as in the phantasmagoria of a dream, and have been treated to a series of dissolving views, so rapid and startling as nearly to take away our breath; that our confidence both in the wisdom and the integrity of public men has received a shock from which it will take years to recover; and that we no longer know where to look for guidance, or whence to expect resistance and stability. It is not too much to say, that the predominant feeling left on the minds of all thinking and observant men by the session of 1867 is one of mingled surprise, shame, mortification, and vague uneasiness, sometimes rising almost to dismay, when we look forward to the future; and the impression is pretty nearly the same, whether the spectator be Liberal or Conservative in his opinions. No party can

be proud of its conduct or its achievements, and none but the Radicals, and they only with misgiving, can rejoice at the result. Whigs and Tories have been alike shortsighted, unwise, unstable; blunders, in which morality has been as much in fault as intelligence, have been shared between them in nearly equal measure; partly in their blind hostility, partly in their common weariness, they have joined in a work which neither wished for, and which neither can in their heart approve.

There has been nothing like it in our history so far as we can remember; certainly not in our recent history. The great conflicts of 1832 and 1846 had nothing in common with it. The former inaugurated a new political era, the latter a new commercial and financial policy; but the action in both cases was specific, deliberate, and designed. In 1832, the entire party of progress was arrayed against the entire party of resistance; the first knew what they wanted, the other what they feared; both parties stood to their guns to the end of the fiercest and most obstinate struggle of our day, and the Tories,

‘ Though vanquished, still retired with strife.’

A sort of crisis in our national annals had arrived; abuses of all kinds had accumulated till the irritation and indignation they excited had become dangerous and mischievous, and the state of the representation was at once the worst of these abuses and the cause of most of them. The apparent were out of harmony with the real facts of our political condition; legislative supremacy no longer lay in the same classes which possessed the ultimate practical power; the constitutional garment of a former age had ceased to fit the altered circumstances of the time. A claim was put forth, the essential justice of which could not be gainsaid, and it was backed by a strength in the claimants that could not be withstood. The result of the change proposed was honestly, and might be intelligently, dreaded by those who regarded mainly all that was good in the past, and whose fancy exaggerated all that was perilous and uncertain in the future, and their predictions of ruin were scarcely more extravagant than the golden age anticipated by their adversaries. Still, both parties believed in their principles and in their prophecies; both fought out the fight gallantly and honourably, and there was nothing to tarnish either the victory of the one or the defeat of the other. Neither the conquered nor the conquerors had anything to be ashamed of: the first yielded to the rising tide, and the second rode into power upon it; but both parties came out of the conflict compact and unbroken, with their relative position unaltered and their cohesion unim-

paired. The contest which reached its culminating point in 1846 was of a different character. It was a contest between two economic doctrines, with each of which the fancied interests of the combatants were so mixed up that the mixture at once exacerbated the struggle and rebated something of its dignity. The Reform battle of 1832 was a simple trial of strength; the Free-trade battle of 1846 was in a considerable measure a process of conversion. Statesmen, and with them the rank and file of parties, modified their opinions and changed their positions and their sides, discussion spread enlightenment and wrought conviction in a fashion and with a rapidity perhaps never before witnessed, and the final result came less in the shape of a victory won than of a concession made and an argument admitted. The inevitable consequence of this peculiarity was a certain disintegration of the Conservative party, analogous to that which Catholic Emancipation had wrought among the old Tories seventeen years before; the unconverted country gentlemen separated themselves from their old associates on whom economical enlightenment had dawned, and felt conscious while doing so that differences had sprung up between them on other than commercial questions, and that these differences lay deeper than mere discrepancies of opinion, and had their origin in ineradicable sentiments and dispositions. Sir Robert Peel and his followers edged off more and more towards the Liberals, and ultimately became fused with them, and occasionally even *plus royaliste que le roi*, while the Protectionists and the residual Tories formed the new Conservative party under Lord Derby. But in this disintegration there was nothing that honourable men need blush for; it was caused by a distinct and sincere change of convictions in the minds of the seceding politicians; they quitted their party in order to adhere to their principles; they never dreamed of abandoning their principles either for party or for power.

But the scene exhibited this year in Parliament bears no similarity to either of those we have sketched out; and even on the most indulgent view that can be formed, it seems impossible to deny that the Conservative leaders have displayed a disingenuousness, and their followers a mingled shortsightedness and cynical laxity of principle or feebleness of character, for which no decent explanation or creditable excuse can be alleged. In saying this, we are looking at the matter as purely philosophical observers, and not as Liberals or party men of any description; for we agree with Mr. Disraeli's dictum at the outset of the session, that the Reform question had arrived at such a position that the ordinary rules of party proceeding had in a great measure ceased to be applicable to it. There is no doubt that the

Conservatives were in a very difficult dilemma,—a dilemma of which the perplexing character was intensified both by their taking office and by their late course of action when out of office. Every allowance should be made for them; and every allowance would have been made, had they acted up to their convictions, and in conformity with their natural vocation, in their really embarrassing position of politicians reluctantly but irresistibly compelled to bow to the will of the country, yet without retiring from the country's service,—a position not unnatural nor unfrequent under a constitutional *régime*, and one that, if honestly avowed, may be accepted without humiliation. Reform, which as a body the Conservatives disliked, had become inevitable. According to one view, the nation was resolved to have it; according to the other, statesmen on all sides had so acted that it could not honourably or safely be withheld. It matters little in what way we express the imperious necessity which all recognise, or in what manner we conceive it to have been brought about. The Conservatives knew that they could not hold office unless the Reform question was settled; and they were in no way called upon to acquiesce in their perpetual exclusion from office. Under a popular Government statesmen must bow to the deliberate and persistent will of the people; they are the servants of the people; and though no doubt they may not carry out the people's will where they believe it to be noxious, and though they are bound to warn the people of this fancied noxiousness,—yet, on the other hand, they are not called upon to thwart this deliberate and persistent national purpose beyond a certain point or for too long a time: nay more, they have no right, and would be unwise, to do so. The Conservatives, moreover, might and must have felt that the continued agitation of this question was extremely mischievous; that it not only disturbed the public mind, but stood in the way of much urgently needed legislation; that to get it disposed of was about the most patriotic service and sacrifice a statesman could offer to his country; and even that an undesirable settlement might perhaps be more desirable than no settlement at all. They may, too, have entertained a rooted conviction that on many subjects at least as vital as Reform they were more in harmony with the national feeling, and more fit to guide the national action than their opponents; and that this harmony and fitness would become apparent as soon as this one irritating and unsettling question was removed out of the way. Of course the practical conclusion which ought logically to have followed from this—which we believe to have been the true state of mind of the Conservative leaders, if not of the majority of their party—was that they should have permitted the late

Government to deal with the question, and have exercised all their power and all their tact to make them deal with it in a safe manner, and, as far as might be, not in an anti-Conservative direction. We are by no means convinced that this was not their design last year; but if it was, they failed in their object, either because they pressed their opposition too far or too unskilfully, or because the leader of the Liberals was too intemperate and unyielding. There can be little doubt, we apprehend, that if Mr. Gladstone had shown in 1866 one quarter of the flexibility and cold patient determination to succeed which Mr. Disraeli displayed in 1867, the measure of the late Government would have been passed, in a modified and mutilated form probably, but still in a form incomparably preferable in all substantial points to that which has now become law. But to imagine this 'if' is to fancy that the granite pillar could have become a willow wand. When Mr. Gladstone resigned because he could not have his way, and because he believed that his way was more important than a Bill, the Opposition naturally succeeded to office and its obligations, and a Reform Bill became a necessity of their position and the condition of their existence. It was no doubt a misfortune, and possibly their fault, that they should have had to deal with the question as inaugurators, and as a Government; but still they might have done so boldly and ingenuously, in an honourable fashion, and on Conservative principles. It would have been difficult, we admit; it would have required the union of great tact, intrinsic honesty, and that courageous plainness of speech which is the best ally and the most convincing indication of honesty of purpose; it would have needed a frank and generous concession of such popular demands as were undeniably reasonable and not undeniably unsafe, and resolute firmness in refusing to be made the instrument of any enactments on which sound and true Liberals, as well as moderate Conservatives, were not agreed. The party might have given up their prejudices without abandoning or gainsaying their convictions, and effected a creditable compromise by surrendering a portion of their prospects and their power, and taking their stand only on what belonged to their essential, intimate, and hereditary sentiments and doctrines. Our indictment against them is that they have done the very reverse of all this; that, under the tortuous and bewildering guidance of a most subtle and incurably indirect tactician, they have deserted the ancestral principles in order to subserve the immediate interests of their party; that, half blindly, half madly, half wearily, half meanly, they have bartered character and consistency for power; that, to gain an official future, they have done that which in their hearts they believe or fear

will prove injurious to their country ; that, in a word, there is an utter and irreconcilable antagonism, such as no ingenious sophistry can conceal, between the ground they have always taken on this question and the work they have now consummated. Their most precise type is to be found in La Fontaine's fable of the Dog and the Sausages. The dog was in the habit of carrying home his master's dinner, and had performed his function for many years with exemplary fidelity and courage, defending his basket *à l'outrance* against the assaults of all the hungry dogs who met him. But on one occasion he was assailed by overwhelming numbers, and finding himself on the point of being overpowered, he resolved, as he could not avert defeat, at least to profit by the spoils of victory, so fell to work, and devoured the greater portion of the sausages himself.

The sin of both followers and chiefs in the Conservative party has been, in our judgment, about as grave as a political party could commit. The sin of the followers is, that they have accepted at the hands of their leaders a measure which they would have denounced with unfeigned indignation, and rejected almost without a hearing, if it had been proposed by their opponents ; that they have enfranchised indiscriminately, and in overwhelming numbers, those classes whom they defeated and ousted the late Government for wishing to enfranchise in a far more measured and moderate degree ; that, theoretically and potentially, and, as far as we can foresee, actually, they have transferred preponderating electoral power to those hands which they had always pronounced and believed to be peculiarly unfitted for the exercise of that power ; that, by their own votes, and without any imperious or irresistible necessity, they have brought about that especial modification of the Constitution, which they were in the habit, in all sincerity, and apparently with sound reason, of regarding as in the last degree dangerous and unpermissible ; and that they have thus abandoned their principles and falsified their antecedents for the sole purpose of defeating their antagonists, and regaining or retaining office. Either they believed that the great body of those on whom they conferred the franchise would in fact and in time come upon the Register, or they did not. If they did, they were guilty of the parricidal crime of handing over the command of the future destinies of the country to those whom they knew to be wholly incompetent to dictate or to mould those destinies. If they did not, they were guilty of the disingenuousness of professing to give a large measure of enfranchisement, which yet in their hearts they believed would prove a very small one. The sin of the Conservative leaders, or rather *leader* (for on Mr. Disraeli alone must be concentrated all the active credit, though his

colleagues share the grave responsibility), lies in this, that they not only participated in, and advised the deliberate abandonment of principle involved in the enactment of the measure which has been adopted, but that,—aware that if first presented in its naked monstrosity and its full undisguised inconsistency to the rank and file of their supporters, the yet uncorrupted instincts of the whole Conservative party would revolt at the proposal,—they concealed its real bearing and the form which it was ultimately to assume under a number of temporary draperies and accessories, and, as Mr. Lowe described the process, treated their followers as a skilful rider treats a shying horse, leading it round and round the dreaded object, and closer and closer to it, and gradually accustoming it to the unwonted sight :—

‘ Till, bolder grown, familiar with its face,
They first endure, then study, then embrace.’

It is impossible for any one who has followed day by day the whole details of the contest as conducted by the leader of the House, and the indignant revelations and remonstrances of Lord Cranborne, Lord Carnarvon, and General Peel, to evade the conviction that Mr. Disraeli practised on his party a deliberate and most daring system of blindfolding, management, *education*, deception—call it by whatever name you like,—and that he pursued his purpose with a degree of flexibility of stratagem, of readiness of resource, of audacious and cynical courage, which would command our highest admiration,—if success in an evil aim, achieved by discreditable means, could ever be greeted with applause, till all the nobler sentiments and emotions have died out of the nation’s soul.

Of course the motive of the Government in proposing, and the defence of the party in accepting, an extension of the suffrage so much larger than that which they had previously denounced as intolerably extravagant and wild, are now obvious enough, though far too cynical and shameless to be proclaimed, or, we believe, to have been plainly avowed even in the secret sittings of the Cabinet. Still there are those to be met with here and there who are sincere enough to call a spade a spade, even to themselves. ‘What we want,’ said one of those, ‘is to give votes, not to the most intelligent of the working classes, but to those on whom we can best bring *our* intelligence to bear.’ Mr. Disraeli’s theory has long been known to be the same as that thus cynically indicated. He believes that the lowest and most ignorant portion of the householders, both in town and country, are the most amenable to influence, the most likely to be managed and *exploité* by the Conservative party, most under the control of those above them, most dependent, both in circum-

stances and in mind, upon their employers, their landlords, their superiors. He thinks, too,—and to a great extent he is right,—that their native sympathies, and mental habits, and old prejudices, will dispose them to side with the Conservatives, with the old families, with ‘the land,’ with the proprietors of great estates, and the inheritors of venerable names. He believes, moreover,—and here again he is, for the present at least, probably correct,—that even the ignorance and incapacity of the lowest class of new electors is of a sort that will be more malleable by their betters than by the demagogue; that they are too stupid to be much inflamed by oratory, too dull to be much affected or misled by political enticements, too timid to be easily induced to oppose those in whose cottages they live, on whose soil they labour, from whose hands they receive their daily wages. In a word, recognising their utter inability to form any political opinion, and their unfitness to influence any political movement, he perceives a special capacity for the franchise in this very inability, a fitness precisely in this very unfitness, inasmuch as they may be expected to adopt the opinions of those above them, and to exercise their franchise obediently as these direct. In giving votes nominally to the poorest class of ratepayers, he fancies that he is giving them in reality to gentlemen and men of property, and in a preponderating measure to the gentlemen and men of property of the Conservative party. He knew that the *élite* of the artisan class, those intelligent and politically-interested working men, who lay immediately below the present electors, and whom a £6 or £7 franchise would principally place upon the Register, were almost invariably Liberals and Radicals; but below these, and more numerous than these, he discovered the mass of householding labourers too stupid to be anything but Tories, or too poor to be in a position to resist Tory influence in whatever material, social, or moral shape it might be brought to bear upon them; and in this ‘residuum,’ which even Mr. Bright dreads and despises, Mr. Disraeli discerned a mine of Conservative wealth and strength, which might yet restore the sceptre to Israel. He called a new electoral world into existence to redress the balance of the old. In a word, he and his party have deliberately, and of malice aforethought, placed political power in the hands of a class which they know to be incompetent and unworthy, under the conviction that they will be able to wield and direct the action of that class at their pleasure. It was an immoral calculation, and an unsafe one. The result may for a time justify their expectation, but gradual progress, or sudden excitement, may utterly overthrow their estimate; and in any case the *power* to guide and govern the fate and policy of Eng-

land has gone from the upper classes ; they hold it, *while* they hold it, only on sufferance, and at the mercy of happy accidents.

The crime has not gone altogether without punishment. No one who during the late session has watched the demeanour of the gentlemen, and especially the country gentlemen, behind the Treasury bench, as at the bidding of their chief they dealt this backhanded blow at their principles and their country, could be left in doubt as to the bitterness with which they felt and resented their humiliation. As they listened to the savage sarcasms of Mr. Lowe, and the hard home-hitting of General Peel, and the grave, dignified, but merciless denunciations of Lord Cranborne,—feeling that they must bear them all in silence, and echo them all in the secret recesses of their conscience,—conscious that these things

‘ Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli ;’—

as they saw their own leader, the leader of the great Conservative party, bringing in the Bill of the leader of the Radicals, and forcing it upon them by the eager aid of the leader of the Liberals ; as on vital points of this most vital question, Mr. Disraeli was found voting with Mr. Bright and Mr. Gladstone in the same division against the old lights and landmarks of the Tories ; as their recognised commander and their most detested foe, Righteousness and Peace, the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the member for Birmingham, exchanged the kiss of reconciliation and co-operation before their face,—they must have experienced a sense of self-inflicted ignominy, discomfiture, and suicide, that might almost be accepted as an expiation. The great matter for surprise is, that Englishmen should have been found in such numbers and of such position willing to encounter such mortification for any object, or at the bidding of any master. The man who could lead and goad them to such a leap must have been a captain of no ordinary skill and resolution ; and, let us add, of no ordinary scorn for the intellects and indifference to the feelings of those he led.

Many individuals in the party must in justice be excepted from this sweeping condemnation. There were a few who promptly and resolutely refused to be dragged at the chariot-wheels of the conqueror even though he conquered in their name, who drew off from the *cortège* and resigned their commands as soon as they perceived whither he was leading them, and had the manliness openly to protest against, and in no stinted language to denounce, the unnatural course of action, in the name of public morality and of their own honour. Lord Cranborne, Lord Carnarvon, and General Peel, spoke out with the plain indignant earnestness of men deeply sensible of the

responsibility imposed upon them by their social as well as by their political position. Too independent to be coerced, too clear-sighted to be hoodwinked, too honest and too wise knowingly to do certain evil in order that uncertain good might come, with consciences too upright and too sensitive to be drugged by any of the ordinary opiates 'for such cases made and provided,' they discerned the snare, and resisted and resented the temptation. And let us here recognise that the temptation was a great one, especially to the two noblemen we have named. It is no light matter for men who fill high positions and are conscious of great powers, who have just obtained the object of their long ambition, who have the opportunity of proving and of exercising those capacities for administration and for statesmanship which they believe themselves to possess, and of rendering those signal services to their country which they believe it is in them to render,—who have 'warmed to their work,' have grown profoundly interested in it, and feel that they are doing it well,—it is no light matter for such men to throw up their opportunities and lay down their task. Both Lord Cranborne and Lord Carnarvon were winning golden opinions, though in a somewhat different manner, and the former in particular was rapidly earning, in the estimation of those best qualified to judge, the reputation of a first-rate administrator. He had a magnificent field of usefulness and fame before him. He was virtually the ruler, almost the dictator, of the most extensive portion of England's extensive empire. The prosperity, the happiness, it is scarcely too much to say the destinies, of more than a hundred millions of his fellow-subjects lay in his hands and waited upon his decisions; and he felt at once capable of wielding this mighty authority and deeply sensible of the solemn responsibilities which it imposed. Yet he resigned all this simply and unhesitatingly rather than become a party to a stratagem which he deemed unworthy and a policy which he deemed dangerous and immoral, rather than be false to the traditions of his order or the principles of his antecedent life. How keen must have been the temptation and how great the sacrifice we may divine from observing that others of his colleagues, able and honourable men, found themselves unequal to make it. Sir Stafford Northcote could not withstand the fascinating bait of the Indian Secretaryship, and Lord Stanley could not find it in his heart to abandon the Foreign Office and the career in which he was beginning to taste the sweets of success and adulation. Yet the language of both in the earlier part of the Reform discussion, and their silence during its later stages, prove, with a significance that cannot be mistaken, how little they approved the tortuous and inconsistent policy of their

chief, and how futile they felt any attempt must be to reconcile it with either their opinions or their promises. We are not disposed to judge them with extreme severity, for their resignation, along with that of the other Ministers, might not only have interrupted their own career, but might have overthrown the Government and postponed the Bill; but it is possible also that it would have compelled their leader to alter or modify his course, and while, perhaps, giving us a wiser measure, would at least have involved a far smaller sacrifice of political integrity and public confidence.

A few passages from the final dignified protests of Lord Cranborne and Lord Carnarvon ought not to be unrecorded, and will spare many words of our own. Lord Cranborne says :—

‘ Remember that the history of this Bill is quite peculiar. I venture to say that there is no man in this House of Commons who can remember any Bill being treated in the way that this Bill has been dealt with. No man in this House of Commons can remember a Government who have introduced a Bill of this importance, and who have yielded in committee amendments so vitally altering the whole constitution and principle of the Bill as has been done in the present instance. I venture to impress this upon the House, because I have heard it said that this Bill is a Conservative triumph. If it be a Conservative triumph to have adopted the principles of your most determined adversary, who has just come into the House—the Honourable Member for Birmingham; if it be a Conservative triumph to have introduced a Bill guarded with precautions and securities, and to have abandoned every one of those precautions and securities at the bidding of your opponents, then in the whole course of your annals I will venture to say the Conservative party has won no triumph so signal.

‘ After all, our theory of Government is not that a certain number of statesmen should place themselves in office and do whatever the House of Commons bids them. Our theory of Government is, that on each side of the House there should be men supporting definite opinions, and that what they have supported in opposition they should adhere to in office, and that every one should know, from the fact of their being in office, that those particular opinions will be supported. If you reverse that, and declare that no matter what a man has supported in opposition, the moment he gets into office it shall be open to him to reverse and repudiate it all, you practically destroy the whole basis on which our form of government rests, and you make the House of Commons a mere scrambling-place for office. You practically banish all honourable men from the political arena, and you will find in the long run that the time will come when your statesmen will be nothing but political adventurers, and that professions of opinion will be looked upon only as so many political manoeuvres for the purpose of attaining office. In using this language I naturally speak with much regret. The Conservative party, whose opinions have had my most sincere

approval, have, to my mind, dealt themselves a fatal blow by the course which they have adopted. This question will not always occupy our attention. Other questions will arise, other institutions will have to be defended, and no doubt Conservative members will go down to their constituents and profess the strongest sentiments in support of those institutions. But they will meet men who will say to them, "Oh, yes; we understand all that. We are aware that so long as you are in opposition you will defend those institutions stoutly; but we also know, if past history be any guide to us, that the very moment you get into office you will propose measures to abolish them more extreme than any brought forward by the most extreme of your opponents." I, for one, deeply regret that the Conservative party should have committed themselves to such a course. I regret that I should be precluded from following any line of policy which they may pursue. Against that, however, on which they have now entered, I deem it my duty to protest, because I wish, whatever may happen in the future, to record my own deep and strong feeling on this subject. I desire to protest in the most earnest language which I am capable of using against the political morality on which the manœuvres of this year have been based. If you borrow your political ethics from the ethics of the political adventurer, you may depend upon it the whole of your representative institutions will crumble beneath your feet. It is only because of that mutual trust in each other by which we ought to be animated, it is only because we believe that convictions expressed and promises made will be followed by deeds, that we are enabled to carry on this party government which has led this country to so high a pitch of greatness. I entreat honourable gentlemen opposite not to believe that my feelings on this subject are dictated simply by my hostility to this measure, though I object to it most strongly, as the House is aware. But even if I took a contrary view, if I deemed it to be most advantageous, I still should deeply regret that the position of the executive should have been so degraded as it has been in the present session. I should deeply regret to find that the House of Commons has applauded a policy of legerdemain. And I should above all things regret that this great gift to the people—if gift you think it—should have been purchased by a political betrayal which has no parallel in our parliamentary annals, which strikes at the root of all that mutual confidence which is the very soul of our party government, and on which only the strength and freedom of our representative institutions can be sustained.'

Lord Carnarvon says:—

'For thirty years the Conservative leaders have denounced in constitutional language that most dangerous and fatal doctrine that there should be a transfer of power to any single class, and that property and education should be swamped by mere numbers. They have denounced it in the name of the Crown, the Church, the House of Lords, and every great and venerable institution of the country; but now we are told by a very eminent authority in the House of

Commons that the Crown, the Church, and the House of Lords never were safer than they are now—that democracy in England is a bugbear and an impossibility; and that household suffrage has always been the esoteric faith of Conservative Cabinets. Whatever others may say or do, I repudiate and protest against this statement. I protest against it, not only as being inconsistent with the fact, but as being a gross and palpable insult to my understanding. I am no convert to this new faith. I will not stultify by any act or word of mine the very existence of a Conservative party, because if household suffrage be the secret faith of Conservative Cabinets, and the Conservative faith in years past—if during all that time we have been opposing Reform Bills successively as they were introduced; if we denounced last year a £7 rental as leading directly to revolution, I put ashes on my head and acknowledge with all humility and sincerity that the whole life of that great party to which I thought I had the honour to belong was nothing but a mere organised hypocrisy. My Lords, it would be far better, because it would be consistent with fact, to admit at once that there has been a change of opinion. We are told that all things are allowable in love and war; better say at once, "All things are allowable in politics, and don't scan motives too closely." My noble friend (Lord Derby) might ask, in lines with which he is no doubt familiar,

"Mutemus clypeos, Danaümque insignia nobis
Aptemus; dolus, an virtus, quis in hoste requirat?"

God forbid that I should preclude any public man from changing his opinion; but I say this, that the character of public men is not private property—and that when these great and violent and abrupt changes are made, it would be well, as in the case of Sir Robert Peel, they were marked by some evidence of personal self-sacrifice, some unquestionable proofs of disinterestedness and sincerity of motive. My Lords, dangerous as I believe this measure to be, I think the mode by which it has been brought before Parliament is far more dangerous and far more full of evil auguries for the future. Where are all the securities, where are all the principles, where are all the asseverations which Her Majesty's Ministers so freely made at the commencement of these discussions? They have disappeared; and I wish they had gone to "the land where all things are forgotten." I fear extremely, however, that they will survive and be henceforth cited by those who are less friendly to the Government than I am, as monuments of their weakness or of their dishonesty. My Lords, it is well to consider the position in which we are placed. We have slipped down between broken securities, specious principles, and ministerial inconsistencies into what I venture to call an abandonment of all principle, and a total confusion and demoralization of all party. I do protest against this most earnestly. If there is to be a race between two great political parties which can outbid the other, it is clear that the Constitution, or what remains of it, cannot survive even a few sessions. He must be very blind indeed who does not see the result of this measure. The foundations of political faith are broken up.'

For those among the party,—and no doubt those were many—who, disliking the Bill, and deeply regretting its necessity, yet honestly believed it was the best that could be done under the circumstances, and that to pass it would be a less evil than to reject it and prolong the agitation, with all the hazardous possibilities of future discomfiture; and who, while fully alive to the reproaches to which they would justly expose themselves for inconsistency and instability of purpose, fancied there was no alternative and no escape,—we can but say that their view of the matter appears to us both shortsighted and erroneous. In public life many mortifications must be swallowed, and many hopes surrendered, but never pledges or convictions. Politicians may often be forced to submit to much which they deem wrong and dangerous, and to *acquiesce* in it when accomplished or inevitable; but they need never, and should never, *do* it. There is something yet more important than the measures of statesmen,—and that is their characters. We are not now condemning the Conservatives of whom we speak as wanting in sincerity, but as wanting in logic and in wisdom. Their error, to use some forgotten words of Sir James Mackintosh, has been ‘that of too easily allowing of exceptions to general rules; of too ready a sanction to the use of doubtful means when the end seemed to them good; that of believing, unphilosophically as well as dangerously, that there *can* be any scheme or measure as beneficial to the State as the mere existence of men who would not do a base act for any public advantage. It was said of Andrew Marvel, “He would have died to *serve* his country, but he would not do a base thing to *save* it.”’

To the unexpected and unsatisfactory results of the Parliamentary session the mistakes and faults of the sincere friends of Reform have contributed almost as much as the sins of the Conservatives, though in a different mode. They suffered themselves to be betrayed into many blunders, and they were face to face with an antagonist before whom no blunders could be committed with impunity. In the heat of argument, under the pressure of difficulties, from the incaution of enthusiasm, they had made admissions and used arguments which Mr. Disraeli used against them with merciless adroitness. Moreover Mr. Gladstone’s tactics during the previous session, whatever we may think of their propriety or necessity, had undeniably caused an amount of dissension in the Liberal ranks which placed him almost at the discretion of a ready and unscrupulous opponent, and of which the Government leader did not fail to take full advantage. The main error committed by the phalanx of Reformers—and we are speaking here of the main body, who were sincere and earnest as well as moderate in their advocacy

of the cause, as distinguished from mere Whigs like Earl Grosvenor, or mere Radicals like Mr. Bright—was that there was a marked want of harmony between their premises and their conclusions, between the arguments by which they urged Reform and the measures by which they proposed that Reform should be carried out, between the principles they laid down and the Bill in which those principles were to be embodied. This inconsistency placed them at once in a false and an indefensible position, and laid them open to the most damaging home-thrusts. In fact, as we view the matter, their plea for Reform was irresistible, while their plan of Reform was inadmissible. They demanded a large extension of the franchise to the working classes, on the ground that there were vast numbers of those classes earnestly desirous to possess it, and every way qualified to exercise it,—and both the assertion and the inference were undeniable;—and then they stultified their argument by proposing to extend it to countless thousands whom no one pretended were either anxious for it or deserving of it. They pointed to the sober, intelligent, well-educated, thriving artisan of Manchester, Birmingham, and Leeds, profoundly instructed in political questions, and able to discuss them with a sagacity not always shown elsewhere, too clever to be cajoled, too independent in his circumstances to be tempted by a bribe, and far too high-minded and conscientious not to scorn one; and they asked if it was not monstrous, unjust, and foolish to refuse the suffrage to a class like that. And when the soundness and cogency of the plea was admitted, they brought in a Bill to enfranchise not these men only, not these men principally, but a class of men resembling them in not a single quality or a single condition,—the ordinary unintelligent, dependent, corruptible labouring man of Warwick, Reigate, Bridport, Dover, and Totnes,—of every small borough where the lower classes had no political principles and no social strength or independence, and regarded votes only as property to be disposed of to the best advantage. They insisted on the theoretical propriety of enfranchising the competent and the pure, and then in the strength of that argument practically set to work to enfranchise the notoriously incompetent and corrupt—and to do this in about double numbers. They commanded the assent of all men when they maintained that the constituencies would be enriched, and the House of Commons enlightened and improved, by the admission of the *élite* of the working classes; and they then showed how little they respected their own claim or understood its real strength, by proposing to impoverish the electoral body and degrade the House by placing on the Register, in indiscriminate and swamping numbers, the poorer

householders throughout the kingdom, who in two boroughs out of three have nothing in common with that *élite*, except the mere fact that they live on weekly wages. If the friends of Reform, when in office and in the ascendant, as was persistently urged upon them at the time, had demanded votes for the working men *because* they were fit, and for those only who *were* fit, the demand could neither have been rejected nor abused. But as it was, their inconsistency made their measures assailable and weak, and the indiscriminateness of their own proposal made them helpless to resist the still more reckless indiscriminateness of the Tory leader. Their arguments in favour of Reform were, as we have said, irrefragable, and the mode of giving practical effect to those arguments would have been by adopting a low qualification in the great manufacturing and commercial towns, where alone large bodies of intelligent and independent political artisans are to be found, and to maintain a restricted suffrage in those older and smaller boroughs, where the lower you go the more you come upon corruption and incompetency. But this was a direct and simple way to their end too novel for official Liberals to venture on.

Their second error was that in the course of the Reform discussions they had laid down principles far wider than the ground they were required to cover, and in order to obtain or defend a special claim, had advanced doctrines logically involving claims which they never dreamed of either preferring or admitting. Many of them, and some even whose experience in Parliamentary warfare ought to have saved them from the blunder, had talked of 'our own flesh and blood;' had made light of the danger to be apprehended from conferring political power upon uneducated masses, so long as those masses were Englishmen; had urged and exaggerated the danger of resistance to popular claims, and more than half accepted the inference that whatever the people wished for must sooner or later be conceded; had even seemed to adopt the creed that every man had a sort of *prima facie* right to a vote, and that the onus of proof lay with those who would withhold it. All this made it difficult for them to oppose *any* extension of the franchise, however sudden or extravagant, when proposed by their antagonists, or to withstand the artillery of their own unwise and extreme arguments when turned against them. The peculiarity of the question, moreover, involved them in another difficulty—a difficulty no doubt which they shared with their antagonists, but which always tells practically most against those who, as a party, are least compact and powerful,—that no Reform Bill which either side cared to bring forward could be based upon or defended in conformity with any general or abstract principle. Neither

Whigs nor Tories dreamed of rectifying the distribution of seats in any distinct ratio to property or population, or to both combined; both alike, indeed, disavowed any such design or wish, yet both proposed to go *some* way in that direction, and the only question between them was how far to go,—a question obviously to be determined by preponderance of party power, and not of logical force. Neither Whigs nor Tories were prepared to accede to manhood suffrage, or taxation suffrage, or even household suffrage, *as a principle*; yet both leaned a little to each notion, and were ready to make up their constitutional prescription by a selection, more or less, out of these several ingredients in the political Pharmacopœia; the more or less was in fact the only matter in dispute between them. When any orator attempted to defend or to object to a distinct proposal on any plea of principle, he was at once answered by the retort that his argument would lead him further or less far; so that the discussion necessarily degenerated into a mere affair of compromise, of expediency, of splitting differences,—of voting strength, not of harmonious development,—of what could be carried, rather than what could be justified,—a lowering of tone necessarily fatal to all high achievement, and all creditable or permanently satisfactory legislation.

But the main fault of the Liberal party—the moderate and rational Liberals, we mean, of whom Mr. Gladstone is or ought to be the leader,—was, as it so often has been, want of moral courage. They had not, as the French express it, the courage of their convictions. They wanted nerve to repel the caricature of their own doctrines, the travesty of their own scheme, which the Conservative leader had the audacity to propose. On the one hand, they had so frequently, when advocating a moderate extension of the franchise, made use of arguments and maintained doctrines which would amply cover a very immoderate extension, that they lacked the candour to avow the fault, and to decline to be bound by its logical results. On the other, having so long been, and considering themselves to be, *par excellence*, the friends of a wider suffrage, they shrank from the apparently, but only *apparently*, false and inconsistent position of the opponents of extension. They did not choose to be forced into it, and they had not the manliness to adopt it of their own accord. They disliked the awkwardness of the position, and they dreaded its unpopularity. They either did not clearly perceive, or were not logically and morally bold enough to proclaim, that an indiscriminate and extreme lowering of the suffrage was not a larger and more liberal application of their principle, but its opposite; that to admit the fit and to admit the unfit involved a difference not of degree but of kind. They

had been rationally and unanswerably advocates for conferring a substantial amount of political power on the independent and intelligent portion of the working class, and yet they suffered themselves to be made the auxiliaries of those who proposed to neutralize the gift by bestowing it in still larger measure upon the dependent and unintelligent portion; and in acting thus they were, it cannot be concealed, unfaithful to their doctrines and their trust. They practically, and in a double manner betrayed the interests of the educated and steady artisan; they permitted him to be forced to share his new privilege with two others who did not deserve it as he did, and would probably use it adversely; and they ran the almost certain risk of thus discrediting that enfranchisement of the working classes which was the banner they had raised and followed. There can be little doubt that the *elite* of the operatives in the great manufacturing and commercial centres of industrial and intellectual activity would have exercised the franchise on the whole creditably and beneficially. There can be just as little doubt that the new and poorer electors in small boroughs and in county towns will not do so. Yet scarcely a single member was to be found in the Liberal ranks who dared to say distinctly and unreservedly to the Tory leader: 'We will not be made either the tools of your insidious designs nor the slaves of our own rash expressions; we will not, because we are the advocates of popular privileges, be forced into the position of recognising the claims of an unqualified democracy; we are prepared to undertake the defence of the entrenchments which you abandon, and to stand forth as discriminating supporters of the limitation and dignity and value of that suffrage which you are seeking to depreciate and discredit by your lavish squandering.' Several individuals indicated that they would have liked to say this; but no one said it.

Another mistake, and a far more unaccountable because a purely intellectual one, was committed by the Liberal party in their rejection of Mr. Lowe's proposal for the adoption of the cumulative vote. It would have established a principle to which the most philosophic thinkers on all sides had signified their adhesion, which every fresh advance of reforming measures, whether of extension or redistribution, endangers, which the progress of democratic power renders more essential and imperative,—the fair representation of minorities. It would have offered a security to property and education, and a bulwark against the oppression of mere numbers, that would have enabled us to look at the advancing tide of popular encroachments with far less anxiety than it must now excite. It was irrefragable on the score of justice. It was vehemently opposed

only by Mr. Bright and Mr. Disraeli, and their respective analogues and votaries,—that is, by men who were determined, as far as lay with them, to establish the tyranny of the masses over the cultivated intelligence of the few; the one set fancying that these masses would be swayed by demagogues; the other trusting that they could be managed and controlled by landlords and by millionnaires. In a word, it had everything to recommend it,—reason and expediency, the politicians by whom it was advocated, and the politicians by whom it was denounced. Yet neither Mr. Gladstone, nor the late Government as a whole, nor even the leading men of the Whig party, could be made to perceive the vast importance of a scheme which emanated from the thinkers, and had only slowly made its way among the statesmen; and of the 170 who voted for it, a very large proportion were Conservatives, and not a few were mere outsiders. It was reserved for a legal lord to propose, and for the Upper House to adopt, in spite of the opposition of the Government, a scheme identical in point of principle but inferior in its scope and operation. If the Liberals in the House of Commons had been sagacious and united enough, they might, with the aid of the Lords, have carried the cumulative vote, and created a sufficient number of three-membered constituencies in which to introduce it, to have made even Mr. Disraeli's Bill almost innocuous. It remains to be seen whether in future years they will recognise their blunder and retrace their steps.

Let us now endeavour to ascertain what are the provisions, and what is likely to be the operation, of this singular outcome of the apostasy of one party, and the shortcomings of another,—this new Radical measure which the Tories have passed, with the assistance or connivance of the Whigs. In the first place, it certainly is what Mr. Disraeli said at the opening of the session it ought to be,—the production not of any Government or of any party, but of the House of Commons itself, acting as a sort of republican assembly, with no commander, with little guidance, in a chance-medley of miscellaneous activity; each man, eminent or obscure, doing that which seemed right in his own eyes, and now and then stumbling upon a most unexpected and important victory. The underlying idea and object of the measure was no doubt conceived by Mr. Disraeli, if not avowed, and was steadily kept in view by him throughout; the main outline and the chief provision of the scheme are clearly Mr. Bright's; Mr. Gladstone added a few finishing touches; Mr. Laing extended materially the scope and range of the second portion; while for the two most sig-

nificant and largely operative clauses, the abolition of the Compound Householder and the Lodger franchise, we are indebted to two independent members whose names had scarcely been heard beyond the limits of their respective constituencies. Never before had there been so much cross-voting, so many divisions in which inveterate foes found themselves in the same lobby, in which dogged Conservatives voted against the Ministry, and hereditary and eager Liberals supported a Tory Cabinet. The Lords have been just as lawless as the Commons; the two signal defeats sustained by the Government in the Upper House were on proposals made by the Marquis of Salisbury and Lord Cairns; and Lord Derby was all but beaten a third time among the Peers, whom he used to command with an almost absolute sway, on a motion to extend his own redistribution scheme in a more liberal direction. Never were old landmarks so extensively broken up, or a compact party more thoroughly disintegrated.

The next remark we have to make is, that no one knows, or pretends to calculate, or has ventured to predict, what the scope or effect of the enfranchising clauses of the measure will practically prove to be. The most experienced politicians and electioneers are in doubt, or differ in their estimates. Mr. Disraeli, we believe, expects one result; Mr. Forster, a wholly opposite one; and Mr. Bright fears and is perplexed. Whether the proffered extension of the suffrage will turn out to be enormous, or will in reality be very trifling, it is impossible to foresee. If all are put upon the Register who have a legal right to be there, and legal means of placing themselves there, the borough suffrage will be next door to universal. If only those who really value the privilege, and are willing to pay in trouble and in money for it, and care for political questions on their own account, and are honestly desirous of a vote which yet they do not intend or expect to be able to sell, then the number of new electors in most towns will probably be unimportant. All that we can say with any certainty on this head is this, that the *potential* effect of the measure is absolutely revolutionary—*i.e.*, it amounts, if fully acted on, to a possible transfer of electoral preponderance to the lowest and the newest class of voters. Accepting the estimate, or rather the guess, made by Mr. Disraeli, and indorsed as probable by the Duke of Argyll—*viz.*, that the *actual* addition to the Register will be just half the *possible* addition—the total number of borough household electors (leaving out the Metropolitan constituencies) will be 700,000, of whom 450,000 will belong to the working class, and 250,000 to all other classes together. *Potentially*, therefore, this result—and observe, this is not the extreme *possi-*

bility, but an estimated *probability*—would give to the new electors, *plus* the working men already on the Register, the command of the majority of the borough members; and as the borough members are 62 per cent. of the whole number, it *might* give them the command of the Representative Chamber. How far will the actual correspond to the potential result? We will not even attempt to conjecture, and we do not believe that any one can ascertain till we have had two general elections. Some persons, many of them officially well qualified to form an opinion, expect that such large numbers will lose their votes from change of residence, or from non-payment or excusal of rates, if no active committees are at work to pay them for them or if such interference be effectually prevented, that the number of new electors will be far fewer than we anticipate; that only in times of great excitement and on questions of specially class interest will the main body of working men seek to be on the Register; and that these times and questions will usually not be foreseen or provided for soon enough to enable them to substantiate their claims. It may be so. Others, on the contrary, fancy that the stake has now become so great, the issue so grave, and the result so questionable, that all parties will make stupendous efforts to swell the electoral lists by urging and facilitating the registration and ratepaying; that Radicals and demagogues will feel that they must exert themselves to utilize to the utmost the weapon which Mr. Disraeli has put into their hands, and that Conservatives and men of property will make corresponding exertions, on the other hand, to maintain their political preponderance, and assert their influence over the new electors. Some expect that the ratepaying condition will be found so onerous and so disfranchising that popular pressure, ‘an ugly rush,’ will soon sweep it away. Others are of opinion that it will be found to operate so equally against all parties, that by common consent no objection will be raised in the registration courts on this head, and thus that the condition will be virtually ignored and abrogated. This also may be so; we cannot tell. Another supposition, and not an unlikely one, is that some way will be contrived for evading the tremendous inconvenience sustained by the parochial authorities in consequence of the abolition of the compound householder; that landlords will, by private arrangement, pay the rates for and collect them from their registered tenants, who will thus be entitled to their votes,—exercising them, it may be, at their landlord’s suggestion, out of compliment or in gratitude for the little accommodation he affords them. This appears to us highly probable; and we do not know that it would be very easy or very desirable to forbid such an arrangement. In this way an

enormous number of the very lowest class of householders may be *registered*, yet not *enfranchised*—may become possessed of votes, but not of the liberty of exercising them independently. All these results are possible ; what we are now concerned to point out is simply that we cannot at all say which of these results will follow ; we are taking our leap in the dark.

Nearly the same remark may be made in reference to the Lodger franchise. No one has made any calculation—none, at least, on which much reliance can be placed—as to the probable numbers whom it will enfranchise, and the conjectures are very vague as to the class of which those numbers will mainly consist. For ourselves, we look upon the clause as one of the most important, just, and beneficial in the whole Bill. We believe it will have a very wide, and, on the whole, a decidedly Conservative, that is, anti-democratic operation. It does not seem perfectly clear what the £10 limit will prove to be, and much may depend upon the interpretation put upon the words of the Act by the revising barristers. But we are assured by competent parties that ‘lodgings which would let for, or are of the value of, £10 *unfurnished*,’ are usually, if not invariably, provided with water and gas, which raises their rent considerably, so that few persons will be placed upon the register by the Lodger clause who pay less than five or six shillings a week for their *empty* rooms. If so, the law will confer votes upon very few lodgers of the working class in the metropolis, and upon almost none elsewhere ; while, on the other hand, it will swell the electoral list by an incalculable number of the educated classes everywhere—‘rising young men,’ too ambitious to encumber themselves with a family, mercantile clerks, Government *employés*, embryo engineers, curates, barristers, club-men, and the like, who may have often very Radical or very narrow views, but whose sympathies will usually be on the side of property and order, and who, at all events, whatever vote they give, will be fully qualified to give a reason along with it. The lodger is often a very superior man to the householder under whose roof he resides ; far richer, more influential, and more instructed. It not unfrequently happens in London that gentlemen live in dwellings belonging to and nominally occupied by their own servants ; while numbers of semi-educated and not very independent persons make a living by renting houses, which they let out in suites or separate apartments to persons much above them in the social scale. Under the old system the uncultivated landlord had a vote, and the cultivated tenant had none. Yet so little does the proposed change appear to be understood that it has been dreaded and opposed on the one hand, and warmly advocated on the other, as mainly a measure

for extending the suffrage to working men. The Peers seldom made a more foolish or needless blunder than by endeavouring to raise the limit to £15. They showed a superfluous *animus* in favour of restricting the suffrage, even when its liberal extension could not practically or in any material degree operate against their views.

The working of the new county franchise of £12 rating is, we apprehend, just as unpredictable as that of the other two franchises, and no reliable estimate as to numbers even has been framed. That the operation of an occupancy reduction from £50 to less than £20 must be extensive, we cannot doubt; in many counties, as Lord Carnarvon pointed out, the constituencies will be doubled, and more than doubled, by the change; while the £50 tenants will be left in a small minority. But of what class will the new electors consist? What is their character, and what are their political leanings? These questions no one seems able to answer. Farmers rated at £12, and therefore holding from fifteen to twenty-five acres of land, are not likely to be a very intelligent nor a very independent set of men; and though they may strengthen the landed interest at elections, will scarcely do much to enrich or ennoble the electoral body. But the urban and suburban residents, the comfortable middle class, retired tradesmen, half-pay officers, clergymen, and others, paying a rent of £20 for their houses and paddocks, who are virtually and in their ways of thinking more townsmen than countrymen, and are county voters only because the towns in which they live have no borough representation, constitute a very different class. To a certain extent, no doubt, they will be under the direct material, and to a larger extent under the moral, influence of the magnates of their district; but to a much greater extent still it may turn out that they are both qualified in intelligence and independent in character. Everything, however, in the matter is conjectural. 'All that we know is that we know nothing.'

The redistribution clauses of the Bill are obviously and glaringly inadequate to the requirements of the crisis. They only most imperfectly correct those inequalities of representation between north and south, between large towns and small, which were among the strongest arguments for Reform. The following tables, which we take from a very intelligent pamphlet by Mr. Ewing, show the present anomalies of the representation,—anomalies which Mr. Disraeli's measure, even as modified by Mr. Laing, only rectifies in the scantiest proportion:—

I.

Divisions.	Population, 1861.	Total amount of Property assessed under the Income Tax Schedules, A, B, D.	Total amount of Direct Taxa- tion levied.	Number of Representatives in the House of Commons.
I. Northern,	5,569,802	£60,752,868	£3,291,590	98
II. Midland,	5,754,814	66,847,701	3,541,419	163
III. Southern,	5,249,305	55,562,908	3,146,616	189
IV. Middlesex,	2,206,485	46,156,122	3,937,521	14
Totals,	18,780,406	£229,319,599	£13,917,146	464

II.

Divisions.	Borough Population in 1861.	Taxable Wealth.	Male Occupiers.	Number of Members.
I. Northern, .	2,647,066	£31,296,731	480,469	71
II. Midland, .	1,679,595	13,757,768	317,101	96
III. Southern, .	2,098,615	19,119,054	304,352	140
IV. Middlesex, .	1,838,061	42,877,402	201,416	12
Totals, .	8,263,337	£107,050,955	1,303,338	319

There will be another result of the new Bill, the extent and *ultimate* consequences of which may be very serious, but can only be briefly suggested here. It will probably be many years before their full operation can be discerned. By the double process of giving borough members to a number of new towns, and of extending the Parliamentary boundaries of existing boroughs, Mr. Disraeli has succeeded in gutting the counties to a great extent of their *urban* element, while at the same time he has materially increased both the positive and relative amount of the county representation. The boroughs will become more exclusively urban, and the counties more exclusively agricultural and rural, than before; the two elements of national life will be more than ever severed and opposed; and the active and energetic spirit of progress which we find in towns will find itself arrayed against the stationary and conservative temper which reigns in county districts,—an antagonism the *possible* mischief of which cannot readily be over-estimated,—especially as the latter must in any serious conflict prove the weaker of the two, both in numbers and in vigour.

One result which nearly every one seems to anticipate as certain, and we apprehend with good reason, is a vast increase

of the two greatest evils connected with our system of popular elections, viz., electioneering and corruption. Contests will become even more costly, and less pure and genuine, than they have been,—and yet, Heaven knows, we needed no aggravation of these evils. A considerable change will come over the practical details of canvassing and management. Large and small constituencies require very different manipulation, and under the new *régime* large constituencies will become the rule. Electoral bodies of 10,000, 15,000, and 20,000 will be comparatively common. Canvassing must alter its character; only in rare cases will the candidate be able to come into close communication with his constituents, make personal acquaintance with them, or indeed be known to them at all except as a kind of abstract entity that makes speeches at district or ward meetings. The management of contests will fall more and more, as it has done in America, into the hands of professional electioneers, who will, in a manner, *contract* for the candidate's return, and will deal in their turn, not with individual voters, but with sub-agents and contractors, the secretaries or managers of various district organizations, who each of them can command the aggregate votes of their respective cliques or unions, and will promise, and bring up to the poll (for adequate considerations, material or moral), the Baptists, or the Methodists, or the Bricklayers, or the Grinders, or the Teetotalers, or any of the various sections into which the constituency may be parcelled out. A new era will dawn for the Spofforths and the Coppocks, and their profession will acquire a development hitherto unknown. Sometimes, no doubt, a great popular orator, or an eminent and tried statesman, may rise superior to these contrivances, may dispense with them or override them; but there can be little doubt that in the majority of cases they will be paramount, will be indispensable, will be irresistible, will be demoralizing, and will be very costly; and whether the price be paid in principle or in money, in distributing hard cash or in deferring to popular cries and sectional crochets and prejudices, is a question which involves rather the kind than the degree of mischief to be wrought. But in no case is it easy to over-estimate the amount of political deterioration which must ensue if these fears are realized,—the extent to which the independence of candidates will be compromised, to which they will be degraded from the position of representatives into that of delegates; to which the command of elections, and therefore of the tone and course of public affairs, will be given over to some of the shallowest, meanest, corruptest elements of the political arena. The danger will be greater of course in towns than in counties; but it may

well happen that the election of a great proportion of our borough members (who are nearly two-thirds of the whole number) may virtually depend upon a few score of unscrupulous electioneers, not one of whom any high-minded candidate would recognise as an equal or associate; and for whose political convictions, or capacity of forming a political judgment, no one would entertain the least respect. If the day ever comes, and it seems very near, when candidates for power and Parliamentary position have to canvass contractors instead of constituents, the degeneracy of the House of Commons will have set in. In the smaller boroughs the effect of the change will be far simpler; there the enlargement of the constituencies will merely have extended the area of corruption; the new electors will be more indigent, without being in the least degree purer than the old ones; and either the purse of the candidate must open wider than before, or the tariff of voters' value will be reduced. We have little belief in the power of any mere legislation to put an end to bribery, or do anything but put certain impediments in the way of particular forms (and those not the worst forms) of it: we have still less faith in either this Parliament or the Parliament of the future dealing with the matter in that resolute and trenchant temper which alone can render legislation effectual; and least of all do we expect that the new and lower constituencies we are about to create will be more anxious for purity of election than the existing ones. Not only will corruption take new shapes to meet the altered circumstances, but it is probable that a new class of bribers and bribees, or at least a new form of corrupt influence, will be created, viz., that of *town landlords*,—the owners of cottage property and of large blocks of the poorer class of houses, the rates of which have hitherto been compounded for, but which must now, legally and formally at least, be levied on the occupier. It is more than probable that in these cases the landlord will in some shape make himself answerable for the tenant's rates, will advance them to the tenant, or collect them from him when he pays his rent, and will thus acquire a virtual and understood, and never disputed command over his tenant's vote. Wealthy and powerful candidates; indigent and dependent electors; rich men anxious for a seat; poor men hungry for a bribe;—and the result inevitably is that 'union of the millions with the millionnaires' (as the *Spectator* well described it), which is supposed to have been the deliberate vision of Mr. Disraeli. Such at least would appear to be the prospect before us, if the new law shall be found practically to place upon the Register all, or nearly all, to whom it concedes the franchise theoretically.

We do not anticipate that the *personnel* of the House of

Commons will be materially altered by the new electoral law, or indeed by any one which there is the slightest chance of seeing in England. We doubt whether, even if members were paid, and well paid, as in America and formerly in France, any but the 'easy classes' would find entrance into Parliament, unless indeed *all* expenses at elections were abolished. The rich, the leisured, and the noble will always be anxious to govern the country, will always have superior facilities for governing it, and for persuading the constituencies to let them govern it; while the respect for rank and family, reasoning or unreasoning, feudal relic or simple snobbism, which prevails so widely and goes so deep among our people, is certain to secure to the great and long-descended an inalienable and cheap advantage over all competitors. There will always be a sufficiency of candidates belonging to the class we are accustomed to term 'gentlemen,' able to spend, willing to work, independent by means if not invariably by character, zealous for distinction, and qualified by talent and by education, who will seek the suffrages of their fellow-citizens, to leave little room or prospect of success to those who have no extraneous recommendations, and who have to toil for a living. We therefore believe that the House of Commons, as a rule subject to few exceptions, will continue to be recruited from the same classes as have hitherto furnished our senators, viz., country gentlemen, scions of noble families, rising and ambitious lawyers, wealthy bankers, merchants, and railway magnates, with a sprinkling of popular orators and demagogues, and here and there a stray philosopher who has accidentally wandered into that eminently unphilosophical assembly. We confess that we wish it could be otherwise. In our judgment the greatest boon that could be conferred at once upon Parliament and upon the people, that which would at once most enrich the Representative Assembly and enlighten and serve the represented masses, would be the introduction into the House of Commons of some genuine specimens and delegates of the working classes, some of those honest, hard-headed, intelligent, self-educated artisans, who exist among them in considerable numbers, who thoroughly understand their wants and wishes, who share their feelings, who reflect their prejudices, who are imbued with their class opinions and modes of viewing the opinions of others, and who would be quite competent to expound and defend their convictions with a cogent logic, and a racy and straightforward eloquence that could scarcely fail to command respect. Such men would soon make the working class *understood* in the House (which, without some such infusion, it never will be), and if they did not convince their hearers, would assuredly be largely both

modified and moderated themselves, and would in turn materially qualify and enlighten the views of their constituents. The self-elected leaders and spokesmen of the people, those who now take up their cause and harangue in their name, and arrogate to themselves the title of their representatives, cannot perform any of these functions; they are not working men, and cannot enter into working men's minds; they can speak *for* them but not *from* them; and we fear that the new electoral law will do nothing to rectify this deficiency, or to supply it. Even if the working men are able to command a majority at the poll the man they send may be the man of their choice, but will not be the man of their hearts; he will, five times out of six, be a declaimer, not a workman—an agitator, not an artisan—a trades-union secretary, manager, orator, or jobber, a Beales, or a George Potter; not really and one of themselves—one who could show the gentlemen at St. Stephens how little the Bealeses, and the Potters, and the Bradlaughs, or even the Hugheses and the Taylors, give them an idea of what the real working man is and thinks and feels.

No; the future members will be in person, probably, nearly identical with the present ones; the same, yet not the same; personally the old chameleons, but modified by feeding on a different leaf. They will neither be working men, nor the *bond fide* representatives of working men; but representatives of their own class returned by and amenable to mixed constituencies, which, therefore, according to the best of their abilities, they must modify and travesty themselves to suit. They will be the same men as now, with warped principles, damaged independence, and lowered position. They will have taken the artisan orders with more or less compromise, but will neither be able to expound the artisan mind, nor impersonate the artisan character. They will be more than ever delegates, but delegates from a body whose views and feelings they do not in sincerity reflect, and only imperfectly and unsympathetically understand. There is something comparatively noble and honest in the position of a nominee who belongs to and has imbibed all the prejudices of the class that nominates him; there is something almost ignominious in the position of a representative who can neither enlighten his constituents nor cordially and unfeignedly share their darkness, of an aristocrat who becomes the delegate of the democracy, of an educated man who condescends to become the spokesman of the uninstructed populace,—who consents or aspires to become the acoustic tube through which their commands are blown to the Legislative Chamber. It is difficult to believe that under the *régime* which threatens us, the House of Com-

mons will be able to escape the insidious influence of a double degradation; the degradation of accepting principles of policy and lines of action dictated by the less qualified and instructed classes in the nation, and of accepting them against the conviction and in spite of the protest of its better sense.

'I do not believe much,' said Lord Cranborne, 'in the influence of rank and wealth. I believe it will operate in quiet times and on ordinary questions. I believe it is very likely that for ordinary purposes you will find members of the upper and middle class returned to this House, and that where no pressure exists they will be governed by the feelings of the classes to which they belong; but if ever any crisis arises—if there is any stress which draws men into violent action, I believe that then you will find that the upper and middle classes will no longer vote for the class to which they belong, and that those who are elected will care more for their seats than for their class. Why, Sir, there is nothing which is more remarkable in history than the instinct with which the lower classes have always selected, or tried to select, for the purposes which they desire to carry out, members of the classes against whom they were acting. Depend upon it, if any storm arises, if there is any question of labour against capital, any question of occupation against property, it will be no protection to you that you may have men who belong to the class of proprietors or the class of capitalists in this House; it will be no more protection to you than it was to Louis Seize that a Philippe Egalité was found among the French Revolutionists. You will see, what has been seen a hundred times, that men will rather vote against their class than peril their own position with their constituents, and will care too much for their own political future to fly in the face of those who elect them. What I believe is, that the members of Parliament who will be returned under this Bill will be *wealthy men with Conservative instincts, and steeped to the lips in Radical pledges*. We know from the example of this session how much Conservative instincts will avail with men who are acting under the fear that they will lose their seats. These defences are admirable when there is no attack; they are strong when there is no storm to blow them down. But there is no trust more fatal than that which is reposed in the fact of a representative belonging to a particular class that he will not carry out, when they firmly and violently demand it, the wishes of his constituents.'

'You, again, put your trust,' said Lord Carnarvon, 'in another security. You trust in the great influence and force of wealth. Now, I tell you I have no faith in wealth. I never heard of wealth saving a State. I believe, on the contrary, it will fail you at a particular pinch. I admit it is quite true you will have rich men returned to the House of Commons. But how returned? That is the question to answer. They will be returned committed to further and deeper pledges of democratic extension. They will not be the less delegates of the public will, because they happen to be millionnaires. . . . Suppose the very same men are returned that now sit in the House of

Commons, I contend that their course of conduct must be different, because, though they may sit for the same seats, they will be returned by constituencies of a very different nature. There will be all the difference between these men now and then, that exists *between an actor who speaks to the boxes and an actor who speaks to the gallery.*'

What amount of real ground there may be for anticipating all those fearful consequences of class legislation which were hinted at by Lord Cranborne and vividly depicted by Mr. Lowe, it is as yet simply impossible to judge. There is an immense degree of friction in the operation of all human agencies. No law is ever so beneficent, or so noxious, or so wide and powerful in its effects as it theoretically might be. A thousand modifying influences come in to mitigate and perturb its workings. We do not know, in the first place, whether the artisan classes *will* come upon the Register in the overwhelming proportions which the new franchise makes feasible. We do not know whether they will obtain their votes under such conditions as will leave them practically free to exercise them according to their own discretion. We do not know what leaders they may choose, nor what amount of hidden sound sense and right feeling may be prevalent among them. We do not know whether, on the whole, they will follow demagogues or landlords. The only thing we can say with absolute certainty is that by our new electoral law all the mischiefs predicted by the honourable member for Calne have become *possible*,—that the working classes *may*, if they choose, obtain the command of the representation,—that they *may*, if they act together and as a class, direct the whole legislation of the country in favour of their own order,—and that if, being able to do this, they abstain from doing it, they will display either greater stolidity, or higher intelligence, or nobler unselfishness than any ruling class ever yet has shown. Our own belief is not that the evils and errors prophesied by Mr. Lowe will come either as speedily or in as perilous a measure as he fancies, but that the general tendency of our legislative and executive action will be forced *in that direction*,—and that whereas our policy heretofore has gone too much in favour of the propertied class, it will go henceforth too much in favour—or rather according to the fancies—of the proletariat. The lower classes in this country have happily no wrongs to avenge; but they have much mismanagement to rectify; they have generations of neglect to redeem and compensate; the duties of the State towards them have not been adequately discharged, and their true interests and wants and feelings have never been fully understood. All this it must be expected they will now proceed to remedy, or put pressure upon those whom they elect to remedy; and it is possible they

may set about their work in hot haste and in sad ignorance. But that they will set about it we cannot doubt, and shall not regret,—everything depends upon the spirit in which they enter on the task, upon the guides they choose to direct them on the way, and upon the cordial willingness or the suicidal reluctance which may be shown by the upper classes to assist them. If the artisan and labouring poor practically acquire that predominance at the polling-booth which potentially it cannot be concealed that we have put into their hands, then we may expect that the obstacles in the way of universal and cheap and good education which religious or social prejudice has hitherto maintained, and which seemed so insuperable to a middle-class Legislature, will vanish like snow before the just will of a purely popular one; and if so we shall have reaped at least one great gain from Parliamentary Reform. Then, we may fairly anticipate that our wretched system of municipal government, with its monstrous ineptitude and inadequacy, will not long be endured by citizens who feel its shortcomings and stupidities in every detail of their daily life and comfort, in a way the easier and wealthier classes never do. They will *insist upon* air and water in ample supply, upon an adequate police, upon decent workhouses, upon sanitary securities, upon fit and habitable dwellings within reach of their daily work. They will not dawdle, as we have done, over the rectification of urgent and recognised abuses, and grievances which they feel as well as see. The people, our new sovereigns, will be prone to pursue their objects with an unwonted directness of aim, with no great deference to general principles, and with no sufficient respect for individual liberty of action. They value leisure and recreation and morality in their way;—and we must therefore be prepared for such mixture of wisdom and folly as lies in anti-Sabbatarian legislation, in ‘Permissive Bills,’ in eight-hours labour enactments, and the like. The people are not Jacobins or Proudhonists, or foes to property in the abstract, nor would they be able to find decent leaders to head them in any crusades against social law or order; but they have some queer notions—quite unsound, but by no means unplausible or without a grain or two of truth at the root of them—about the distribution of wealth and the incidence of taxation;—and we may therefore be pretty certain that land will be made easily and cheaply saleable (which probably will be no evil), and that great efforts will be made to substitute direct for indirect taxation, and perhaps even to pass a graduated income-tax, so that the rich shall contribute the revenue which the poor will vote and spend. There will be no economy either in war or peace expenditure; but justice, while costing more to the country, will be made cheaper

and speedier to the individual ; and both in the army and navy the interests and feelings of the private will be more considered, while the rank and connexions of the officer will grow less and less influential, and the shortcomings, blunders, and incapacities of those in high command, and especially in official quarters, will be visited with a now undreamed-of severity. All which will be clear gain. It is too probable, on the other hand, that the power which trades-unions derive from their organization, and the mingled ignorance and timidity of those they lead and bully, may be turned to political ends ; that, in the perpetual contest or competition between capital and labour, labour may insist upon legislation taking up its side of the controversy, and sanctioning if not assisting the oppression it desires, in its passionate blindness, to exercise both over its employers and its members, till its economical blunders, sooner or later, but possibly too late, shall bring their own punishment, teach their own lesson, and work their own cure. Finally, *absit omen* ! it may be, as the democracy learns its own power, and acquires that impatient and despotic temper which the exercise of power teaches to us all, and to none more surely than to those least qualified to wield it, that the people, here as in America, intolerant even of impartial and solemn legal decisions, when those decisions are adverse to their passions and pretensions, may insist upon the periodical election of the judges, and thus seek to render them mere nominees and instruments of the popular will. If this time should ever arrive, the decadence and dishonour of England will have indeed set in.

Where, now, are we to look for security for the possible good and against the possible dangers which we have thus briefly sketched out as looming before us in consequence of the daring Reform Bill we have passed,—of this measure, which even Lord Derby acknowledges to be a ‘leap in the dark’? We confess we can point out no security, though no doubt we may suggest certain aids and mitigations. The common cry, alike among those who are proud and those who are frightened at what they have conspired to do, is ‘educate the constituencies ;’—now that you have given them political power, your only safety lies in making them fit to exercise it. ‘It is absolutely necessary,’ says Mr. Lowe, with grim irony, ‘that we should prevail upon our future masters to learn their letters.’ Do not let us deceive ourselves with idle words : a more futile security could not be devised, a more delusive anodyne could not be administered to our well-grounded misgivings. No education within the reach of the working classes of this country, no *school* education, no education beginning at six and ending at thirteen or fourteen, no education that does not continue and

supplement itself in after life, no education, in a word, but that of practice, circumstances, and comparative leisure applied to self-culture—can ever render the great majority of those of whom our new constituencies will consist competent electors, qualified, that is, to form an independent and grounded opinion on political questions, or to weigh the relative merits of public men, scarcely even to decide between the recommendations of rival candidates. Peasants and artisans, if sensible and honest men, even if almost uninstructed, may be quite able to judge which of two gentlemen whom they know is the kinder landlord, the more considerate employer, the worthier and more useful neighbour, and therefore likely to prove the better member; but elections, as we all know, are not decided on such considerations, but by reference to the political creed rather than the personal character of the competitors. Now most questions of policy are intricate and difficult, and involve many matters of collateral consequences and remote or hidden expediency, and have two sides sometimes pretty equally balanced; and such questions task all the faculties of the most trained and vigorous intellect. Other public controversies—and several of those most likely to come up in our time—involve considerations of justice between class and class, in which the capacity of looking at the subject from your antagonist's point of view as well as from your own, and of exercising some of the highest qualities of the *judicial* intellect, is requisite to arrive at a sound decision; and this capacity is about the last and rarest attainment of the ripened mind. Others, again, and these among the gravest and most critical, embrace some of the deepest and hardest problems of economic science, and cannot possibly be understood or determined safely without its aid and guidance; and the ideas of working men on political economy are at once singularly misty, obstinate, and shallow—naturally enough, however, and by no fault of theirs. Now, what is the sort and amount of education attainable, or that can be made attainable, by the mass of those whom our new electoral law has called to the exercise of the franchise? Grant that we make primary education compulsory; grant that we establish good national schools in every district, that we maintain them by a rate, and thus bring them easily within the means of every family; grant that we somewhat enlarge and improve the curriculum of subjects, so as to include more of the practical and useful: still how much of actual mental training and sound intelligence shall we be able to have engrained into the agricultural labourer or artisan at the age of twenty-one, when he takes up his franchise? From the age of perhaps eight to that of thirteen or fourteen at the outside, he will attend school every alternate day; he may in that time learn to read with ease and

to write and cipher decently; he may gain a smattering of history, geography, and mechanics, certainly not more; it is possible that he may acquire a taste for knowledge and self-improvement, and if he does he is a made man. But from this age onward his whole day is occupied with the toilsome earning of his daily bread; Sunday-schools and evening-schools are thenceforward about the only means accessible to him for carrying on his inchoate and interrupted education, and bodily fatigue, social temptations, and the habits of those about him, will prevent any but exceptional men from making much use of these means; as a rule, by the age of manhood most of what he learned at school will have grown rusty or have been forgotten, and his school-teaching, we must bear in mind, did not include, and perhaps could not profitably at that early age have been made to include, any of that knowledge which is peculiarly requisite for forming an opinion on political questions. In large towns, indeed, mechanics' institutes, reading-rooms, the habit of political discussion with his fellows, public meetings, penny newspapers, and other agencies, will do much to enlighten and qualify the artisan; and thousands of electors may there become (as indeed many are now) perfectly competent to form and give effect to their own convictions. But granting, as we do, the general and remarkable shrewdness of these men, granting their prevalent fairness and just intentions, granting even that the natural racy vigour of their intellect, especially in the manufacturing towns, will often stand instead of culture, and give them a quick insight into truth, wherever passion and prejudice do not blind them, still they will be exceptions among the new constituencies, and even their sagacity will often be at fault. We will, however, go yet further in our admissions; we admit freely, indeed we entertain no doubt, that great numbers of the freshly enfranchised working men will be incomparably better qualified, both by intelligence and independence, than thousands upon thousands of the old electors,—far more sensible, far more right-minded, far more incorrupt, far more likely to form rational opinions and to give honest votes. But, and here lies the essence of the whole matter, the incompetent and unworthy of the *present* electors are in the minority, they are merged and lost in the vast mass of the educated and superior classes, they are a mischievous and degrading ingredient in the constituencies, no doubt, but they are a comparatively insignificant, and at least not a predominating one. Whereas the incompetent, the unqualified, those whom by no attainable education we can render competent or qualified, those whom, with all the unfeigned respect and esteem we feel for them, we will not flatter or delude by telling them that they can ever become *as compe-*

tent or qualified as men of leisure and of training, *will form the majority of the new electoral body*. Those who leave school at fourteen will be able to overpower the votes and neutralize the convictions and reverse the policy and control the destinies of those who remain at school till twenty-four. Those who toil will, in the last resort, be able to govern those who think. Those whose intelligence and moral perceptions have been disciplined, enlarged, strengthened, and purified by all the influences that culture, leisure, and the most finished wisdom can bring to bear upon them during the whole of life, will be liable at any moment to be outvoted by those who have snatched a most imperfect instruction in early youth, and whom the hard necessities of their lot have almost forced to pass their later years in forgetting what they then learned. And yet we talk of neutralizing what we have done by 'persuading our future masters to learn their letters!' Under no democratic pressure, we have inaugurated, *volunteered*, a democratic revolution; in the passion and blindness of party strife, in the hot contest for victory, popularity, and power, we have done what few demanded and what fewer still designed; and now we propose to undo our work, to disarm or emasculate or humanize our Frankenstein, by a school-rate.

As we said just now, let there be no self-delusion. Much we may do and must do to control and guide the power we have conferred, to qualify the new constituencies for their functions, to prevent them from doing mischief, and instruct them in doing good; but it cannot be effected by school-teaching, or by any of the narrow agencies to which we usually confine the phrase, *Educate the people*.¹ Our upper classes have set themselves a task harder, heavier, and more unremitting than they dreamed of, or than any they have undertaken yet,—one which the responsibility of their high social position lays upon them, one which their own safety as well as the interest of their country alike binds them under the most solemn obligations to discharge to the utmost of their power. Schools may do something to *prepare* the minds of the labouring classes for the political training which other influences must bring to bear upon them. The Press, now easily accessible to all who can read and who care for public things, will do its part, and on the mode in which it does it, will probably in the main depend the future direction in which English policy, internal and external, will move. But

¹ Something may be done, possibly a good deal, by teaching the elements of political economy in schools, and making the subject imperative upon all schools aided by the State or supported by a union rate. And the fundamental truths of political economy are quite capable of being made both intelligible and attractive to young minds.

the Press has a thousand organs, and among these thousands there are certain to be some that will arrogate to themselves in an especial manner the function of leaders and teachers of the masses, that will reflect and foster their prejudices, and seek influence by studying their feelings and delusions rather than their interests. On the whole, of course, the balance of its influence must be on the side of equity and enlightenment, for it must be conducted by men of intellect and culture, and intellect and culture can seldom go altogether wrong, or at least their *tendency* will always be to go right. Still, as we may learn from the history of our neighbours, and as the instances of such men as Mr. Congreve and his school warn us even here, the cleverest minds may take the wildest views and pander to the saddest ignorance and the poorest passions; so the Press, acting on half-educated masses, may do much mischief amid a preponderance of good. The upper classes, on pain of forfeiting their position as chiefs and guides, will have to put their own shoulders to the wheel, to descend into the rough municipal as well as into the more dignified political arena, and toil as they never toiled before. They must mingle with the masses, educate them by personal intercourse, convince, persuade, and influence them by face-to-face discussion wherever men congregate for action or for controversy, and assert their right to be still their governors and leaders, by showing thorough comprehension of all questions which concern them, and unselfish devotion to whatever measures are truly salutary and beneficent. They must gain or recover the command of the mind and heart of the new constituencies by beating mere demagogues and agitators at their own weapons, by showing, as they easily may do, a truer sympathy and a juster insight in all that most stirs the popular nature, by sounder reasoning, by deeper knowledge, by a finer moral sense,—in a word, by proving equal sincerity and superior fitness for the influence they claim. Gentlemen must cease to despise vestries and boards of guardians, and if they will, they may soon supersede those who are not gentlemen. They must take part in local contests and local government, and prove to the people that municipal affairs can be placed in abler, and, above all, in purer hands than those of the noisy declaimers who are the favourites of the mob. They must resist the poor temptations and the petty disgusts which would induce them to stand aloof from public controversies and public functions because they can no longer be easily supreme, and on the contrary must seek them more than ever. They must withstand the besetting sins of an unworthy aristocracy, indolence, and pride, and, instead of withdrawing from an *agora* in which the wrestling is rough and some of the combatants are dirty, must go in

and win, and boldly assert their preferential claim to leadership and office as the most cherished portion of their birthright. Thus, and thus only, and thus surely, we are satisfied, can the battle of our day be fought and won. We do not say that the educated and the leisure classes, the men of rank and property, are still sure to exercise their old supremacy over those to whom they have now committed the *legal* political preponderance, or that they will be able to exercise it through the old instrumentality; but we honestly believe that it is still within their grasp, and that, if they fail to secure it, the fault and the punishment will both be theirs.

In expressing our conviction that the working classes, from the very circumstances of the case, never can become fully competent, nor as competent as those above them, to form sound judgments on questions of policy, government, or law, we by no means wish to be understood as believing that education may not, and by degrees will not, render them *more* competent than they are at present. On the contrary, we think it ought, and we hope it will, and we are sure that all the efforts of the State and of the superior ranks ought to be concentrated upon seeing that it shall. But the work must be accomplished not by schools merely or chiefly, but by education in its widest sense, by sedulously bringing to bear upon the people *all* the influences, social, hortatory, and circumstantial, which can be enlisted in the cause. This is, in fact, the especial task which lies before us as soon as this terribly interfering question of Reform is cleared out of the way. We can only give the briefest intimation of our estimate of the magnitude and multifariousness of the work. Independently of school teaching, of such as can be given in evening classes and by mechanics' institutions, two conditions appear to us to be indispensable before the artisan and labouring classes generally can be made able to exercise the franchise sensibly, soberly, with benefit to themselves and with safety to the country: they must have some leisure for thought and recreation, and they must be in such a position of comparative ease and comfort as to relieve them from that grinding anxiety and irritating want which render quiet and equitable feeling on social and political questions impossible. As long as their whole life is one unrelaxing hurry, one wearing toil, one monotonous succession of days from early dawn till late evening, spent, and necessarily spent, in providing for the mere material wants of the present, they cannot judge wisely and they cannot think calmly. And as long as their dwellings are scanty and unwholesome, insufficiently provided with the first necessities of air, light, and water, so crowded and wretched that the intolerable discomfort

drives them to the alehouse or the ginshop, it is impossible that envy and irritation should not mingle in their doctrines and pervert their views. Now, how are these two great vital faults in their actual condition to be remedied? The second may, we believe—nay, we are confident—be in a great measure remedied by a blending of judicious legislation and of well-directed private enterprise. We cannot enter into the subject here; but having studied it practically and pretty extensively, we have satisfied ourselves that it is feasible to provide in every city, suitable, comfortable, wholesome, and well-appointed dwellings for the poor, within reach of their work, at such rents as their earnings will enable them to pay, and on terms which will yield a fair remunerative return on the capital expended; and to do this without transgressing any single principle of sound legislation or economic science. This part of the task the State can undertake and secure; and as soon as the influence of the masses is truly and rationally brought to bear upon Parliament, this part will be done. The other part—the obtaining of reasonable leisure, and the using of that leisure well—the people must mainly manage for themselves, with such aid and guidance as their friends and superiors can render. It cannot be done by striking for higher wages, or by enacting shorter hours of labour, and endeavouring to obtain equal payment for those shorter hours: these are futile and suicidal schemes, suggested by ignorance of economic laws, and recommended only by blind guides. On the contrary, waste no money in turn-outs; as little as may be in contribution to union funds; turn a deaf ear to all leaders who advise limitation of productive industry, or artificial curtailment of a labourer's faculty and freedom in any shape whatever; but ponder well two facts, which every one cognisant of the working man's life will recognise as general, and draw the full practical inference from them. The *first*, that from ignorance of household management, of culinary skill, of such housewifely qualities as are not ideal, but quite attainable—for the French and Swiss peasant and peasant's wife possess them—the earnings of the artisan do not go as far in the production of comfort and adequate nourishment as they ought to do in the proportion of at least one-third,—*i.e.*, if our working class were clever managers, eight hours' work would make them as well off as twelve hours do now, and the extra four hours might be given to leisure, or to increased comfort, or to provision for the future. Then reflect and trace out whence this want springs in the last resort, and set about to supply it. The *second* undeniable fact is that the working classes of this kingdom spend every year in drink, in tobacco, in sensual indulgences, either needless

or noxious—in ‘self-imposed taxation,’ that is—more than £60,000,000 sterling, a sum equal, it is calculated, to one-fourth of their entire income, a sum equal to 50s. a head, or £12 per family, a sum, therefore, that if saved and laid by for twenty years, would render every head of a poor man’s household a capitalist, with a balance at his banker’s of at least £300 on an average.¹ Here surely is opened to us a wide, almost an unlimited field of usefulness, and to the labouring class a boundless vista of hope and advancement. And every step forward in this direction, while it makes the new elector more comfortable and more prosperous in his domestic circumstances and his social position, will make him at the same time more competent to exercise his political function, and more likely to exercise it righteously.

So many and so urgent are the *agenda* that lie before us, and so entirely did the Reform question, as long as it remained unsettled, preclude any adequate attention being paid them, that we should be inclined to rejoice in the passing of Mr. Disraeli’s Bill, unsatisfactory and mischievous as we deem its provisions to be, if we believed that it would really close the controversy for even half a generation. But we have no such belief. The franchise part of the question may, indeed, be set at rest in all but a few practical details, for it is not easy to descend much lower; but the same cannot be said of the redistribution of seats. In our judgment the Tories never showed less sagacity or foresight than in resisting the efforts made by the Liberals in both Houses sufficiently to enlarge the redistribution scheme as to render it a final settlement. If the proposals of Lord Grey and Mr. Laing had been accepted, there would have been a general agreement to regard the subject as shelved and arranged, and a nearly unanimous determination to silence and discountenance any one who for years might attempt to re-open it. But the case is very different now; the schedules of the Ministry have been passed under protest, and the first session of the new Parliament will probably see a vigorous attempt greatly to extend them, an attempt sure to be supported by all the fresh popular ingredients which it is believed the new electoral law will introduce. Nothing can be more deplorable; we shall have paid a great price for the sake of getting Reform out of the way, and we shall find it in the way still. Had it not been for this fatal and foolish blunder, the Conservative party might perhaps have enjoyed their victory

¹ See *Edinburgh Review*, January 1859: ‘British Taxation; Porter’s Self-imposed Taxation of the Working Class.’

for an indefinite period, and have turned it to good account both for strengthening themselves and for serving their country; they might have used well the power they had acquired ill, as we have seen done elsewhere, and thus have earned forgiveness or forgetfulness of their strange lapse from political principle and old traditions; they might have aroused and allied themselves with those Conservative instincts which still lie so deep in the heart of the community, and have reigned by virtue of what is sound in their doctrines and national in their sentiments and sympathies. It is not easy to exaggerate the amount, or the urgency, or the difficulty of the work to be done. It will need all the new energy which democracy will infuse into our institutions, and all the old ability and experience which it will leave, to do it. We have to reconstruct our old system of municipal government, especially in the metropolis, and suit the outgrown garment to the altered times. We have to provide decent dwellings for the families and decent education for the children of 'our new masters.' We have to remodel our army organization on a scale and with a thoroughness in some degree adequate to the magnitude of the subject and the seriousness of the emergency. We have, if possible, to govern, to cure, and to content the Irish. And lastly, we have to *grapple with* the great question of the relations of Capital and Labour, at which hitherto we have only *nibbled*. This, to all appearance, must be our first task; it will brook no delay and no half-heartedness in our fashion of entering upon it.

This subject has been so recently and fully treated in our pages,¹ that we should not have done more than briefly refer to it now, had it not been for the flood of light thrown upon it by the facts elicited by the Trades-Union Commission, and the startling magnitude it has in consequence assumed, and had not the revelations made rendered it the second great topic of the year, scarcely inferior in interest, and not at all inferior in intrinsic importance, to the Reform question itself. It is true that little has been brought to light that was not long ago known to the initiated, or at least confidently guessed; but now the public have learned for the first time at once how deep and difficult the question is, how critical its actual position, and how beyond measure mischievous the dawdling neglect and incapacity with which it has been hitherto regarded. In what way we are to deal with the two elements of the controversy, so that henceforth Capital shall not defraud or oppress Labour, nor Labour rob and hamper Capital; how we are to emancipate the artisan from the tyranny of his fellows, and yet leave those

¹ *North British Review*, No. xci.: 'The Policy of Trades-Unions.'

fellows free to combine and to act in compact organizations; whether employers and employed cannot wisely and righteously be fused and blended in one grand co-operative conception, in place of being arrayed angrily and foolishly in antagonistic, or seemingly antagonistic ranks; whether order and justice cannot be enforced without liberty being violated; in what manner, in short, those who ought to be auxiliaries with an *entente cordiale* between them, can be hindered from mutually defying and injuring each other, to the common detriment of both;—these are the problems we have to solve in the coming years as we best may.

Meanwhile a few things seem certain in the matter, and are of a significance by no means yet adequately comprehended. The *first* is, that these organizations have reached an extent of ramification and of power at which they become a true *imperium in imperio*,—the *imperium* being often practically stronger and more implicitly obeyed than the *imperio*,—and that they lay down arbitrary laws, and impose obedience to those laws by arbitrary penalties, often reaching to the extreme of violence, in a manner which no government can for a moment tolerate without guiltily abnegating its primary functions of controlling and protecting its subjects. The revelations brought to light by the Commission for inquiring into the Sheffield outrages have too much superseded in public attention the disclosures made before the other investigators as to the operation of the trades-unions generally; yet, in truth, what occurred in Sheffield, monstrous and startling as it was, was nothing more than had occurred elsewhere in somewhat less extreme forms; nothing, in fact, beyond the ripe consequences of a system which was bearing and must bear similar fruit wherever it exists. The murders which so shocked us at Sheffield, however we may seek to disguise the conclusion, were but the culminating point, the logical and ultimate outcome of the very principle on which trades-unions are founded, of the object they have in view, and of the measures by which they believe themselves entitled to carry out their rules. A few minutes' reflection will make this clear. The trades-unions have for their aim to raise wages, and one of their chief contrivances for doing so is to render labour comparatively scarce and scanty, to forbid artisans to work more than a limited number of hours, to prevent unusually skilful or unusually industrious artisans from working as energetically and efficiently as they might and would, and to forbid them to work at all when, in the judgment of the officials, it is for the interest of the trade at large that they should strike work. Now, it is obvious that this system cannot be carried out—even when it is carried out in the main sagaciously and

without passion or caprice—without curtailing the free action of all workmen, without reducing the earnings and fettering the ambition of superior workmen, without inflicting terrible privation, and often utter ruin and starvation, upon poor workmen, without in many instances enforcing compulsory idleness upon outside and competing workmen. All these things press heavily upon those who are subject to them, sometimes are most unwelcome, often are absolutely intolerable, involving occasionally, and for long periods, the extreme of privation to the families of diligent and willing workmen, who might be living in comfort if they were let alone and suffered to follow their own devices. Regulations of this sort, and entailing these results, cannot, it is clear, be enforced without strong measures of *coercion*; and the moment coercion steps in and is exercised by a tribunal and under an authority which are not among the recognised tribunals and authorities of the land, then tyranny begins; coercion must succeed in what it attempts, or the trades-union falls into powerlessness or contempt; coercion, therefore, must go on *crescendo*. If persuasion, moral pressure, menace, are not found sufficient, then ‘picketing,’ ‘rattening,’ way-laying, beating, ‘laming,’ shooting, blowing-up,—*Broadheadism* must be resorted to. It is sure to be so:—no organization, based upon the principles and aiming at the objects of trades-unions, can afford to be set at defiance either by its own members or by outsiders; its rules and orders must be enforced; and onerous rules can only be enforced by adequate penalties. If mild penalties prove insufficient, severer ones must be inflicted; and when starvation is the consequence of obedience, no penalty short of death or mutilation will be found adequate to prevent disobedience; and death and mutilation will therefore be resorted to as surely as men’s passions become exasperated by opposition and conflict, and men’s consciences seared by the consciousness of irresponsible power and the fanaticism of ‘a cause.’ It is impossible it should be otherwise; and no one cognisant of the facts of the case will assert that it ever is or has been otherwise.

The *second* point is, that the operation of these organizations is, and must be, in the main and in the long-run, injurious to the workmen themselves. It is said that in the great and constant if silent struggle between capital and labour for the division of the profits resulting from their combined exertions, capital has an unfair advantage, inasmuch as capital can *wait* and labour cannot, and that nothing except trades-unions (which virtually make the men, *i.e.*, the union, capitalists too) can neutralize this advantage. This is in a measure true, but it ignores another and a qualifying truth. The capitalist is bound

over in heavy recognisances to come to terms with his workmen if he can and if their demands are not exorbitant, inasmuch as his capital, usually *fixed* and often *borrowed*, remains unproductive if he can find no labourers, and as a rule, and for a permanence, he can no more live without profits than his men can live without wages. No master with £50,000 engaged in his business will let his works stop, if the demands of his workmen are such as to leave him a fair return, and are not inadmissible in themselves, or urged in an intolerable fashion. But passing over this matter,—which, however, well deserves to be expounded at much greater length,—our position is that trades-unions to raise or maintain wages are, except in very rare cases and for short periods, noxious to the workmen's interest. In the first place, if they are successful in raising the rate of wages, they do this at a heavy cost,—at the cost, first, of the artisan's weekly contribution to the union funds; and, secondly, of the strikes needed to extort the increased rate. The contributions are often heavy, sometimes a shilling in the pound; in exceptional times and great emergencies still more. An unsuccessful strike is of course a dead loss, and a terrible one; and most strikes are unsuccessful. A successful strike, for a ten per cent. advance (say) often lasts for months; if it lasts only for ten weeks,—ten weeks, be it remembered, of severe privation and of the incurring of burdensome debt,—it will take a hundred weeks, or two years, of the increased rate of payment to repair the loss. And wages thus artificially raised seldom remain thus artificially high so long as two years. As a rule, we believe it may be said that if trade is tolerably brisk, and workmen are comparatively few and in demand, wages are sure to rise without trades-unions: if trade is dull and men abundant, no operation of trades-unions can permanently raise them.

Our position, then, is, that trades-unions, even if they raise the *rate of wages*, do not raise the *net aggregate earnings* of the workman; and this is the only matter that at all concerns him. Before he can fairly enter to his credit the supposed gain, he must deduct what he loses when on strike, what he pays to the union fund for ordinary expenses, and what is spent *for buying off or maintaining in idleness* all competing labourers whom he cannot drive away by menace or by force,—an item of expenditure which the few glimpses afforded us by the Sheffield inquiry showed to be sometimes enormous. But this is only a part of the case. There can be no doubt that trades-unions must, as a rule, raise prices wherever they raise wages; and they do this by a double operation,—they enhance the cost of production, by paying the labour employed in it higher, and they

limit production by strikes and shorter hours, and so concentrate the necessary profits of capital on a smaller quantity of the article produced. In a word, they make both capital and labour less productive. If, therefore, the action of trades-unions be confined to one or two branches of industry, it is unfair, and cannot last; if it is extended to all trades or to most, it enhances the price of the articles which the artisan has to buy with his *not* enhanced earnings; that is, as a summary result, trades-unions raise his *rate* of wages, *do not* increase his net total earnings, and leave him to pay more for his house, his coal, his clothes, and (if these organizations could be extended to agricultural labour) would make him pay more for his beef and bread and beer. It seems to us difficult for any one trained to even the elementary reasonings of economic science to evade or much to invalidate these conclusions.

The *third* point is, that the operation of trades-unions is mischievous and dangerous to the whole community. The objects of these organizations are at variance with the interest of the country. Even if we have to admit, which we cannot, that they benefit their members, there can be little doubt that they injure those much larger numbers of the labouring class who lie outside them. They do this in several ways, which we can only indicate in the briefest fashion. *First*, They entail great suffering and privation on the *unskilled* labourers who are subsidiary to the skilled ones, and usually far exceed them in numbers. The evidence taken by the Commissioners both from British and American witnesses brings out this point in remarkable relief. In the case of the puddlers and other workers in iron, among bricklayers and other branches of the building trades, and formerly and still to a considerable extent in cotton-spinning, every skilled artisan has two, three, or more common labourers attached to him, or dependent upon his operations, who are not members of his union, who do not profit by his rise of wages, who are destitute when he is idle, and who are remorselessly sacrificed without compensation when he chooses to strike. This branch of hardship and cruelty deserves far more attention than it has yet received. *Secondly*, The rigid *cordon* with which most skilled trades fence round their members constitutes a strict monopoly, which acts most injuriously and unfairly upon the rising industry of the people, rendering it difficult and even perilous for young and energetic men to get into new occupations when their own are overstocked, or when they wish for any reason to better their condition; and harshly excluding women from many occupations for which they are excellently fitted, and in which they could earn an honest and ample living, lest they should reduce

men's rate of wages. The tyranny of the commercial and manufacturing guilds of the middle ages rarely exhibited more oppressive or more selfish features than these industrial monopolies of the nineteenth century. *Thirdly*, The jealousy with which each trade guards its special province from invasion, and punishes any one who, even inadvertently, trenches upon it, hampers industry and curtails the demand for it to a degree that no one who has not examined details can fully estimate. Many persons who would willingly pay one man, and pay him well, to get a job done, or to add to the comfort and convenience of their dwellings, shrink from the nuisance and the cost, when they find themselves compelled to call in at once a mason, a bricklayer, a carpenter, a plasterer, and a painter, to suffer under their mutually vigilant susceptibilities. And, *lastly*, the extent to which these senseless fetters and interferences injure trade, augment prices, hamper enterprise, encourage foreign competition, and bid fair in the end to destroy our manufacturing supremacy and drive capital and energy abroad, and so curtail and menace that demand for labour on which the remuneration of labour must depend,—can only be appreciated by those whose avocations have brought them into contact with the facts, but we may hope will be in some measure made public and intelligible by the labour of the Trades-Union Commission. We shall be surprised if it does not turn out and become evident that these organizations, devised by the working men for their own interests, are the worst back-friends the working men ever had.

To discuss how they ought to be dealt with would lead us too far from our present purpose. The state of the public mind at the present moment is favourable for dealing with them, and the opportunity should not be suffered to slip away. With the utmost liberty of action and combination for any allowable and not clearly criminal or dangerous purposes the artisan may desire to promote, must be united the sternest prohibition and the most effectual repression of all limitation of the free action of others, of all *coercion*, under whatever plea or in whatever disguise. Dismissal from a union, 'sending to Coventry' of obnoxious individuals, refusal to work with non-unionists, are permissible and cannot be prevented: they come within the limits of every man's right of free action, and no remedy can be found for their abuse or injudicious use, except men's own good sense, good feeling, and practical experience. But the least attempt to threaten, to coerce, or physically to injure those who do not choose to belong to their association, or submit to their dictation, must be watched with the utmost vigilance, and punished with the utmost severity. When once trades-unions

are directed to legitimate objects and confined to legitimate weapons, they will become harmless, and possibly beneficent; for they will no longer be able to oppose violence or tyranny to the natural operation of economic laws.

We have spoken of party disintegration as one of the principal achievements of the session which has just closed, and certainly never in our time has it been carried so far or effected so fast. It is by no means the first operation of the kind that we have seen, but it is the completest and the least creditable. Three great political chiefs in the course of the last forty years have dissolved or disorganized the party which they led; but under widely different circumstances. In one point only was there a striking analogy: in all three cases the leader was, by nature and character, out of harmony with the rank and file of his followers; he disagreed with them in some notable essentials; he was not (so to speak) their chosen leader; the command had fallen to him collaterally and from accident, not devolved upon him by direct inheritance and natural right. Sir Robert Peel became the Parliamentary leader of the Tories after Canning's death, because in an age of progress and political enlightenment he was the only man of superior ability among them to whom insight came so slowly, and on whom knowledge told so gradually, that he could continue conscientiously to hold and defend opinions which for the most part had been abandoned to the intellectually stagnant or the impenetrably prejudiced. He was a Liberal and a reformer by instinct and at the root; but his Liberal and reforming disposition operated so languidly, ripened so slowly, and was so curbed and overlaid by consummate caution, that he was able to retain his accidental and hereditary position as a Tory longer than any one of equal mental powers. If he had been a Whig, his temperament would have held his party back; being a Tory, his sincerity and intelligence dragged them forward. But the time came, as it was sure to come, when the inherent discrepancy between himself and his followers became apparent and irreconcilable, when a severance was unavoidable between a chief who only wanted to move cautiously and safely, and an army that did not want to move at all. He could yield to conviction and expediency—or rather he could not help yielding. They could not so yield. On two occasions he insisted upon acting in opposition to their instincts and traditions, and in each instance he carried only a portion of them along with him. A few left him because he conceded Catholic Emancipation, a far larger number tailed off when he consented to repeal the Corn-Laws. That second apostasy, as they deemed it, effectually split up the old party; and of

the smaller section of it who followed Peel, nearly every man of note joined the Liberals, and soon became eminent among them. In that party disintegration there was nothing in any way discreditable; it was the inevitable operation of the advance of political science, leaving those behind who could not share it, and naturally severing them from the able men who could.

In the course of time Mr. Gladstone, after the death of Lord Palmerston, succeeded to the leadership of the Liberal party,—but succeeded to it by right of transcendent administrative and oratorical ability rather than by natural succession,—less because the mantle of Lord Palmerston had fallen upon him, than because Sidney Herbert and Cornwall Lewis, on whom it would have fallen, had been taken from us. It is not easy for any leader more completely to have disintegrated his party than Mr. Gladstone has done in the two last sessions. The explanation is easy, and the fault was not altogether his. He has always been (to use an expression of Charles Lamb's), in a state of 'imperfect sympathy' with his followers. The party was not a homogeneous one to begin with; being composed of two rather incongruous sections, the Whigs and the Radicals,—the Whigs being both the more numerous, and, in Parliament at least, the more powerful of the two. With that more numerous and powerful section, Mr. Gladstone had almost less in common than either with his opponents or with those followers who sat below the gangway. He had in him something of the Conservative and much of the Radical, but little or nothing of the Whig. He did not *like* the aristocratic Liberals; their tone and character were alien to his; and he is not especially tolerant of what is alien and discrepant. He is fitter for the leader of a people than for the manager of a party.

Mr. Gladstone's name is a word of power throughout the country, and a tower of strength to his adherents at all election contests. It is so even in remote and unsuspected districts. It is so in small and corrupt boroughs as well as in great cities and commercial counties. It is so in Bridgewater as well as in Manchester and the West Riding. Electors who have no strong or well-defined political opinions have a rooted conviction that Mr. Gladstone is the man of the day, and ought to be in office. Electors who exact no other pledge from their candidates insist upon their supporting Mr. Gladstone. Men who believe neither in Whigs nor Tories believe in him. No public man for many a long day, unless it be Mr. Cobden—certainly no Minister since Mr. Canning—has taken so curiously firm a hold on the imagination of the people. The fire and finish of his eloquence, the intensity and fierceness of his emotions (which few poli-

ticians have ever shown so strongly), his singular mixture of the scholar and the tribune, the daringness and brilliant success of his finance, his vehement popular—or rather human—sympathies, and perhaps more than all his intellectual power of belief, and his moral courage in acting up to his beliefs, have actually *fascinated* the usually unimaginative English nation; and by the great mass of the community he is regarded with a degree of sanguine confidence which amazes mere Londoners and Parliamentarians, among whom even the heartiest admiration is tempered with a sort of fearful expectancy which is almost mistrust. The people *rely* upon him; political men feel chiefly that they cannot *calculate* upon him. They are only certain that he will do whatever he chooses, and that he can do almost anything he likes.

But though he has thus written his name on the heart of the nation, Mr. Gladstone has not been equally successful as a party leader; and the reasons for this are not far to seek, nor do they detract from any of the essential qualities of his character. Passing over the one great defect which lies upon the surface, his imperious and impatient temper, his dislike of compromise, his irritable and sometimes too suspicious abhorrence of a job,—his other disqualifications may be stated in two words,—they may all be traced in the last resort to the *richness* and the *progressiveness* of his nature. It is not exactly that he is too good or too great to be a first-rate parliamentary commander, but that he is too uncommon, too varied, too many-sided (to use a clumsy but expressive Germanism). The gold of him is not coined into the ordinary mint standard shape; and therefore the ordinary mind looks at it with a sort of ineradicable doubt, bites it, rings it on the counter, shakes its head at its unwonted features, before it will accept it as sterling money; and after all never feels as secure about it as about a regular sovereign or bank-note. The pure Whig is not quite sure it is a legal tender. The pure Tory, like the pure Radical, sees marks and mysterious letters upon it which he cannot recognise; and both wish that it had belonged more completely to themselves, and wonder that it does not. Then, again, Mr. Gladstone lacks one especially indispensable qualification for a consummate or favourite party chief—a quality which Earl Russell never approached, but which Canning and Palmerston had in perfection. He is not *social*. His nature, deep, rich, and susceptible as it is, is passionate and affectionate rather than genially companionable. His sympathies are too strong and too profound to be as ready, as prompt, as generally available, as more superficial sentiments can be. He feels too keenly to feel as expansively, as laterally, as *panoramically*, as a leader

of party should. But after all, when we have given due weight to every minor explanation of the fact in question, we recur to the main cause : he fails because his nature is too rich and his mind is too progressive.

More than a quarter of a century since, Macaulay, in reviewing Mr. Gladstone's youthful treatise on 'Church and State,' wrote of him that 'half his acuteness and diligence, *with a barren imagination and a scanty vocabulary*, would have saved him from almost all his mistakes.' Something of the same sort might now be said of his political position and career. Half his genius and sagacity, with narrower sympathies, shallower insight, fewer and poorer aspirations, a more flexible conscience, and a more meagre mind, would have saved him from nearly all his errors. In England generally, in English political life especially, we are too like bricks ; we are cast in too few and too monotonous moulds. There are three or four regulation patterns of opinion, of character, of thought, *quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum*—from which no man may differ, out of which no man may step, under pain of becoming unintelligible, of being pronounced crotchety and 'unaccountable,' and of being condemned to ineffectiveness and isolation. No people are so ready as the English to condemn and 'stamp out' any departure from the established type of thought, anything to which *use* has not affixed its *imprimatur*, and to serve a *ne exeat regno* on any public man who threatens the least divergence from the usual routine course. You must be all one thing or all another. You must wear the uniform, exact in all its facings, of some recognised corps ; you must fight under some registered flag,—or you are liable to be strung up to the yard-arm as a buccaneer. If you go over from one camp to the other, you must go over altogether ; you must 'cast no longing lingering looks behind,' or you will share the fate of Lot's wife ; you must burn all old love-tokens and souvenirs ; you are guilty of treason if you retain the slightest tender recollection of former days, the faintest tincture of the affections and opinions of the past. Now, only poor and narrow natures can thus wholly shut themselves up in one set of sympathies and doctrines, least of all if they have passed through many. Herein lies at once the misfortune, as well as the attraction, of Mr. Gladstone's character, and the explanation of one of his disqualifications as a party leader. He has sympathies with every section into which the world of politics is parcelled out ; he has points of agreement and points of difference with all ; all have something that attract and something that repel him, and he is therefore never in perfect and universal harmony with any. His mind too, like all minds of the loftiest order and the

finest grain, is progressive, and in consequence is, at times and in places, out of keeping with itself. Thorough consistency is given only to stagnant or at least stationary intellects, and is achieved only by those which have completed and closed the cycle of their march. Other working and striving minds—and no mind is so incessantly groaning in travail as Mr. Gladstone's—have the inconsistent views of the past and the present at once within them—the opinions of their youth and those of their maturity—the doctrines they have inherited alongside of those they have formed for themselves—the beliefs they have not yet examined and discarded as well as those which, after infinite agonies of thought perhaps, they have substituted for the ancestral ones.

Now, it seems to us that in some respects the mind of Mr. Gladstone is in this transition state—a state too philosophic, and too commendable from a philosophic point of view, to be fitted for signal success in the arena of party conflict in a country where party conceptions are so narrow and intolerant as in England. The Tories cannot understand that a statesman trained in their school, and still clinging to so many of their most cherished creeds, so deeply imbued with the chivalry and poetry which half unconsciously underlies, inspires, and sometimes ennobles their political sentiments, should yet have gone so far in the direction of democracy, and have given the sanction of his words to some of the most questionable doctrines of the extreme popular party. They cannot quite forgive either the thorough-going comprehensiveness or the signal success of his free-trade policy, or his utter and merciless negation of traditional *principles* as well as practice in this matter. They feel that he belonged to them by nature and of right; that if he had remained with them, his genius and his oratory would have cast a halo of beauty as well as an entrenchment of logic round their favourite prejudices and convictions; while his administrative powers and his practical sagacity would have kept them abreast of the new discoveries and achievements and irrefutable theories of the day. And they cannot pardon the progress which has carried over such unrivalled abilities and splendid rhetoric to the opposing camp, and turned what should have formed their lustre and their guide into their sharpest scourge and their most formidable danger. The idea of an Oxford scholar and an enthusiastic Churchman leading and embellishing the hard, cold, fierce, narrow, swelling, advancing ranks of the Radicals, is at once intensely bitter and perplexing to the country gentlemen, and lies at the root of much of that personal animosity and wish to inflict gratuitous defeat and wounds which has shone out conspicuously during the past two sessions, and which is one of

the most dangerous feelings a party leader can excite in the breast of his opponents.

The difficulty of Mr. Gladstone as leader of the Whigs arises in part from the same causes, and in part from others less creditable to the party. He is necessary to them, but he is not of them. He carries away too much of the spoil, as well as too much of the honour, of victory, and has too predominant a voice in the decision of the details and the purposes of the campaign. Moreover, they distrust him, and naturally cannot help doing so. His sympathy with the people is different in grain as well as in depth from theirs; it is more essential; it is less formal; it is both more passionate and more practical. He is at once more zealous than the purest Whig to confer real political power upon the masses, and more anxious than the most benevolent of the feudal Tories to ameliorate and soften their material condition. His creed has nothing of the *woodenness* of the old Whig formularies, and they feel that in the day of conflict his heart will be rather with their auxiliaries than with themselves. Hence they can never fairly abandon themselves to his guidance or follow his lead with enthusiasm or with faith.

As for the Radicals, he alternately excites their devotion and their fury. He is too large and too wide to be quite intelligible to them. They perceive, too, that they cannot coerce him; and Radicals will never steadily or cordially obey any leader whom they cannot bully. They believe, however, that they shall have Mr. Gladstone some day, but they are aware that they have not got him yet. The poetry as well as the philosophy of his nature has still too much hold upon him for their purposes. Moreover, he has far too much of the old Adam still lingering about him to command the full and frank allegiance of several among the elements of which their party is composed. The orthodox Dissenters, so powerful among the men of advanced opinion, cannot endure the proclivities of the High Churchman. The thoroughly religious Liberals—we mean those whose religious views are thoroughly liberal, and whose sense of justice is revolted by the bare shadow of intolerance—cannot forgive his opposition to Mr. Coleridge's bill for throwing open the universities to men of all creeds. His progressive mind has not yet reached *this* stage of progress. The philosophic as well as the iconoclastic Liberals are disgusted with his *arrière* and somewhat country-gentleman views on primogeniture and the descent of intestate property, as shown in his speech and vote on Mr. Locke King's bill last year. On the whole, the Radicals look upon him as a great card, but not a sure one.

In fine, then—and we may rejoice that it is so—Mr. Gladstone is more qualified to serve his country than any one of the

recognised *corps d'armée* into which politicians are divided. He must always be the real soul and inspirer of any party or parliamentary combination he may join, but a more skilful, because a more temperate and flexible, leader in the field might easily be found. Meanwhile, we are all proud of his genius and full of attachment and admiration for his character ; a character the faults, quite as much as the grandeur, of which have contributed to its singular hold upon the popular mind.

Of the disintegration of the Conservative party at the hands of Mr. Disraeli we have already spoken, and need say no more. The time has scarcely come for an analysis of the character and career of the ministerial leader. The sage of old said, Let no man be pronounced happy till his death. The sage of to-day may say, Let not Mr. Disraeli be considered known till his career is closed. Meanwhile, it seems clear that in securing to his party its present temporary lease of power, he has effectually destroyed its cohesion and virtually sapped its strength. He has damaged its prestige and impaired its self-respect to a degree which it will take some years to make fully manifest. If it is ever to recover its position in the nation's confidence, it must be under some other chief. Some of its ablest and noblest men can never serve with him again. Lord Cranborne, Lord Carnarvon, and General Peel are alienated for ever ; and Sir John Pakington, Sir Stafford Northcote, and the Dukes are poor compensations. Lord Derby has declared that he will never take office again, and Lord Stanley does not belong to the Conservatives at all. What will be the future of parties in this country no man can foresee. Meanwhile for the first time for two generations *the nation* is without a leader. Hitherto we have always had some one whom the people as a whole looked to as their guide, one whom they especially trusted and admired, were willing to obey, and regarded as a refuge in the day of perplexity and trouble. For a time it was the Duke of Wellington who filled this great place in the nation's eye ; then Lord Grey in a measure ; then Sir Robert Peel ; and after him Lord Palmerston. Now there is no one, and in the trying times before us the want will be severely felt. Can we, as Mr. Carlyle suggests, *make a Queen Bee* ?

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- ART. I.—1. *The First Age of Christianity and the Church.* By JOHN IGNATIUS DÖLLINGER, D.D. Translated by HENRY NUTCOMBE OXENHAM, M.A. Second Edition. 8vo. London, 1867.
2. *The Gentile and the Jew in the Courts of the Temple of Christ : An Introduction to the History of Christianity.* From the German of JOHN J. I. DÖLLINGER. By N. DARNELL, M.A. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1862.
3. *The Formation of Christendom.* Part First. By T. W. ALLIES. 8vo. London, 1865.
4. *Address on the Place of Ancient Greece in the Providential Order of the World.* Delivered before the University of Edinburgh, November 3, 1865. By the Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P. 8vo. London, 1865.

WHEN the publication of Tillemont's *Church History* in its first projected form was stopped by the interposition of a hostile censor, the author evaded this opposition by casting the work into two divisions, of which the first, now known as the *Histoire des Empereurs*, was held exempt from the supervision of the censorship, being regarded as unconnected with theology. The 'History of the Emperors,' therefore, was freely permitted to appear. But the second, and much more important division, the *Histoire Ecclésiastique*, fell immediately under the censor's jurisdiction; he still interposed against its appearance without correction a stern and immoveable *obstat*; and probably there are very few out of the many writers and scholars who have drawn their stores from this vast repertory of original historical materials, who are aware that it is only to the indirect expedient adopted by the Chancellor Bucherat, in appointing a new censor, that the world is indebted for the publication of the immortal work of Tillemont.

This diversity of treatment pursued in regard to what are in reality but portions of the same work, was of course founded upon a principle, which at that time, and afterwards, found general acceptance, namely, that there is in human affairs a sharp and distinctly defined line of demarcation between the sacred and the profane, on either side of which it is possible to collect and marshal the facts and incidents of the two several spheres, and to deal with each as involving a separate interest, guided by a distinct class of motives, and directed towards an independent object and aim.

In point of practical policy, this principle is easily intelligible in that age of conflict of the Church and State jurisdictions, and as a part of the system of the Grand Monarque, the great assertor of the independence, if not the supremacy, of the latter. It followed in fact, almost naturally, from those relations of the two powers which it was the object of the practical portion of the so-called 'Gallican Liberties' to define and assert; which the higher Roman Catholic school of later times regards as scarcely disguised Erastianism, and which even the most colourless mind can hardly consider other than an incongruous combination of two mutually repellent elements.

On the other hand, intellectually considered, it is difficult to conceive how such a principle could ever have been accepted in the age that received with applause Bossuet's *Discourse on Universal History*, which is by its very essence the exponent of the opposite principle. The leading idea of that memorable discourse is not merely the oneness of all history, divine and human, but even the providential subordination of the latter throughout all time; and its object is to exhibit, as if in one vast panoramic picture, the scheme of the interwoven destinies of the world; to point out the marvellous 'unity in variety' with which, through every age, circumstances the most opposite, motives the most conflicting, characters the most irreconcilable, have worked together into one balanced and harmonious whole;—sacred and profane, philosopher and barbarian, the rude Scythian and the cultivated Greek, each in itself, yet each for all the rest:—

' All things with each other blending,
Each to all its being lending,
All on each in turn depending.'

It is strange to meet in the same age, and almost side by side, with this grand, though occasionally overstrained, conception, a theory like that of the French censorship, which draws so sharp a line between political and religious history, that it even regards as a thing quite apart from the general narrative of the

later fortunes of the Roman Empire that Christian element which was so soon to revolutionize its entire inner life, and eventually to overthrow all its oldest and most honoured institutions.

This fallacy is gradually losing its hold ; not indeed in the world of Statecraft, where, for the most part, either the old Erastianism still holds its ground, or, if anywhere the spiritual be not directly held in subjection to the temporal, it is seemingly because the former is ignored altogether ; but in Science, throughout its most important relations. For a time, during the recent rapid development of several branches of natural science, which to many appeared to threaten the foundations of revealed religion, a desire arose to regard this dangerous region as separated by an impassable gulf from the kingdom of theology, governed by different laws, and to be judged upon principles entirely independent. But such a theory could not long maintain itself against that instinct of the human mind which recognises as an axiom the unity of truth, or at least the necessary compatibility with each other of all truths, of what kind or class soever. Men have come to feel that in the domain of knowledge no such partition is logically possible ; and, in the happy phrase of the Duke of Argyll, that 'every one truth is connected with every other truth in the great universe of God.'¹ The spiritual and the intellectual world may diverge from each other in countless ramifications, but they must also meet in innumerable points of contact ; and although in each realm speculation may range freely, and work out its problems to their legitimate solution, yet, if we believe in one great Orderer of both, we must also believe that their teaching is uniform, and that between all the legitimate deductions from that teaching a harmony must ever subsist, even if it be obscure, and at times almost undiscoverable.

This seems to be especially true in History. And in the post-Constantinian period of the Roman Empire, all attempt at maintaining the distinction of civil and ecclesiastical has long been abandoned. The interest of the reigns of the first Christian emperors is admitted by all to lie far more in their relation to the Church than in their purely secular proceedings. In the English literature of the last century, it is true, that subject, with one memorable exception, was a complete blank. Ecclesiastical history, unless Maclaine's translation of Mosheim and Jortin's *Remarks* are to be dignified with the name, there was literally none : and down to our own generation it was a standing reproach of orthodox divinity in England, that if a student desired information as to the ecclesiastical affairs of the fourth, fifth, and later centuries, he was driven to search for it, not in any

¹ *Reign of Law*, p. 54.

received history of the Church, but in a work which not only professed to deal with the general history of the Roman Empire, but was actually the production of an avowed unbeliever in Christianity. Still, as bearing upon our view, there was much significance in the regret expressed by a well-known Anglican author, that the best English writer on Church History should be an Infidel.

But if this be so for the post-Constantinian period, it is very different for the popular writers on the history of Rome during the first three centuries of the Christian era. This is less to be wondered at in the last century writers upon Roman history. But one can hardly help being struck, in an author so recent and in every respect so estimable as Mr. Merivale, by the utter absence, we do not say of the Christian element of the history, but even of all allusion to its possible relation to the fortunes of the Empire; and this not merely in the time of Tiberius and Nero, but even so late as the age of the Antonines. No one will, of course, suspect, in such silence upon the part of Mr. Merivale, even a shadow of indifference, much less of hostility, to the Christian faith. It is simply *ignored* by his school as a subject which has no place, whether absolute or relative, in the history of the still Pagan empire of Rome. They write as though from the stand-point of Tacitus or Suetonius.

On the other hand, the older ecclesiastical historians, strictly so called, of early Christianity, have, as a general rule, been equally exclusive in their view of their own branch of the subject. To them, for the most part, Christianity, like Paganism to the other school, has been a thing apart and independent: a new institution growing up under exceptional and indeed super-human influences, and if not entirely without antecedents in the existing condition of the world, certainly so little controlled or modified thereby in its development, as to render any minute consideration of them unnecessary and even embarrassing. In fact, almost the only relation towards the infant Church in which the Jew and Gentile appear in the pages of the Church historians, is that of persecutors; and hardly any influence of theirs upon the fortunes of the young institution is recorded, beyond their long-continued but abortive schemes of repression and extermination. The original ecclesiastical historians have told little directly of the relations between the Christian Church and the contemporary religions except the story of their wars; and many of the more modern Church histories, even those which took the form of special essays, like Fleury's in itself admirable *Mœurs des Chrétiens*, might almost have been written on the supposition that Roman Paganism, as a living system, had already disappeared from the world.

The first consciousness of the falsehood, or at least the un-philosophical character, of this mode of treatment, is observable in that division of the history of the Church into 'external' and 'internal,' which was introduced by Mosheim, and perfected by the later Germans, especially by the rationalistic school. But this division confined itself, under the head of 'external,' chiefly to the consideration of political causes and results, and dealt but little, directly, with the social and moral, and still less, with the doctrinal, influences which may be supposed to have been brought to bear on the Church from sources external to her own evangelical constitution. And it is not a little remarkable that, while views such as we have described prevailed among those writers who were generally looked to as authorities on the subject of Church history, two schools, separated from one another by an interval of nearly a century, and at once the most opposed to each other, and the least accepted by the common voice of historians—the ultra-orthodox and the sceptical,—should have concurred in a more just appreciation of the true relations which subsisted between the old religions and the new in this momentous conflict. No two things can well be more opposite than the point of view from which the Comte de Champagny, the latest historian of the Roman Empire in the French Catholic school, regards the position of Christianity, and that in which it was considered by the unbelieving author of the *Decline and Fall*. And yet both these writers, although of course in different ways, are equally alive to the Christian idea in all its bearings on the history; nay, it may even be doubted whether Gibbon does not, in his hostility, exhibit a keener sense of the silent but all-pervading and ever-growing energy of the young institution, whose progress he explains away even when he chronicles or foretells its successive stages, than is evinced in all the reverential enthusiasm of the brilliant Frenchman, who can discover in every alternation of the fortunes of Imperial Rome, whether adverse or propitious, some providential disposition of human affairs for the accomplishment of 'the mystery which hath been hidden from ages and generations.' We might point out many pages in Gibbon, in which, even though there is no direct mention of Christianity, it is easy nevertheless to detect an unavowed sense of its presence, and a shaping of the narrative or colouring of the view, which can only be explained by the perhaps unconscious bias thence imparted to the mind of the writer.

In the more recent progress of the study of history, the subject of the historical relations of Christianity was too important to be overlooked; nor is there any modern historian of note who has not framed his narrative with at least a general reference to

it, while not a few scholars of name have addressed themselves to particular branches of the subject. By far the most remarkable among these is the author named at the head of these pages, a divine of the Roman Catholic Church in Germany, but well known beyond the range of his own communion, not alone in Germany, but in this country, by his great learning, and by the temperate and philosophical spirit which characterizes all his writings. Dr. Döllinger, although a large and frequent contributor to general theological literature, may almost be said to have devoted his life to historical studies, having commenced his literary career as the continuator of a compendium of Church history formerly in use in Catholic colleges in Germany, and soon afterwards engaged in the publication of an original Ecclesiastical History, which he has since continued to publish in detached portions. The two works to which we refer in our present notice may be said to belong to the same general series, being intended as an introduction to the detailed history of Christianity, and being presented as in truth necessary to a complete and philosophical view of that history. The first indeed is purely introductory; the second forms the first serial, as it were, of the actual history. We shall consider them separately; but it will be seen that, even as a whole, they form but the first chapter of this great subject.

The author's design in the former of these two works is strikingly, although perhaps fancifully, conveyed in the somewhat characteristic title which he has chosen. Dr. Döllinger entitles¹ his book *Heathenism and Judaism*:² *the Vestibule of the History of Christianity*; and its general purpose is to investigate the important problem, whether and how far these two religious systems served, in the hidden designs of Providence, to prepare the way for the teaching of our Lord;—how far it is possible, amid their clouds and darkness, to discover foreglimmerings of 'the true light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world.'

The work is a protest against the unphilosophical method of treating the history of Christianity which had long been prevalent, and in which, practically, the progress of the Christian religion was discussed as though it had, at its first origin, found the human race a complete *tabula rasa*, and had had no antecedents in the history of culture, spiritual, moral, or intellectual. The author of *Heathenism and Judaism*, on the

¹ *Heidenthum und Judenthum. Vorhalle zur Geschichte des Christenthums.* Regensburg, 1857.

² More literally 'Heathendom and Jewdom,'—a difference of form which, although hardly presentable in our idiom, is nevertheless sufficiently appreciable.

contrary, recognises the great fact that Christianity, when it first arose, found the ground everywhere pre-occupied by some ancient and powerful religious system, whether the Jewish or some one of the many forms which prevailed throughout the Gentile world; that the advance of Christianity involved the displacement of its predecessors; that its early history must, in the main, be the record of its contests with the various forms of thought which it found established among men; and that a full and satisfactory investigation of the manner of its triumph necessarily presupposes an exact knowledge and a careful appreciation of them all.

It is needless to point out the infinite variety of inquiries, intrinsic and extrinsic, which such a treatment of the history involves. Unless it be assumed that the success of the new religion was entirely and immediately supernatural, not merely in its origin and causes, but even in its manner,—that it excluded altogether the action of human instruments, human motives, and human modes of thought,—there opens out for the philosophical student a vast range of speculation, and especially in what concerns the Gentile world. Was it all, considered in relation to the common Christianity, entirely and irretrievably hostile? Was it at least an utter void, affording no point of contact, much more no basis of superstruction? What were the special obstacles which its errors and its prejudices presented? Were there any of its forms of thought with which the new doctrines might claim affinity, and in which they might find countenance and support? Were there any of them, on the other hand, which might possibly react upon the new teaching, and which might have a tendency to modify and even to pervert it?

But preliminary to these and many kindred speculations is the investigation which forms the direct subject of Dr. Döllinger's book; that is, the actual condition, doctrinal, ritual, moral, intellectual, and social of the Gentile and Jew worlds at the advent of Christianity; and it is impossible to speak too highly of the learning, the patient calmness, the luminousness, and above all the philosophical unity of view, with which he presents the results of his inquiry. Every form of worship throughout the known world at the date of our Lord's coming is passed under careful survey; not merely the elaborate mythology of Greece, and the cruder paganism of early Rome, but the whole cycle of religions which were eventually gathered into that vast empire:—Egypt with its solemn but perverted ritual, and its creed, a compound of the grotesque with the sublime; the picturesque symbolism of Etruria; the mingled materialism and spirituality of Persia; the Median dualism; the consecrated

prostitution of the Chaldean Mylitta; the rival impurities of the Syrian worship of Astarte; the blood-stained altars of Carthage; the Druidism of Gaul; the sterner and more simple rites of Germany,—are all subjected to a most careful historical survey, not alone in themselves, but, for the most part, in their relations to one another and to a common original. The only blank on this vast religious chart of the ancient world lies in the extreme east, beyond the boundary of the Roman Empire. Neither the Brahmanism of India, nor the Buddhism of the trans-Gangetic races is comprised in the series, since neither could be said to present any point of contact with the Christianity of the first ages; and even through the numberless revolutions which have since run their course, these strangely unimpressionable creeds have continued to maintain an all but complete isolation.

A notice such as the present cannot of course pretend to more than a glance at the outlines of so vast a subject, especially of what may be said to have been the living religion in the Roman Empire, which it was the mission of Christianity to displace.

The variety of forms which the ancient religions present, infinite as it appears, may yet be traced to a single principle, operating variously at different times, and under different circumstances of race and country.

‘The deification of nature and her powers, or of particular sensible objects, lay at the root of all the heathen religions as they existed from old time amongst the nations now united under the Roman empire. The elements, the sun, the heavens, the stars, single natural objects and physical phenomena,—it was the deifying and worshipping of these that led to the rise and development of polytheism. When once a dark cloud stole over man’s original consciousness of the Divinity, and, in consequence of his own guilt, an estrangement of the creature from the one living God took place, man, as under the overpowering sway of sense and sensual lust, proportionally weakened therefore in his moral freedom, was unable any longer to conceive of the Divinity as a pure, spiritual, supernatural, and infinite being, distinct from the world, and exalted above it. And then it followed inevitably that, with his intellectual horizon bounded and confined within the limits of nature, he should seek to satisfy the inborn necessity of an acknowledgment and reverence of the Divinity by the deification of material nature; for, even in its obscurity, the idea of the Deity, no longer recognised indeed, but still felt and perceived, continued powerful; and, in conjunction with it, the truth struck home, that the Divinity manifested itself in nature as ever present and in operation. And now nature unfolded herself to man’s sense as a boundless demesne, wherein was confined an unfathomable plenitude of powers, incommensurable and incalculable, and of energies not to be overcome.

Everywhere, even where men, past their first impressions of sense, had already penetrated deeper into their inner life, she encountered them as an inscrutable mystery. At the same time, however, a sympathy for naturalism, easily elevated into a passion, developed itself among them,—a feeling in common with it and after it,—which led again to a sacrifice of themselves, all the more readily made, to natural powers and natural impulses. And thus man, deeper and deeper in the spells of his enchantress, and drawn downwards by their weight, had this moral consciousness overcast in proportion, and gave the fuller rein to impulses which were merely physical.

‘Necessarily the heathen deification of nature could become nothing but an inexhaustible variety of divinities and worships; for according to the geographical division of zones and countries, and to the difference of the impressions which the phenomena and powers of nature produced on races more or less susceptible and excitable; and also according as the imagination of man, selecting out of the kingdom of nature that which most strongly impressed it, fashioned it into a concrete divinity,—necessarily, as time ran on, in the natural process of the impulse of creating divinities, the divine assumed in their minds thousands of fanciful and fortuitous images and forms. In general, all the gods must inevitably have been beings subject to the conditions of time and space, and, for the most part, to the powers of nature. Then, following the character and degree of civilisation of the different people, these gods of nature were formed on a sliding scale from simple potentiality, regarded as a bare development of physical agency, to individual personality; or they were contemplated as real, self-conscious, and complete personalities. In the latter case they were also, in the conception of their worshippers, partially subject to the conditions of humanity, and shared in the inclinations, passions, and interests of men, from whom they were only distinct in degree.

‘This pagan deification of the powers of nature led first to the worship of the elements. One divinity of the ether, or vault of heaven, or, supposing the ether and stars together to constitute a whole, one divinity of the heavens, stood in contrast with one of the earth. Fire, as the warming and nourishing power of nature, or as the consuming and destroying one also, was early worshipped as a separate divinity. By the same process, another element of moisture and water was separated off from that of the earth, and thus a fourth elemental god came to be added.’

How, from this first perversion of ‘the glory of the incorruptible God,’ sprung the endless varieties of cultus into which the two great forms of Nature-Worship, which Dr. Döllinger calls *astrolatry* and *geolatry*, were developed, must be studied in his own elaborate and circumstantial expositions. Neither of these religions entirely excluded the other; on the contrary, they are always found in close association, although in unequal proportions. The former predominated in the systems which grew up under the cloudless skies and upon the arid sands of the East,

where the sun seems to be the one great source of energy and life, and the stars and planets are ever present, as the mysterious witnesses, if not the active arbiters, of the destinies of earth and the beings of earth. The latter grew to maturity upon the bounteous soil and amid the vegetative energies of those more temperate and fertile western lands, where 'the earth, with her teeming lap, like a nursing mother, comprehending in herself a manifold variety of beneficent influences, but also gathering every living thing back again to her bosom,' stood out before men's eyes as the great impersonation of force, as well as of beneficence. But in the East, no less than in the West, each principle took its shape, as well as its direction, not alone from that subtle though corrupt instinct of self-worship which has lain at the root of all the ethical developments of pantheism in every age, but also from the natural characteristics of the races among which each made its home. Thus the astrolatry of the Chaldeans, a direct worship of the sun and stars as sentient beings moving in their courses with conscious will, and, through their various phases, ruling, or at least, by virtue of some mysterious interdependence, foreshowing the fates of the world and of men, is far lower in form and much more debasing in moral influence than the same deification of heavenly elements as it was modified in the creed of Persia, the moral tone of which is almost the very highest among the ethical systems of antiquity. And, on the other hand, in reviewing the religions of the geolatric nations, there needs, for one who tries to unravel the graceful but complicated web of the polytheism of Greece, somewhat of the subtlety of the Greek intellect and the refinement of the Greek imagination, in order to recognise, what is nevertheless historically demonstrable, that this system, so puerile in its details, yet so coherent even in its puerility, exemplifying so curiously at once the strength and the weakness of man's undirected intelligence, is in reality nothing more than a skilful combination of ideal abstractions of the same material types, which, to less cultivated earth-worshipping nations, had formed the direct objects of adoration.

The first step in the downward course through which the primeval notion of the Deity was gradually degraded into the lowest phase of polytheism, was the substitution of a vaguely apprehended Nature-Power for the distinct conception of a Personal Author of Nature; and it is certain that the most ancient religions are precisely those in which the departure from the primitive ideal unity began the latest, and is the least abrupt. The earliest corruption of this notion of a single Power was the introduction of the idea of sex, the first result of which was to conceive the divine principle as uniting in itself

the nature of both sexes. But the observation that in nature there everywhere combine 'two energies or substantial agents, one an active and generative, the other a feminine, passive, or susceptible one, and that heaven and earth, sun and moon, day and night, co-operate to the production of being,' soon led to the distinction of a male and a female divinity; and by degrees, through the same process of development, the several powers and phenomena of nature were presented as distinct beings, and elevated to the honour of separate worship. When to this was added the idealization of man's own faculties and powers, there resulted by degrees that vast scheme of polytheism, under whose seductive spell men 'became vain in their thoughts, and their foolish heart was darkened; and they changed the glory of the incorruptible God into the likeness of the image of corruptible man, and of birds, and of four-footed beasts, and creeping things.' And thus in the end, man not only drew from the external universe an endless host of objects for his perverted worship, but he created for himself, from out the faculties of his own mind and the energies of his own nature, the materials of a still more fatally seductive idolatry, in which 'each conception was a heavenly guest.' Every power of his understanding was embodied as an object of adoration, every passion of his heart was deified, every impulse of his will became an incarnation of the divinity; nor is there a single one of the ancient religions which did not consecrate by some ceremonial rite even the grossest forms of sensual indulgence, while many of them actually elevated prostitution into a solemn service of religion.

While the moral results were thus alike disastrous in all the various religions, the doctrinal systems differed widely from each other. Nevertheless some general characteristics pervade them all. In all may be traced some lingering memory of one supreme or at least superior Being, to whom the other divinities were subordinate, always in function and for the most part in origin. All maintained the practice of prayer, the natural and instinctive language in which the creature expresses his sense of dependence on the Creator. All, without exception, possessed the rite of sacrifice, with which was inseparably united a notion of conscious moral depravation or unworthiness, in which believing minds will recognise some obscure traditional memory of man's primal fall. All present what may be called a certain 'sacramental' system, embodied in a series of lustral rites and purifications, which, however grossly understood, were supposed to have the power of removing a certain moral uncleanness or disqualification, or of propitiating some adverse influence. All had an organized priesthood, speci-

ally set apart for the service of religion; and although the office of the priest was frequently combined with that of the magistrate, yet the duties were almost invariably distinct. All retained traces of a belief in a future existence, with some notion of retribution for the good or evil actions of the present life; and all the most ancient religions—the Egyptian, the Etrurian, the older Roman—coupled with this belief the notion of a temporary purgation from the stains of earth preparatory to the final gift of immortality. All observed stated days and festivals, and lavished upon the services of religion every resource of the arts which they possessed, to give dignity to the ceremonial, and to render it attractive to the worshipper. All, in fine, however they ignored, and even formally discarded, the idea in practice, bore in their very constitution the clearest traces of the belief of a Providence overlooking and directing the affairs of men.

It must be confessed that, in the progress of the development of every one of the national religions of antiquity, these great fundamental doctrines of natural religion one by one were overlaid with forms, originally no doubt significant, but ultimately degenerating into unmeaning puerility or corrupt mysticism. But in some of the ancient religions, by a kind of providential immobility, the types of the primitive dogma have been preserved so entirely without change, that it may still be read without an effort in the many monuments of them which survive. This is eminently true of the religions of Egypt and Etruria.

The Greek historians and philosophers found in the Egyptian polytheism the original of most of the gods of their own Olympus; but there is no doubt that this identity of Egyptian and Greek deities is little more than an identity of names, and that notwithstanding the enormous multitude of its local deities, and the crude and literal creature-worship in its very lowest form which pervaded the popular religion of Egypt, the primeval dogma of one Supreme Being is nevertheless more distinctly recognisable in it than in that of her younger and more imaginative rival. Among the gods of Egypt there stands out one, the mysterious Ra, who, whatever the honours paid in the various provinces to their local gods, is universally recognised as the king and father. He was 'the god of the two zones, who begets himself.' It was he 'who was in the beginning.' He was 'the only generator in heaven and earth, not being himself generated.' The gods of the celestial abode had no part in their own production; it was Ra 'who gave birth to them, one and all.' And although the Egyptians admitted, in common with the Greeks and other

ancient polytheistic races, the distinction of male and female gods, Ra alone stands apart from the idea of sex. He alone has no goddess by his side. It is true that, with that inconsistency which is the characteristic of error, this being who was in the beginning, who begat himself, is still described as having had a mother, Neith. But Neith's conception of Ra is not attributed to the agency of any male divine being. Ra himself is the author of his own being; he is at once begetter and begotten; and in the well-known inscription of Sais, the goddess Neith is made to declare her own independent maternity.

It is in this vaguely expressed but yet all-pervading pantheistic notion, identifying Ra with the sun, that Dr. Döllinger traces the first origin of those influences which, in the Egyptian creed, have clouded over the primal doctrine of a living Creator-God. Neith, the passive female principle, comes in as the solution of the mystery of self-existence, to man's unaided intellect incomprehensible; and she holds the same place with that of the Hyle in the Oriental, or Chaos in the Greek systems,—the primitive matter, of itself incapable of creating, yet bearing in its bosom the male or generative principle, from which its own fecundity is to be drawn. 'God, self-generating, that is, separating himself from the maternal womb of nature, is gone forth as the sun, from whom now all life and forms in nature have proceeded.'¹

And in this he finds an explanation of one of the most remarkable of the discrepancies between the Egyptian and the Greek theogony:—

'With this too we find the notion, so strongly prominent in the Egyptian religious teaching, that the god is not only the son of the female deity attached to him, but also her consort, who again, along with his mother, begets a son, completing the triad. In this way the Arsaphes or ithyphallic Ammon at Thebes, the Manduli of Calabsche, Har-hat at Tentyra, and others, are the husbands of their mothers. This is the Egyptian way of viewing the world and the gods: from the aboriginal Hyle, the Chaos of the Greeks, a principle arises, a first conscious, all-mighty power. This still hidden god, the unrevealed, creates himself a body, the sun, and so becomes the revealed god, who again forms from matter a second divine being (or from his mother begets a son).'²

Nevertheless, while the doctrinal teaching of Egypt exhibits so many traces of the primitive tradition of the one Creator-God, there is not one of the ancient systems in which that tradition, even while it was retained in the letter, was overlaid by so many, and by so hideous superstitions. Their cycle of gods, although wanting in that plastic idealism which characterizes

¹ *The Gentile and the Jew*, vol. i. p. 440.

² *Ibid.*

the celestial world of the Greeks, is multiform almost beyond the possibility of enumeration. The bare recital of the names of the gods worshipped in the several nomes of Egypt occupies eight closely printed quarto pages in the index of Brugsch's *Geographie des alten Egyptens*,¹ although some headings comprise several distinct deities!

And it is plainly to Egypt, and the peculiar shame of Egypt, its deification of animals, that St. Paul points by his reference to 'birds and four-footed beasts and creeping things.' An attempt has been made to idealize the animal-worship of Egypt, and to represent the sacred animals as holding in its system a purely typical or symbolical relation. But Dr. Döllinger makes it clear that 'the Egyptians saw in the sacred beasts not mere symbols of the gods, or emblems of divine properties: the people worshipped beasts, as Plutarch observed, directly and immediately; in their eyes the beasts were the bearers and vessels of deity; the gods made them the medium of their intercourse with men.' Some animals were worshipped universally throughout the land; as among quadrupeds the well-known Apis bull,² the lion, the cat, dogs, weasels, and others; among birds, the sparrow-hawk, the hoopoe, the stork, and the sheldrake; and among fish and reptiles, the eel, the lepidotus, and the sacred

¹ *Geographie des alten Egyptens, nach den alt-ägyptischen Denkmälern.* Leipzig, 1857.

² If any argument of the absolute and literal deification of the Apis bull were wanting, it has been unexpectedly supplied in the striking results of M. Mariette's most successful excavation of the Serapeum of Memphis. The cemetery of the god-bulls discovered by M. Mariette carries us back nearly four thousand years. The unroofed tomb which he succeeded in penetrating still bore upon the mortar of the walled-up entrance the imprint of the hand of the mason who had sealed it up in the thirtieth year of Ramses II., upwards of 3700 years ago. And the hieroglyphic inscription, which M. Mariette has published, attests that the particular 'god' deposited therein was born in the 16th year of Nechao, on the 7th of Paophi; that he was installed in the temple of Phtah in the first year of Psammetichus II., on the 9th of Epiphi; that 'the manifestation of the god towards heaven' (i.e. his death) took place in the 12th year of Onaphres, on the 21st of Paoni, and that he lived 17 years 6 months and 5 days. The valuable offerings which had been deposited in the tomb all remained untouched and uninjured, and fully confirm by their character all the marvels of the ancient descriptions.

Among the many wonders of this astounding discovery, is the inscription of the identical Apis bull which was stabbed by Cambyses in the thigh. The 'manifestation of this god towards heaven' is recorded to have taken place in the fourth year of Darius.

See Mariette's *Choix de Monuments et de Dessins, découverts ou exécutés pendant le Déblaiement du Serapeum de Memphis.* Par M. Aug. Mariette (Paris, 1857), p. 11.

Rawlinson mentions the discovery of the cemetery, but does not allude to this curious epitaph of the victim of Cambyses's anger.—Rawlinson's *Herodotus*, II. 355.

serpent Thermuthis : of others the worship was limited and local ; and some which were adored in one district were objects of disgust and abhorrence in another.

The moral bearings of the Egyptian beast-worship are of more importance for the subject which we have been considering :—

‘ The holy animals required a numerous staff of attendants and nurses from the families where this service was hereditary. They had their own sacred buildings and courts ; whole fields were set apart for their sustenance ; great hunting expeditions were arranged in order to supply the birds of prey with flesh to their taste. Incense was burnt before them ; they were washed, anointed, richly appareled, and slept at night on soft cushions. As each house and family had its holy beast, the sorrow when it died was like that for a beloved child. If a cat died, all the members of the household cut off the hair of their eyebrows ; but if a dog died, they shaved their heads and whole bodies. Many cities had the privilege of having deposited within them the mummies of particular species of beasts from the whole of Egypt. The ibis was appropriated to Hermopolis, the sparrow-hawk to Buto, the cats to Bubastis, and a boat transmitted the oxen to the island Prosopitis.

‘ The Egyptians consecrated their children by vow to these animals, or to the god to whom they were severally sacred. They shaved their heads entirely or partially, and took the weight of the hair in silver, which was expended to the use of the animal. Meanwhile there were still worse customs, which throw a very clear light upon the notions people fostered of these beast-gods. And the prohibition, so frequently repeated and so positively inculcated in the Pentateuch, against impurity with beasts, is explained when one considers in how many ways the Israelites were exposed to the sight of Egyptian habits and immoralities during their long sojourn in the Nile-country ; and they had to be formally interdicted the worship of the he-goat besides.’

And yet, if we turn from this humiliating spectacle to the more picturesque mythology of Greece, the balance of moral superiority will hardly be found upon the side of the more intellectual race. Whatever is to be regarded as the original, or the congeries of originals, from which the Grecian religion sprung, it is certain that the idea of one Supreme Being had all but disappeared from the Greek creed, such as it is found at the period when the nation was laying the foundations of its very highest stage of culture. The earliest known Greek traditions, in this respect differing from the Egyptian, point to a sexual distinction of the two primal principles—the male god of the heavens, and the female god of earth. The earliest forms of Greek worship bear marks of a time when the objects of adoration were still the formless powers of nature, not yet personified, or at least not yet treated as human persons ; and

even after the anthropomorphic mythology had reached its full development, traces of the older cultus were retained in the local worships of the various nations of the Greek community. Long after the richest treasures of Grecian art had been lavished upon the effort to render 'the human form divine' a fitting object of intelligent worship, the same deities whom the sculptor had laboured to present to the worshipper as the ideal of beauty, still continued to receive divine honour under the old unshapen types which belonged to the unidealized original creed. Thus 'Hera was worshipped in Samos and Thespiæ under the form of a plank; Athene of Lindus as a smooth, unwrought beam; the Pallas of Attica as a rough stake, and the Icarian Artemis as a log; Zeus Meilichios at Sicyon had a pyramidal form; Zeus Casius was a rock; Apollo Aguius had the shape of an isosceles triangle; and the idols of the Charites at Orchomenos were rough stones that had fallen from heaven; and Hermes exhibited himself as a phallus.'¹

Nay, perhaps it may be said that when the distinctive characteristic of the Grecian mythologic dogma, and that in which it contrasts most favourably with the other religions of antiquity—its humanistic element,—had pervaded every detail of the religious system, doctrinal, ritual, and ethical, the result, considered in its moral bearings, is even more humiliating. Mr. Gladstone, in his splendid apology of the place of ancient Greece in the providential order of the world, discovers the germ of this humanistic element in some dim recollection of the promise that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head.² But even if we accept this pleasing and highly ingenious theory, the perversion of that most blessed tradition of our race only makes it more painful to contemplate the gross and hateful corruptions which, in the Grecian mythology, that typical humanity was made to represent: Zeus, the artist's ideal of all that is dignified and majestic in man's nature, and yet the type of the vilest and most debasing passions of our race; Aphrodite, the triumph of the sculptor's craft, whose very form, such as it comes down to us in ancient art, is almost the apology of her worshippers—almost makes us

'To the fond idolaters of old
Envy the innate flash that such a soul could mould,'—

and at the same time the impersonation of the lowest grade of sexual passion, redeemed by no generous sentiment, elevated by no purifying association; Apollo, the ravisher and seducer,

¹ *The Gentile and the Jew*, vol. i. p. 69.

² *Place of Greece in the Providential Order of the World*, p. 20.

depicted, notwithstanding, as 'the god of life, and poesy, and light,'

'In whose eye
And nostril beautiful disdain, and might,
And majesty, flash their full lightnings by,
Developing in that one glance the deity;'

these, and the many similar incarnations of crime which peopled the Greek Olympus, must, in the attractive forms in which Greek art invested them, have diffused through the moral atmosphere of the region in which they were enthroned, an influence a thousand times more seductive, and ten thousand times more corrupting, than the ram-headed Ammon or hawk-beaked Hor-hat of Egypt, than Set, with his docked ears and curved snout, or even than the shameless and ribald, but yet disgusting indecency of the ithyphallic Osiris.

We have not room, even if we did not lack inclination, to pursue the details of this view of the ethical influences of the Greek polytheism; but we must find space for a single extract on the moral effects of the myths, which, however difficult we may find it to realize, formed the very breath of the life of the popular religion:—

'The repugnance felt by philosophers and many orators and statesmen to the vulgar poetical mythology was not merely on account of the disgraceful conceptions of the gods therein propagated; in reality they were much more deeply moved by observing what constant progress would be made by these stories in the palliation of worse sins and immoralities of deeper dye, as well in individuals as in entire communities. Plato's remark on the myth of the rape of Ganymede was, "All the world lays the burden of this tradition upon the Cretans, and holds them to be the inventors of it; and as the belief was general that their laws were from Zeus, they did not fail to lay this myth at his door, in order to have a precedent in the god, in accordance with which they might perpetrate this abomination." Now general rumour only attributed the invention of that myth to the Cretans, because people held them to be the originators of the vice in question, which spread from them first over the whole of Hellas.'

Having enumerated some of these demoralizing influences, as well upon nations as upon individuals, he proceeds:—

'It was an acknowledged fact that the gods seduced men into perjury, which was considered almost the worst sin of all, in order to carry their own decrees into execution; and in Æschylus it is said, "to righteous fraud not even the god is alien." As the myths regarding Hermes put that god in the light of the special patron and protector of perjury, imposture, and thieving, Plato accordingly found it necessary to certify that none of the sons of Zeus had ever taken delight in deceit or violence, or had recourse

to either; and he goes on to add, "and therefore no one should allow himself to be led astray by poet or mythologist, to wicked and deceitful notions about the like transgressions, or fancy that when he steals or plunders he does nothing he need be ashamed of, but only what the gods themselves have done." That the great thinker should have been obliged so strongly to insist upon this is a proof how widely these ideas were still current.

'Meanwhile, so long as heathendom existed, there was a dormant belief among the people in the historico-literal sense and the truth of the myths. From its first dawn of consciousness a Greek's intellect was fed upon myths, and his thoughts ran in the type of the myth. To subject this labyrinth of myths to examination, and so to reject some and retain others, would have been a task as troublesome as it was impossible for the generality. It was a matter of such general acceptance in the time of Socrates, that the gods had begotten sons with mortal women, that, on his trial, he rested his defence against his accuser Meletus upon it. And the Greeks were still prepared in some cases to believe that such filiations were always taking place. The hero Astrabacus passed as the father of the Lacedæmonian king Demaratus in the time of the Persian war, as Plato did with his admirers for a real son of Apollo. It was exactly the same in Sparta. Even the circumstance of Lysander having been able to employ a pretended son of Apollo as a tool for the attainment of his ambitious views, is a proof how matters stood there with the popular belief at so late a period as a century after Demaratus; and if many doubted the fact, assuredly there were plenty of believers.'

A notion, it is true, has prevailed that, although such may have been the popular religion of Greece, and such may have been the crude belief of the uneducated populace, yet there existed in the well-known 'mysteries,' which formed so important a part of the religion, a corrective, as well for the dogmatical errors as for the moral perversion of the popular creed. The mysteries have been represented as supplying a secret code of doctrine, an explanatory commentary upon what in the popular creed, though accepted literally by the vulgar, was in reality but symbolical or significative; and thus, as having secretly maintained the pure monotheistic teaching in the midst of the popular superstition. One of the most interesting and valuable divisions of Dr. Döllinger's book is that in which he discusses the nature and history of the Greek mysteries, and he there shows, beyond the possibility of question, the utter groundlessness of this theory regarding them. He proves that the mysteries contained no exposition of doctrine; that they involved no dogmatical teaching whatever; that their purport was purely dramatic; and that whatever of dogma was involved in the representations which constituted their chief and most characteristic feature, was meant but as a prelude or prepara-

tion for the purifications and sacrifices which took place under their mysterious shadow.

Far, indeed, from finding in the mysteries anything to counteract the immoral influences of the popular creed, there needs but a brief study of the details of the several mysteries, Orphic, Samothracian, Lemnian, Eleusinian, above all the Thesmophoria and Sabazia, as described in Dr. Döllinger's elaborate and learned dissertation, in order to convince the most sceptical that their tendency must rather have been to lend to the perverse influence of the received polytheism the additional attraction which is inseparable from secrecy, and the additional danger which is always connected with concealment. The result will be fully to confirm the estimate of the moral and doctrinal value of the mysteries which was formed by the contemporary Christian witnesses, many of whom had themselves been admitted to initiation :—

‘ The judgment of Christian apologists on the mysteries is decidedly unfavourable and conveyed in terms of bitter invective. It is obvious that nothing was exhibited or taught in these institutions that had any affinity whatever to Christian doctrine, or that could be interpreted as favouring it, otherwise they would not have failed to avail themselves of it. Rather, they considered the mysteries as mainstays of the prevailing paganism, and schools too of the most ruinous and degrading superstition. It has been observed, that not one of these apologists actually asserts that he had been initiated. Tatian, however, while mentioning his journeys through different countries, and the investigations he had pursued of the manifold forms of heathen error, says once expressly that he had been admitted into the mysteries ; and it would have been singular if, in so doing, he had entirely passed over the Eleusinia, the most celebrated and esteemed of all ; for, when speaking of them, he asserts that the Athenians, who had converted the rape of Cora and the sorrows of Demeter for her daughter into a mystery, still continued to find people who allowed themselves to be deceived by them.

‘ There was at Athens then a community of Christians, among whom must have been many of the initiated. From Athens originally came Clement's master, Athenagoras, to whom we are indebted for the most exact account of the mysteries. From thence the Christian apologists Quadratus and Aristides wrote. No Christian author who was in earnest about it could have experienced any difficulty in informing himself in detail of the contents of the Eleusinia, either by the writings or the oral testimony of his fellows in faith. Above all, there were men amongst them who, only after sifting the pagan religion and philosophy for years without arriving at certainty or repose of soul, had entered into communion with the Church of Christ. These, in the course of their examination, had undoubtedly tested that institute, which was usually esteemed the flower of the Hellenic religion. Gregory of Nazianzus lived at Athens a long time for the sake of study, in fact, at the very period when Julian, who was subsequently

emperor, was on the most intimate footing with the hierophants, and he had probably had himself initiated. It would have been strange if, in a time of the intensest struggle between Christendom and heathendom, and active interchange of polemical writings, a young and ardent pursuer of knowledge like Gregory had never once taken the trouble to inquire of his Athenian co-religionists, who had embraced the faith only in their maturity, what it was that really took place in the Eleusinia. Now, as he mentions the scandalous things which the Demeter of the mysteries did and submitted to, and then adds, "I take shame to myself for drawing the mystery of darkness into the light; Eleusis knows it, and the *Ēpoptæ*, who conceal these things, which indeed deserve concealment;" surely the presumption is, he knew what he was saying. We learn from a heathen's own mouth, how often it happened that the purport of the Greek mysteries was exposed by the initiated who had become converts to Christianity in the very assemblies of the Christians. It was quite an ordinary thing, in the days of Libanius, for Christian bishops to allow women to come forward publicly in their congregations to disclose and to deride the secrets of the demons, of Ino, of the youth (*Zagreus*), of the *Cabiri*, and of Demeter.'

The one characteristic monument of the Greek intellect by which it stands distinguished beyond all the races of antiquity, is its philosophy; and to this, in all its schools and in all their mutual relations, Dr. Döllinger has rendered the fullest justice. His analysis of this vast and difficult subject is a masterpiece at once of clearness and condensation; and we deeply regret that our limits will not permit us to attempt even an outline. We should have desired especially to dwell somewhat on his account of Plato, which is exceedingly interesting, and which, for the history of Christianity in the third century, is of the utmost importance. But we must hasten on to the subject of Roman paganism; and as regards the most important bearing of the Greek philosophy for our present purpose—its value as an instrument of moral regeneration, we must be content to say as much as may appear necessary when we shall have to speak of it in the form in which it was transplanted to Rome.

The primitive worship of the Romans was essentially an earth-worship; nor does any of the ancient religions present so large an assemblage of gods having a relation to the earth and its cultivation. Ceres the Romans had in common with other nations; but Tellus, Maia, and the *Bona Dea*, or *Dea Dia* of the Arval Brotherhood, were of genuine Roman origin. So were Flora, Vertumnus, the god of the seasons, and his consort Pomona, Pales, the god of shepherds, the singular deity *Pilumnus*, patron of grinding, and the still more fantastic divinities *Picumnus* and *Stercutius*, the gods of manure! But behind this crude and literal earth-worship there existed a strong monotheistic bias, the faint memory of the one nameless god whose worship formed

the central point of the religion of the old Italic races; and the strangest feature in the development of the creed of Rome under the influence of the various races which combined to form that mighty nationality, is the contrast between this primitive monotheistic instinct, of which Dr. Döllinger finds traces down to the latest times, and the tendency which the Romans, beyond any other people of antiquity, exhibited to break up the idea of this one god, and to individualize and personify as a distinct divine being every several attribute, power and function, and even every mode of operation.

‘The Romans, with their dry and practical understanding, went far farther than the imaginative Greeks in god-making, and gradually invented gods for every relation and action of life. To the principal deities, who had a distinct sphere of life assigned them,—birth, for instance, marriage, and agriculture,—they added a host of single subordinate gods, who sometimes were not even representatives of an action, but only of a circumstance, purely accidental and insignificant, accompanying an action. Many may have grown into independent gods out of a title assigned to a deity. The numbers were swelled by a troop of allegorical beings, who had temples and chapels erected to them.

‘The boundary-god, Terminus, had his stone in the Jupiter temple on the Capitol, and the feast of the Terminalia, with its unbloody offerings, consecrated to neighbourly concord. The wood-god, Silvanus, was at once a guardian of bounds, a keeper-off of wolves, and a goblin, the terror of lying-in women; while against his pranks women who had given birth to a child required no less than three protecting deities, Intercidona, Pilumnus, and Deverra, and for them a couch was prepared in the atrium, where the woman in labour lay. Vaticanus attended to the first cry of the newly-born child, which, when laid upon the ground, according to Roman custom, the father took up; if he omitted to do so, the omission was equivalent to a repudiation, and the child was killed or exposed. Hence there was a goddess of this taking-up, a Levana. A cradle-goddess, Cunina, a Statilinus, an Edusa and Potnia, a Paventia, Fabelinus, and Catius, were all called into play in the first period of the child’s life, of his nourishment, and speech. Juventas, a goddess of youth, had a temple, and a lectisternium was dressed up for her when the portents were threatening. Orbona also, the goddess of orphan age, had her sanctuary. Two temples were erected to the goddess of fever, who was invoked in precaution against this sickness. Pietas, Pax, Bonus Eventus, Spes, Quies, Pudicitia, Honos, Virtus, and Fides, had their temples or chapels. Concordia was particularly rich in sanctuaries.’

It was even a special duty of the pontiffs to take care that each new want in life should, as it arose, receive its new and special patron-god. The conditions of early Roman society, when commerce consisted chiefly in exchange, and when cattle formed almost the only medium of barter, were satisfied with a single money-deity, Pecunia. But when, in the time of Servius

Tullius, the use of copper money became general, Pecunia received a partner-god, Æscularius; and again, when towards the end of the fifth century of the city, silver money came into currency, a third deity, Argentarius, the son of Æscularius, was added to this strange calendar!

And yet, with all this endless multiplication of deities, there was still a craving after the unknown, itself no slender indication of that lost monotheistic worship, which would have filled up every void, manifested in a number of obscure and unexplained divinities, whose origin and nature were unknown, but whose worship was perhaps on that account the more scrupulously observed. Such was the goddess Anna Perenna, whose feast was held on the banks of the Tiber upon the fifteenth of March; such also were the Mater Matuta, the Sabine goddess Vacuna, and the Stata Mater, to whom fire was lighted under the open air at night, but of whom all accurate knowledge had long been lost in the days of Ovid. Such were the Penates of the Roman State, who were kept shrouded in mystery, both in the temple on the Velian, and in their ancient seat in the old Latin metropolis of Lanuvium. Such, above all, was the Dea Dia, a special goddess of that obscure and mysterious fraternity, the Arval Brethren, themselves, no less than their goddess, a problem to the learned.

Add to this limitless roll of purely native Latin, or at least Italic divinities, not alone 'Olympus' motley rout,' but the deities of all the kingdoms and provinces of East and West, as they were successively incorporated in the Roman Empire,—Syrian, Chaldean, Median, Egyptian, Persian, Phœnician, Gaulish, German,—and it will be possible to form some notion of the bewildering maze of incongruous rites and contradictory dogmas in which the religion of Rome had become entangled during the long course of ages. So great had the confusion become, so puzzling the variety of objects of worship, that not alone in the poets and satirists, but in the gravest writers, we meet serious complaints of the impossibility of knowing to what god particular supplications are to be addressed. It became a practice of worshippers to address prayers, for greater caution, to many deities collectively, in the hope that among the number the favourable divinity might be found. It was not uncommon to add at the end of the list a comprehensive formula, intended to embrace any others who might have been improperly omitted; and there were even some worshippers, who made it a point in order to exclude all possibility of a defective enumeration, to add to their prayers the still more sweeping clause, 'whether it be a god or a goddess!'

The adoption of the rites of other nations by the Romans was not a mere external ceremonial. The incorporation of the

foreign deities into Roman worship was understood in the hardest and most literal sense. The well-known practice of 'calling forth' the native gods from the temples of the conquered cities, is only one out of many indications of the material signification which was attached to the change of place of the newly incorporated deity, his abandonment of his old home, and his adoption of his new domicile. And the notion of a local divine presence was entertained quite as firmly, and with the same practical results in worship, regarding the statues of the gods themselves. The account which Seneca gives of the service rendered to the statues of the gods, as though they were animated beings with conscious wants and cares, would be amusing if the picture were not too humiliating:—

'One,' he writes, 'sets by the side of a god a rival deity; another shows Jupiter the time of day; this one acts the beadle, the other the anointer, pretending by gesture to rub in the ointment. A number of coiffeurs attend upon Juno and Minerva, and make pretence of curling with their fingers, not only at a distance from the images, but in the actual temple. Some hold the looking-glass to them; some soliciting the gods to stand security for them; while others display briefs before them, and instruct them in their law-suits. Artists, in fact, of every kind, spend their time in the temples, and offer their services to the immortal gods. Women take their seats in the Capitol, pretending that Jupiter is enamoured of them, and not allowing themselves to be intimidated by the presence of Juno.'

On the other hand, Augustus punished Neptune for the loss of a fleet in a storm, by forbidding his image to be carried in the procession of the next Circensian Games. And even the great high-priest of the new restoration of Paganism, the reformer Julian, took an oath that he would never again sacrifice to Mars, being enraged because the beautiful bulls which he had destined for Mars's altar lay down and refused to be led to the sacrifice.

If evidence were needed of the reality of the belief on which these and countless similar services of the statues of the gods are based, it would be found in the well-known rite of *Theopœa*—the art of inducting the gods into their statues, and compelling them by prayers and ceremonies to take up their abode within the stone or metal of which the image was formed. This was considered a most sacred and efficacious mode of worship; and St. Augustine appeals to writings extant in his own time, 'in which Hermes instructs his son Asclepius, that it is in man's power to animate images by means of the secret art handed down amongst them, and to compel the gods to a union with the images, similar to that of soul with body.'¹

It is hardly necessary to add, that the religion based on these observances was the merest formalism, without even a pretence

¹ *De Civitate Dei*, viii. 1-2.

of interior sentiment. Sylla, whose name is to our ears the synonyme for every hideous crime, but who, by his contemporaries, was reputed a special favourite of the gods, ascribed all his good fortune to a little image of Apollo from Delphi, which he always carried about with him, and used to embrace in the presence of his troops, imploring it to grant them victory. Augustus was made unhappy if his left shoe was presented to him of a morning instead of the right. The whole efficacy of a rite was supposed to depend on the exact observance of the external ceremonial. If a single word or action were omitted; if a single circumstance were out of place; if the horses which drew the sacrificial or processional car broke down; if the driver let the reins fall, or took them in his left hand;—the entire ceremonial was vitiated, and it became necessary to resume it in the new. Instances are on record in which for some such failure it was found necessary to recommence no less than thirty times; and two priests, Cornelius Cethegus and Quintus Sulpicius, were degraded at the same time from the sacerdotal office, the first because he had not laid the entrails of the victim quietly on the altar, the second because his cap had fallen off his head during the ceremony!

The Roman religion in regard to the dead was in many respects peculiar. It can hardly be doubted that in its origin it was identical with the Etrurian and the Egyptian; and the older traditions which Virgil has embodied in his hero's visit to Hades, contained distinctly the belief of a judgment, of a state of rewards and punishments, and even of a purgatorial ordeal after death. But in the later republic there was combined with this notion, if indeed it did not supplant it, some vague idea of the divine or supernatural character of the departed spirits, in which was founded the strange and hardly intelligible worship of the *Dî Manes*. The services of the dead, accordingly, were partly, in the nature of a worship, the object of which was to propitiate the departed spirit and avert any malevolent influence, partly, like the offerings depicted on the Egyptian and Etrurian monuments, as a provision for the supposed wants and enjoyments of the deceased in that world beyond the grave, to which he had departed. The numberless epitaphs which present the familiar form *in pace*, which was early consecrated to Christian use in the Catacombs, although commonly said to be vague aspirations, can hardly be separated in their primitive significance from the well-known prayer to Osiris, whose original meaning is of course clearly determined from a thousand evidences in the Book of the Dead, 'Be of good cheer, lady! May Osiris grant thee the cooling water!'¹

¹ Εὐψύχει, κυπλά, καὶ δότῃ σοὶ ὁ Ὅσιρις τὸ ψυχρὸν ὕδωρ.—Böckh, *Inscriptiones*

But to pursue these details, however important for our purpose, would carry us far beyond our allotted limits, and we shall only advert to one or two other points, which are too remarkable to be passed over.

The very name of the first of these may possibly appear startling to some readers; namely, the question whether human sacrifice formed a part of the Roman worship, and especially in the later stages of Roman civilisation. So little had such a possibility entered into the minds even of our most cultivated students, that when, upwards of twenty years ago, Earl Stanhope, then Lord Mahon, proposed the question to Mr. Macaulay and Sir Robert Peel, it came entirely by surprise upon both these eminent scholars. The first, with characteristic impetuosity, replied by a most decided negative, and the second confessed himself altogether unprepared for the authorities on the affirmative side which were preferred by Lord Mahon. The result of the whole correspondence, which is printed by Lord Stanhope in his most agreeable collection of *Miscellanies*,¹ leans on the whole strongly towards the negative side, chiefly, it would appear, on the ground that the witnesses are unworthy of credit, some of them being foreigners, and others having the additional disqualification of being Christians, and thus prejudiced in the cause; and Dean Milman in his *History of Christianity* unhesitatingly adopts the same view. It is a very remarkable illustration of the laborious erudition of Dr. Döllinger, that whereas his work appeared several years before the publication of Lord

Græce, vol. iii. N. 6562. All the numerous copies of the Book of the Dead which have been deciphered, however they differ in details, agree in placing in the very clearest light the ancient belief of Egypt in the immortality of the soul, a state of rewards and punishments after death, a judgment according to which these retributions were awarded, and the practice of intercessory prayer on behalf of the deceased, that the judgment may be propitious. The details of the judgment are most curious, and are often exhibited in sculpture or in a drawing upon the papyrus. Osiris, with his crown, staff, and scourge presides. At the scales in which the actions of the deceased are to be weighed, stands the jackal-headed Anubis. Horus, with his hawk head, adjusts the index of the balance, while the ibis-headed Thoth is ready with his book to note down the result; and around and above sit the forty-two assessor-gods, to whom in succession the accused is called on to deny that he has been guilty of any of the forty-two capital sins of which these forty-two are, respectively, the attesting witnesses. Prayers on behalf of the accused abound. 'May Phthah-Sokari-Osiris,' says one, 'vouchsafe good dwelling, provide with victuals, with flesh of oxen and geese, with perfume, wine, milk, wax, and fillets, and all other goods in which the divine life consists!' 'Mayest thou live,' we read in another, 'and receive thy book of migrations, and fulfil all thy metamorphoses; may thy soul attain to every sanctuary well-pleasing to thee!' The idea of a purgation after death also is plainly indicated.—See *Gentile and Jew*, vol. i. p. 462.

¹ Stanhope's *Miscellanies*, p. 112, and following.

Stanhope's *Miscellanies*, he had anticipated all the authorities brought forward in that discussion, and had produced in addition several others fully as important. He does not go so far as to say with Gieseler (whose assertion, on the authority of Lactantius, 'that Jupiter Latiaris was even still worshipped in human blood,' had led to the discussion proposed by Lord Stanhope), that such sacrifices were of yearly occurrence; but he maintains that many instances are to be found even in later times. The same view is supported with remarkable ability and learning by a later writer, Sir John Acton; and we confess that it appears to us impossible, unless by arbitrarily discrediting the testimony of perfectly competent witnesses, to resist the weight of evidence which he brings forward. Having referred to a number of very curious indications, preserved both in the rites and in the sacred books and traditions of the Roman religion, of the existence of the practice of human sacrifice among the Romans and their kindred races in the prehistoric times, he proceeds:—

'But it was not always that human sacrifice was supplied for by these unbloody representatives. In spite of the disinclination manifested by the Romans to such victims, and the dislike with which they observed the use of them among other nations, they themselves had frequent enough recourse to the same means of propitiation. In the year 227 B.C., it was discovered from the Sibylline books that Gauls and Greeks were to make themselves masters of the city. To ward off this danger, a decree was passed that a man and woman of each of those two nations should be buried alive in the forum, and so should fulfil the prediction by being allowed to take that kind of possession of the city. It was done; and though Livy speaks of it as a thoroughly un-Roman sacrifice, yet it was often repeated. Plutarch mentions a similar one of Greeks and Gauls, on the occasion of two vestal virgins being deflowered, and a third struck with lightning, which was regarded as a prodigy portentous of evil. In the year 95 B.C., indeed, all human sacrifices were interdicted by decree of the senate; up to that time, as Pliny says, they had been performed in public; but on extraordinary occasions it was thought admissible to set aside this prohibition: and the same Pliny observes that instances of it had occurred in his time. There was a particular form of prayer for this kind of sacrifice, when carried into effect by burying alive, which the master of the college of the Quindecimviri had to repeat first, the peculiar force of which, Pliny remarks, made itself felt by every one who read it.

'In times of violence and disturbance, the idea of a strange effectiveness in human sacrifice always returned upon the people. Once, when a tumult was raised by Cæsar's soldiers in Rome, two of them were sacrificed to Mars by the pontiffs and the flamen martialis in the Campus Martius, and their heads were fixed upon the Regia, the same as in the sacrifice of the October horse. Besides this, the Romans

were familiar with the notion of offering human lives as victims of atonement for the dead; this was the object with which gladiatorial games had begun. In the slave war, Spartacus took a heavy revenge when he dedicated to his fallen comrade Crixus a mortuary offering of three hundred Roman prisoners, whom he made to fight around the funeral-pile. The triumvir Octavian afterwards competed with the slave-general, when he caused three hundred prisoners to be put to death, as an offering of expiation, at the altar of Divus Julius, on the surrender of Perugia. The fact has been doubted on the ground that the times and manners of the age would not have suffered it: but the evidence is far too strong. The previously mentioned example of a sacrificial murder committed by the most distinguished Roman priests, in the heart of Rome, on Roman soldiers, shows how little custom was a restraint: and the time was that of the proscriptions, and of promiscuous butchery, in which citizen-blood was poured out like water. Sextus Pompeius, too, had men thrown alive into the sea along with horses, as an oblation to Neptune, at the time when his enemies' fleet was destroyed by a great storm. Caligula's having innocent men dressed out as victims, and then thrown down precipices, as an atonement for his life, was indeed the act of a bloodthirsty tyrant; but it shows what ideas were abroad. In the year 270 A.D., further proof was given that, in spite of the late decree issued by Hadrian, recourse was still had, from time to time, to this means of appeasing the angry gods in dangers threatening the state, when, on an irruption of the Marcomanni, the emperor Aurelian offered the senate to furnish it with prisoners of all nations for certain expiatory sacrifices to be performed.'

And there subsisted, far on into the Christian times, a rite which supplies a most curious confirmation of the previous use of actual human sacrifice in the worship of Jupiter Latiaris. The image of Jupiter was annually *sprinkled with human blood*, not indeed with the blood of a victim specially slain for the purpose, but with the blood that was shed by the gladiators in the games. A priest caught in a cup the blood of a gladiator who had just been wounded, and flung it, still warm, at the face of the god! Dr. Döllinger cites in attestation of this strange and startling rite, several passages of Tertullian, Tatian, Justin the Martyr, Minucius Felix, Lactantius, Firmicus Maternus, Athanasius, and the author of the book *De Spectaculis*. Of these Tatian speaks as having himself been an eye-witness of the horrible ceremonial.

Among the peculiar usages of the later paganism of Rome, we shall only mention two others—one, the bloody rite of the *criobolium* and *taurobolium*, in which the victim, a ram or bull, was sacrificed on a stage perforated with holes, so that the blood passed through like rain on the aspirant for purification, who stood below, and having caught the bloody shower upon

his person, but especially upon his head, lips, eyes, nose, and tongue, exhibited himself to the people dripping with blood, and was by them revered on bended knees as a perfectly pure and hallowed being; the other, the apotheosis of the living emperors and other members of the imperial family. The eagerness with which this servile profanation of religion implied in the apotheosis, was accepted by the Romans; the earnestness with which cities contended with each other for the honour of being admitted to the privilege of sharing the worship; the enormous prices which were paid by rival candidates for enrolment in the ministry of the emperor-god, are perhaps among the most painful evidences of the hopeless degradation of the public mind of Rome. Between the first deification of Cæsar and the apotheosis of Diocletian, fifty-three of these strange apotheoses are enumerated, in fifteen of which the subjects were ladies of the imperial family!

Now, in order fully to realize the moral results of this religion, it is necessary to go back to the contemporary literature. People have read and thought vaguely of the drunken orgies of the Bacchanals, and of the organized prostitution of the Aphrodisian festival, the abomination of the Pannychis or Pervigilium Veneris. But these things are regarded as exceptional; and few have ever considered the degree in which the corrupting influences of his religion entered into the very essence, day by day, of the social existence of the Roman; how they met him in every incident of life,—in business, in pleasure, in literature, in politics, in arms, in the theatres, in the streets, in the baths, at the games, in the decorations of his house, in the ornaments and service of his table, in the very conditions of the weather and the physical phenomena of nature. It is not easy to call up as a reality the intending sinner addressing to the deified vice which he contemplates a prayer for the success of his design; the adulteress imploring of Venus the favours of her paramour; the harlot praying for an increase of her sinful gains; the pander begging the protection of the goddess on her shameful trade; the thief praying to Hermes Dolios for aid in his enterprise, or offering up to him the first-fruits of his plunder; young maidens dedicating their girdles to Athene Apaturia; youths entreating Hercules to expedite the death of a rich uncle! And yet these things, and far worse than these, meet us over and over again in every writer who has left a picture of Roman manners in the later Republic and under the commencement of the Empire. The ideal character of Jupiter, as it stood in the popular mythology, is confessed by the gravest of the Roman moralists, Seneca, to have been the fertile source of corruption. 'What else,' he asks, 'is this appeal to the precedent of the gods for, but to

inflame our lusts, and to furnish license and excuse for the corrupt act under the divine protection?' In another place, in denouncing the many myths regarding Jupiter, which represent him as an adulterous ravisher and corrupter of youth to unnatural lust, he declares that 'this has led to no other result than to deprive sin of its shame in man's eyes, by showing him the gods no better than himself.' Nor could there be a more striking evidence of the hold which these notions as to their gods had taken of the popular mind than the belief which Valerius Maximus tells was current among the people after the fatal battle of Cannæ; namely, that that signal disaster of the Roman arms was due to the jealous revenge of Juno against the general Varro, because he had, when ædile, placed a beautiful youth by the side of her too susceptible consort Jupiter, in the procession of the Circensian games!

These demoralizing myths were brought before the eye in every conceivable form,—in worship, in works of art, and as subjects for the decoration of public and private buildings; above all, in the spectacles, and upon the stage. The most favourite subjects were the loves of Venus with Mars and Adonis, the adventures of Jupiter with Ganymede, with Alcmena, with Leda, and with Danaë; and they were often accompanied with pantomime, sometimes with the even more naked reality, of an indecency so gross and so patent as to be utterly inconceivable to modern ideas, although exhibited in the presence of the public of every age, sex, rank, and profession. 'The sacerdotal colleges and authorities,' says Arnobius, 'flamens, augurs, and chaste vestals, all have places at these public amusements.' We need only add that the moral enormities which these writers ascribe to the scenic representation of such myths upon the stage, were attributed just as nakedly to the public worship of the temples, by one whose authority on such revolting particulars is but too indisputable,—Ovid, in the second book of his *Tristia*:—

' Quis locus est templis augustior? hæc quoque vitet,
 In culpam si qua est ingeniosa suam.
 Quum steterit Jovis æde; Jovis succurret in æde,
 Quam multas matres fecerit ille Deus.
 Proxima adoranti Junonia templa subibit,
 Pellicibus multis hanc doluisse Deam.
 Pallade conspecta, natum de crimine virgo
 Sustulerit quare, quæret, Erichthonium.
 Venerit in magni templum, tua munera, Martis;
 Stat Venus Ultori juncta viro ante fores.
 Isidis æde sedens, cur hanc Saturnia, quæret,
 Egerit Ionio Bosporioque mari.

In Venere Anchises, in Luna Latmius heros,
 In Cerere Jasion, qui referatur, erit.
 Omnia perversas possunt corrumpere mentes :
 Stant tamen illa suis omnia tuta locis.¹

The influence of philosophy as a corrective of these evils in the Roman social system was hardly appreciable. We have already spoken in high praise of Dr. Döllinger's review of the Greek philosophy. His account of the Greek schools as they found a home at Rome, is perhaps even a more favourable specimen of his learning and critical ability, but, like his summary of the Greek philosophy, it is too vast to permit our entering regularly into the subject. We must be content with summing up the results in their bearing upon what alone interests us in the present inquiry,—the value which may be assigned to the Roman schools of philosophy as an instrument of the religious and moral regeneration of human nature.

And as a compendious commentary on this part of the subject, we are glad to avail ourselves of Mr. Allies's *Formation of Christendom*, a work of remarkable brilliancy and power, composed, it is true, like Dr. Döllinger's, from the Roman Catholic point of view, but in a spirit which will command the sympathies of every cultivated religious mind. In Mr. Allies's summary, the history of Roman philosophy begins practically with Cicero, and for our present purpose we may confine ourselves to the three schools which prevailed at Rome in Cicero's time, the Stoic, the Epicurean, and the Academic. Now, taking the account which Cicero himself has left us of their teaching upon the very foundations of belief and of morality, we shall see how worse than worthless they must be regarded, as means for the preservation of a sound moral tone, much less as instruments for the regeneration of a society corrupted to its very core. Assume that, amid their endless contradictions and incongruities, it is possible to recognise a belief in one God, the Supreme Ruler and Orderer of things, yet the idea of God which they present is either directly material or some vague form of pantheism; and among the twenty-seven names which Cicero makes Velleius enumerate, in the dialogue *De Natura Deorum*, and which comprise every name of note from Thales downwards, there is not one in whom we can discover the notion of a personal immaterial Being. Still less did those among them whose views regarding the soul of man seem the most promising, succeed in realizing the notion of its enduring personal existence after death. The majority, it is well known, believed the soul to perish at death; and the very highest conception enter-

¹ *Tristia*, lii. 287-302.

tained regarding it was as 'something of fiery, aerial, or ethereal nature, or like the harmony of a musical instrument, or a portion of the universal world-soul, which after death is dissolved again into that from which it had sprung, as a flask filled with water in the sea, when broken, returns the severed portion to the surrounding element.'¹ A necessary consequence of the obscuration of the idea of God was the failure of all correct conception of the nature of good and evil. The supreme good once lost, the moral horizon was limited by the visible world. Now in the visible world the intermixture of good and evil, and indeed the seeming predominance of the latter, had led, as well in philosophy as in common life, to the notion of the co-eternity of evil with good, and thus to the same moral consequences which flowed from the direct dualistic system of the Oriental religions,—the denial of all freedom of will, of all distinction of merit and demerit, and, in a word, of all personal or individual responsibility. Mr. Allies illustrates very strikingly, in the example of Cicero, the utter absence of the religious element as a principle of moral action :—

'Cicero, without being himself a philosopher, was yet perhaps "Rome's least mortal mind;" and it was his purpose, after studying the whole field of Grecian thought, to present to his countrymen what he found most worthy of value. He was an eclectic who, with a vast treasure-house at command, selects a picture here, a statue there, a rich mosaic, a costly table, an inlaid couch, the work of men long passed away, for his own intellectual museum; and as he died in the last half century before the Christian period, his writings serve to show us what Grecian and Roman antiquity was as to morals and religion. 'In his work *Upon Duties*, he passes with short mention over the duties of man towards the Godhead, though he does indeed assign them the first rank before all others; in what they consist we do not learn. Nowhere is theology brought into an inward connexion with morality, nor are moral commands and duties rested on the authority, the will, the model of the Godhead. His motives are always drawn from the beauty and excellence of the *honestum*, from the evil and shamefulness of crime. If, when a witness is to give testimony on oath, he reminds him to reflect that the presence of God has been invoked, this God changes at once into his own soul, as the most Godlike thing which the Godhead has given to man. The idea of a retribution after death was not merely strange to him, as to so many of his contemporaries, but he openly declares it in one of his speeches to be an absurd fable, which every man, as he adds, takes it for. Dost thou hold me for so crazed as to believe such things? he makes a listener exclaim at the mention of judgment under the earth after death; and as to the condition after death, Cicero knows but one alternative, either cessation of existence or a state of happiness.'

¹ *The Formation of Christendom*, by T. W. Allies, p. 81.

Thus it seems plain that the claim of immortality, which in words is asserted for 'man's diviner part,' in reality resolves itself into a vague belief that, as in its birth it was but an emanation of the great world-soul, so in the dissolution of the body it returns to the universal soul once more; and the very grandest of the dicta of the ancient philosophers upon the spirituality of the soul, lose, when closely tested, all their importance as bearing upon morality, because they fail to convey a sense of what alone gives moral value to the doctrine, the soul's individuality or its personal character and existence.

Equally painful is the absence in the *practical* teaching of the Roman philosophy, of all clear notion of a Divine Providence observing and directing all human things and actions, and dispensing reward or punishment in accordance with their deserts. At the best, the very wisest speak with a conscious doubtingness, which, as a principle of action, must be felt to have been utterly valueless. The prevailing tone, founded upon the limited observation of the frequent oppression of virtue and triumph of guilt in human life, coupled with the almost universal doubt as to a compensating balance of retribution in a future state, is of that blank and almost contemptuous despair, which is exhibited in Tacitus' sarcastic commentary on the fate of his friend Soranus:—'*Æquitate deum erga bona malaque documenta*:'¹ 'such is the equity of the gods towards good and evil actions!' or in the impotent despair of the epitaph which Mabillon has preserved in his *Museum Italicum*,² of a girl cut off at the early age of twenty: '*I lift my hands against the God who took away my innocent life!*'

And it is impossible to resist the painful conviction that it is vain to seek in Greek or Roman philosophy or letters, for anything to correct this practical scepticism, or to supply a certain hope of immortal life or providential retribution beyond the grave. 'Cicero pleading,' says Mr. Allies, 'mocks such a belief as absurd; but the pleader addresses himself to the general standard of human feeling and opinion. Cicero, philosophizing, wherein he addresses an eclectic audience of higher minds, would fain believe it, but dies, at sixty-three, before he has made up his mind. Virgil, as a poet, sets forth the old tradition, in which a certain sort of future life, with an accom-

¹ Tacitus, *Annal.* lvi. 33.

² Vol. i. p. 79. The epitaph is as follows:—

PROCOPE · MANVS · LEO (leo) · CONTRA ·
DEVM · QVI · ME · INNOCENTEM · SVS ·
TVLIT · QVAE · VIXIT · ANNOS · XX ·
POS · PROCLVE.

panying retribution, appears; but he significantly dismisses his guests through that ivory gate which, he says, transmits falsehood.'

Such was the condition of the heathen world as to dogmatic belief. Such were the moral results of that belief which its own teachers and writers have attributed to its influence. The picture which Dr. Döllinger has drawn of its actual condition, moral and social, is too terrific to dwell on. The influence of the horrible institution of slavery as it existed in Rome in swelling the torrent of crime and shame with which Roman society was inundated, is pointed out with his habitual learning and clearness by Dr. Döllinger, and Mr. Allies has treated the same theme with remarkable vigour and brilliancy. But the necessities of space compel us to pass them by. We can but refer to them for details of the picture. Supported as it is in all its minutest circumstances by the testimony of the whole body of contemporary Greek and Roman literature, it supplies a painfully circumstantial commentary on the dark lines in the first chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. And it furnishes the plainest evidence of the historical truth of the statement which St. Paul has made inferential, by tracing unmistakably the connexion between the perverted religion and the corruption of life. What a light is thrown upon the 'wherefore' with which the apostle introduces, as a consequence of their having 'changed the glory of the incorruptible God into the likeness of the image of corruptible man,' that black catalogue of crime which in his day made up the moral history of the world, by the cool matter-of-fact justification of the violation of Euclio's daughter, which Plautus puts into the mouth of Lyconides—

'Factum 'st. Fieri infectum non potest.
Deos credo voluisse; nam, ni vellent, non fieret scio!'¹

And thus, at Rome in particular, as St. Paul in universal Heathendom, we trace directly back to that creed which had taken as its highest type 'the likeness of corruptible man,' to those temples which had become theatres of obscenity and haunts of prostitution, at once the inspiration and the vitality of that monstrous condition of society at Rome which has been the shame of our nature; where chastity had almost ceased even in name; where harlotry was so ordinary and so accepted an incident of life, that the rigid censor Cato could commend it; where unmarried profligacy was so universal, that not all the rigour of the law could induce men to

¹ Plautus, *Aulularia*, Act iv. Sc. x. 11, 12.

sacrifice the pleasures of unburdened freedom by marrying; where marriage itself was commonly sought, both by men and women, chiefly for the opportunity of sensual indulgence which it supplied, and every means was employed to escape the burden which it imposes; where women, unmarried and married, habitually resorted to every expedient,—abortion, exposure of children, and even worse,—to avoid the pains of child-bearing or the burden of rearing and maintaining children;¹ where even the hideous abomination to which St. Paul alludes rivalled in its frequency, and surpassed in its grossness, the unnatural immorality which of old had been the shame of Greece; where a branch of the wealthy Roman's house was a *Pædagogium*, of whose inmates a painfully significant description is given by Seneca: 'Dressed out like a woman, he struggles with his years; he must not go beyond the age of youth; he is kept back, and though his figure be massive as that of a fighter, he has a smooth chin when the hair is rubbed away or plucked out by the roots;' where such youths were bought and sold by public contract, and at enormous prices; where the suitor in a cause did not hesitate to offer to the judge a present of such a youth as a bribe; and where hardly a prominent character in Roman history can be cleared from the nameless infamy;—almost every great name in literature (not excepting Cicero himself), and no fewer than fifteen out of the first sixteen Emperors, and among them Adrian, Titus, and even Antoninus Pius, being included in the black calendar!

We must pass very hurriedly over the division on Judaism. It is a most complete and comprehensive summary of the history, the doctrine, the moral condition, and the social and political institutions of the Jewish people, and particularly in so far as they present either an analogy or a contrast with the religions of the Gentile world,—the relations between the

¹ The reader of the chapter entitled, 'Young America,' in Mr. Hepworth Dixon's *New America*, can hardly fail to be startled by the remarkable analogy which that chapter exhibits with the social condition described in these pages—the same disinclination to marriage among men, the same shrinking from the burden of children among women; and, what is worst, the same cynical candour in avowing and even justifying both. It is painful to attach credit to a representation so horrible; but we fear from other indications that there is but too much justification for it in the facts. Messrs. Trübner's American book-circular has more than once contained notices of publications which could have no existence were not Mr. Hepworth Dixon's statements well founded. Even in one of the latest numbers we find several books of this character, and the advertisement of one of these books is accompanied by a notice which seems to place beyond all question the reality of the monstrous evil which it denounces. See Trübner's *American and Oriental Literary Record*, June 15, 1867, p. 31.

doctrinal and legal ordinances of the Mosaic dispensation; the moral, social, and political considerations in which the latter was founded; the extent to which the prohibitions as well as the ordinances were influenced by the danger of idolatry and moral perversion to which the Jews of the Exodus were exposed; how far these prohibitions and ordinances are to be regarded as temporary and local, and how far they were modified, even for the Jews themselves, by later legislation, or by tradition and traditional interpretation.

In a literary point of view, probably the most interesting chapter is that on the sects, or more properly the schools, of Judaism,—the Chasidim, the Sadducees, the Pharisees, the Essenes, the Therapeutæ, and of the Platonist, Philo. The sketch of Philo's philosophico-religious system, especially of his views regarding Ideas, the Logos, and Angels, is most luminous and exhaustive; its interest, however, belongs less to the first age of Christianity than to the Neo-Platonic period and the Christian history of the third and fourth centuries. But the account of the Pharisees and Sadducees will be read with great interest for our present purpose. It presents, without reproducing the discussions, all the results of the latest biblical scholarship and research; and places in a very clear and intelligible light as well the characteristic views of both these schools, as their relation to each other and to their common nationality, tracing very clearly the origin of the foreign element of Sadduceeism, and the manner in which that foreign character influenced the position of the Sadducees, as a political party no less than as a religious school.

The sect of the Essenes has been still less understood, and there were in reality many striking incongruities in its constitution. These sectaries rivalled even the Pharisees in the rigour of their interpretation of many points of the law, and yet they rejected what may be regarded as the central point towards which the whole law converged—the sacrifice of animals, and thus the entire sacrificial worship of the temple. They were strictly monotheistic in their belief regarding God, and yet they practised a worship towards the sun, which, besides that it contravenes a direct commandment of the law, can hardly be understood as other than divine. They believed in the existence of angels, in common with the rest of the Jews; but they mixed up this belief with a variety of mystic doctrines and theories. They were highly ascetic in their observances, yet their asceticism was clearly of foreign origin, and differed widely both in its circumstances and its character from that of the more familiarly known Jewish ascetics, the Nazarites.

The leading element of Essenianism, in truth, was an ema-

nation of that Orphico-Pythagorean school which existed at Alexandria, and which is known, in common with the Essenes, to have rejected animal sacrifice and the use of flesh-meat. From this school also they derived their notions as to the sun, and the singular practices connected therewith, and especially the care with which they were instructed to guard against defiling his rays by suffering them to fall upon anything impure. On the other hand, in their observance of the Sabbath, they went beyond the very strictest of the Pharisees, 'not only preparing their food the day before, to avoid lighting a fire on the Sabbath, but not even allowing a vessel to be moved from its place, or any of their own natural wants to be satisfied.' They were strict communists, all their property and all the proceeds of their labour being held in common, under the control of stewards elected by the body. They practised the most rigid obedience, no Essene ever doing anything except under the direction of his superior. Celibacy, too, was an indispensable duty: Pliny calls them 'the "everlasting" people, among whom no one is ever born;' and their poverty rivalled that of the Christian monks of the desert, their food and clothing being limited to the barest necessities, and it being held unlawful to lay aside or even to change their clothes or shoes, until they were completely worn out.

'Ideas about the purity or impurity of material things swayed the whole life of the Essenes, to a degree seldom equalled by any other creed, and rendered their intercourse with others far more difficult than that of the Jews with the heathens. Mere contact with one who was not an Essene, or with even one of their own people of a lower grade, was considered contaminating, and required ceremonies of purification. Oil was also held to be defiling; so if any one had been anointed against his will, he had to wash his body immediately. Meals in common were looked upon quite as religious actions: every one washed his whole body beforehand, and put on a clean linen garment, which he took off again as soon as the meal was ended. The baker placed the bread before each guest, and the cook in like manner a plate with one mess; the priest blessed the victuals, and no one dared to taste anything before the prayer was said. Thus we see each meal was a sacrificial one; and it is of these sacrifices that Josephus speaks when he says that, although excluded from the common sanctuary of the Jews, the Essenes nevertheless performed the same sacrifices in their own domestic circle. . . .

'The Essenes only received persons of mature age, and these not till after a year of probation. The admission was a gradual one. After the expiration of the year, the novice was only admitted to the holy purifications by water, but not to the meals. Then followed a further period of trial two years long, during which, if they evinced sufficient proofs of strength of character and endurance, the complete

reception ensued, upon which they took a solemn oath, the last permitted to them. The oath enjoined, besides the rules of strict morality, secrecy as to all the concerns of the society, even if they were tortured to death for it. The fate of those expelled from their body for any offence was pitiable: being bound by their vows, they could not receive any food from others, and were therefore obliged to eat nothing but herbs till they slowly wasted away, and were only readmitted from compassion, when at the last extremity, to save their dying of starvation. The Essenes were divided into four classes, according to the date of their admission; and an Essene of a higher class was obliged to purify himself if touched by a brother of inferior rank. They were thoroughly Pythagorean in teaching that the soul, which emanated from the finest ether, was girt by the chain of the body, into which it was plunged by some natural power of attraction: when once freed from this bodily chain, as out of a long captivity, it would rejoice and take flight to heaven. Yet they taught besides an earthly paradise for the good, a country beyond the ocean, where the weather was always genial; while the wicked dwelt in a cold and gloomy place, and there were tormented.'

Dr. Döllinger's comparison of the moral and social condition of the Gentile with that of the Jew is full of interest. He is especially happy in his comparison of the moral results of slavery as it existed in either people. There is only one special characteristic of the Jews, however, upon which we think it necessary to dwell:—

'No thought was so unbearable to this legal people as that of the heathens ever being on a par with themselves in religious matters. If a pagan submitted himself to circumcision and the whole burden of the law, and became a proselyte of justice, a gulf always separated him from the noble Israelitic stock, and he remained as a mere citizen in the earthly kingdom of grace. *No heathen could ever become a true son of Abraham, or a participator in his full privileges.* Zealous as the Pharisees were in making proselytes, they did not wish their sacred law to be accessible to the heathen, or that the doctrines it contained should be spread abroad by translation into other languages.'

This jealous reluctance of the Jews to admit even their own converts to the full privileges of the law, is the key at once to the stiff-necked obstinacy with which they resisted the advances of the gospel, and to that narrow and exclusive spirit which they carried with them into Christianity, even in yielding to its claim, and which, in numberless and not always easily recognisable forms, continued, for above four centuries, to show itself among the Jewish Christians either in Judaizing secessions from the Church or in Judaistic controversies within its pale. It is easy to understand how this proud and jealous temper must have fretted under the sense of the intolerable oppression with

which the Roman dominion weighed upon them, and what painful earnestness it must have lent to the longing which had been growing among them, generation by generation, for the coming of the expected Messiah.

And thus, although at the moment of the advent of Christianity, Jew and Gentile alike shared in that unsatisfied longing for change which, as if by providential direction, was stirring the whole world in the very depths of its moral consciousness, we are struck, nevertheless, by a marked contrast in their relative positions towards the new religion which was about to challenge the obedience of both. In the mind of the Gentile this yearning arose from a sense of moral and intellectual wants unsatisfied;—from a profound and hopeless disheartenment; from an oppressive consciousness of the widespread presence of a hideous moral corruption, and a gloomy conviction of the impotence of the system under which he lived to resist its progress, or to repair the evil which it wrought. With the Gentile, therefore, half the work of preparation for the new religion was already done; and if that new religion could but commend itself to his reason or appeal to his higher sympathies, his will at least presented no direct obstacle to its acceptance. But the Jew desired a change, not for the displacement of his own Law, but for its triumph and perpetuation. Entrenched within its hard and literal formalism, he never contemplated the substitution of other forms for those which in his eyes constituted the very ideal of religion; least of all could he brook the thought of a creed which should invite to its privileges, on equal terms with himself, the unclean and unbelieving Gentile. His ideal of religion was the Law; and although for the triumph of the Law it was necessary that all nations should be brought under its obedience, yet in the pride of descent from the father of the promise, he almost grudged them the association in his privileges, and would fain admit them only in the capacity of their taskmaster, and as one to whom they were given solely to be his servants and bondmaids in the land of the Lord.

But however different the spirit in which they might meet it, the fatal day arrived alike for both these 'waiters in the porch'; and it is hardly possible to regard as other than providential the coincidence by which, within a few months of each other, the material representatives of the two worships which divided the ancient world—the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus at Rome, and the temple of God's chosen people at Jerusalem—fell by a common fate, and as if by a judgment, which the worshippers in each alike ascribed to the anger of the offended deity. The philosophic Christian student will recognise in it, with Dr.

Döllinger, the 'clearing of the ground for the worship of God in spirit and in truth.'

Such is the picture which is presented in *The Gentile and the Jew in the Courts of the Temple of Christ*. The *First Age of Christianity and the Church* is the opening of the second act in the great drama of the history of man.

Those who have considered Dr. Döllinger's two works together, and have looked upon them as a complete whole, may possibly have experienced much disappointment in the perusal of the *First Age of Christianity*. They must have looked to it in vain for the solution of those problems which had given so much anticipated interest to the study of the heathen religions;—what heathen ground Christianity had found upon which to build; what there proved to be in the old doctrines and systems of thought to which it could attach itself; and whether and in what degree Paganism and Pagan influences had reacted on Christianity. All these questions will seem to have been completely ignored in dealing with the Christian history in so far as it appears in the new volume. In truth, the *First Age of Christianity* will seem little more than a summary of the doctrines, the worship, and the institutions of the early Christians, drawn from purely Christian sources, and mainly from the books of the New Testament themselves.

And such is unquestionably the character of the work. But it must be remembered that, although a sequel to the work on Heathenism and Judaism, yet it is by no means the complete sequel; that it is, in fact, but the first volume of the great historical series to which, as a whole, *Heathenism and Judaism* was designed as an introduction; and that, if this first volume enters but little into the relations of the young Christianity with heathenism, it is simply because during the first age of the Church, to which period the volume is strictly limited, the mutual relations of Christianity and heathenism, and, still more, the records of such relations, were few and unimportant. Whatever may be said of their actual contact in real life, it was not till the second, and, still more, the third age—the age of the sophists upon the one side, and the apologists upon the other—the age of Christian denunciations of the monstrosities of the temples and of Pagan caricatures of the crucifixion and revolting tales about the Eucharistic Feast—that the old and new religions really meet each other face to face in history. The first age was essentially a period of internal development and organization, influenced, unquestionably, probably even modified, from without; but the evidences of such modification, and, still more, the means of tracing its progress, are wanting. It can

only be traced, or rather estimated, by reflected light borrowed skilfully from a later age; and it is to that later period that Dr. Döllinger has postponed the investigation of most of the interesting problems which his introductory work has propounded.

The present volume, therefore, is almost a purely Christian, it might perhaps be said, purely Scriptural history, of the first age of the Church, and is intended solely to exhibit 'the beginnings and simple form of the original apostolic Church, still self-contained, like a seed-corn, and hiding its inner reality from strangers;' to show the Christian institution such as it was designed by its Divine Founder and elaborated by His apostles. It is, in fact, itself merely introductory, and forms, as it were, the complement, or, more properly, the contrast, of the volume on heathenism. The former exhibited heathenism as it was in itself, and independent of those Christian influences by which in a later age it was so signally modified in the Neo-Platonic schools, and in the still more systematic eclecticism of which the Emperor Julian's reformation was the type. The latter is designed to present Christianity in a condition equally independent, in the simple forms which belonged to its primitive apostolic constitution. In the later stages we shall see how each may have acted upon the other.

And hence, in another particular also, *The First Age of Christianity* will probably disappoint the expectations of many. It is written on the assumption, not only of the genuineness and authority of the Gospel records, but of the supernatural and divine character of the incidents and doctrine which they relate; and the many readers whose convictions have been troubled by the currency which the opinions of Renan and Strauss have obtained, and who may have looked for peace of conscience to the authority of a teacher like Dr. Döllinger, will find with regret that these discussions are altogether ignored. In a word, the book is simply designed to draw out the story of the lives and teaching of our Lord and His apostles as it is contained in the records which they themselves have left, or as it may be inferred from these and other cognate monuments.

It is divided into three books, the first, on the ministry and teaching of Christ and His apostles; the second, on the doctrine of the apostles; and the third, on the constitution, life, and worship of the apostolic Church.

The purely historical account of our Lord and the apostles is drawn out of the Bible narrative, as far as it extends, with no colouring, and with very little commentary. For the rest, the traditions are gathered from the apostolic writers, and those nearest to the apostolic times. The account of the teach-

ing and the worship is more argumentative, but it is rather expository than controversial, and the tone is entirely free from those evidences of partisan spirit by which controversy so frequently defeats its own object as an instrument of persuasion.

Upon this portion of Dr. Döllinger's labours we do not mean to dwell. He has written frankly from the Roman Catholic point of view, as was indeed natural and necessary in the plan of treatment which he follows; and the scheme of apostolic doctrine and worship which he has developed, as to him the legitimate result of the apostolic teachings of the New Testament, presents in the germ, and even in all substantial particulars, the dogmatical and ritual system of modern Roman Catholicism;—an authoritative and infallible Church, a divinely constituted priesthood, a sacrifice and a complete sacramental system, the intercommunion of the Church on earth with that in heaven, and the practice of prayer for the dead. It will easily be understood, in like manner, that the scheme of ethics which he deduces from the teaching of our Lord and his apostles involves all the distinctive principles of Roman Catholic asceticism—a view which is also developed by Mr. Allies with great vigour and eloquence in a very remarkable chapter on 'The New Creation of the Primary Relation between Man and Woman.' The justice or injustice of conclusions so directly polemical it is beyond the purpose of the present paper to discuss; and we shall confine ourselves to those portions of the volume which directly bear upon the subject,—the historical relations of Christianity.

The external relations of the apostolic Church were with Judaism rather than Paganism, and all Christian writers freely admit that the great stream of Jewish doctrine, and of moral, if not ceremonial practice, as embodied in the Old Testament, flowed almost undiluted into the Christian system. But Dr. Döllinger contends that a large amount of unwritten Jewish tradition entered by the same process:—

'The dogmatic tradition of the Jewish necessarily passed into the Christian Church. Christ Himself had recognised it, taught out of it, and referred His disciples to the authority of the Pharisees who sat in Moses' seat, who were its organs. And if He sharply denounced their arbitrary interpretations of the Law, and reproached them with making God's law of none effect by their own inventions, put forth as traditions of the fathers,—as in forbidding works of charity on the Sabbath, or allowing a son to let his parents starve, that he might put the money he had saved into the temple treasury,—those were perversions of individuals, or at most of entire schools; the dominant teaching was independent of them, and was rather confirmed or implied in the discourses of Christ and the Apostles. From tradition came the com-

mon teaching about the resurrection, the judgment, Paradise and Gehenna, without any distinct evidence from the Hebrew Canon. A good deal in the New Testament about the angels and fallen spirits comes, not from the Bible, but tradition. The assertions of St. Peter and St. Jude about the sin and punishment of the fallen angels are similarly drawn from Jewish tradition.'

Hence he infers that tradition must have had its part in shaping not merely the Jewish creed and ritual, but that element of both which was transfused into the young Christian Church :—

'Thus the religious consciousness of Judaism, in which the Apostles, the first Christian teachers, and most of the first believers, had been brought up and had lived a longer or shorter time, flowed in unbroken stream into the Christian Church; and the Jewish became the Christian tradition. There was no violent break or formal renunciation; Christianity claimed to be, not merely a reformation, but a fulfilment of Judaism, expectation passing into possession, the worship of a Redeemer who had come instead of looking for a future one, the Law spiritualized into the Gospel, a world-religion and universal Church opening its gates to every nation, instead of a mere fellowship of blood and race, a Church (*Ecclesia*) instead of a Synagogue. Thus the Christian consciousness and life were an outgrowth of the Jewish. For the first quarter of a century from the Lord's Ascension, when the Church existed without any written documents, she lived on the recollections of Christ, the spoken words of His Apostles and disciples, and the Jewish Scriptures and tradition. In the bosom of the Church, as an expression and embodiment of the Spirit that ruled and the tradition laid up within it, the New Testament Scriptures were written in the course of fifty years. By the light of this Spirit, filling the Church and guiding her from generation to generation, both people and pastors read, understood, and expounded these writings.'

The influence of the Jewish element upon Christian worship appears equally unquestionable. During the first stages of their progress, the Christian communities in the Jewish cities maintained a close religious fellowship with the synagogue. In Jerusalem they took part in the services of the temple, and came daily to the morning and evening sacrifice. In the provincial cities they resorted to the synagogue upon the Sabbath; Paul himself, the special apostle of the Gentiles, continued to frequent the synagogues, to observe the festivals, and to be present at the sacrifices. This, of course, could only have been temporary, from the very nature of things; and it is certain that, at the same time, not alone in the foreign or provincial cities, but in Jerusalem itself, there was privately maintained the peculiarly Christian worship, not merely of prayer and preaching, but also of the Eucharistic celebration.

And thus 'the two went side by side,—in the temple the bloody animal sacrifices of the Law, local, ceremonial, unspiritual, belonging only to the past, with an only typical truth ; and beside them, in the secrecy of a quiet chamber, the celebration of the new sacrifice, all spirit and truth, where the victim itself was spiritual, and all rested on facts and realities, on inward surrender of spirit and heart to God. A few short years, and the temple with its sacrifices had passed away ; while the new sacrifice of spirit and truth,—the fulfilment, spiritualization, and perfecting of the temple-service, which was now become impossible, passed from city to city, from nation to nation, and was celebrated pure and bloodless on a thousand altars.'

Yet it can hardly be doubted that even this temporary community of worship and of religious fellowship, and the recollections and associations which it inspired, must have left their trace on the early Christian cultus.

There was another kind of influence to which the new institution was exposed by its contact with Judaism, and the allusions to which, discoverable in the apostolic writings, are curiously illustrated from what we have seen in the work on Judaism. The hard and literal formalism of the Pharisees, which would fain impose the burden of the Law upon all, and maintain it as of perpetual obligation, was, of course, the moving principle of that powerful and stiff-necked party whom St. Paul combats in his epistles to the Romans and the Galatians. But it is not so easy to discover the source from which sprung the teaching which appeared at Colossæ, and which united the rigorous observance of the Law with an exaggerated asceticism evidently founded on the evil nature of the body, and a false worship of angels ; nor that of Ephesus, with its myths and 'endless genealogies,' its 'forbidding of marriage,' and of certain meats ; nor that of Asia Minor, to which St. Peter and St. Jude allude, and which, inverting the moral consequence which the ascetics deduced from the evil nature of the body, made it, on the contrary, the basis of that antinomian theory which taught that every sensual indulgence is not merely allowable but commendable, and an acceptable service of religion. It is impossible for us now to enter into details ; but there is little difficulty in discovering, in these aberrations, on the one side the influence either of the Essenian communists, or (if it be true that the Essenes were unknown outside of Judea) of the Orphic Pythagoreans from whom the Essenians sprung ; and, on the other, of that ancient theory of emanation, and that dualistic view of matter which characterized most of the Eastern religions, and which, in one shape or another, entered into every form of Gnos-

ticism, whether in the East or in the West, down to the mediæval times.

All these, however, are instances in which the foreign element was rejected, and failed either to replace or to modify the pure apostolic doctrine. Much wider is the field which is opened by the inquiry, whether, and in what degree, the foreign doctrine or the foreign worship may have been successfully incorporated in the still growing system of Christianity; whether the plastic creed of the young community may not have found, amid the maze of grotesque and perverse doctrines of the old religions, some forms of thought to which it could attach itself, some peculiarities of worship which it might usefully adopt as its own; whether it may not even have been able, by the Divine instinct of truth, to discover, amid the mass of gross and incongruous error under which they were hidden, some relics of that primeval revelation which had nowhere been utterly obliterated, and, wherever found, by a mysterious spiritual affinity to assimilate and absorb them.

The records of the first age of the Church are too meagre to supply the full materials for this inquiry; but in the busier intellectual conflict of the second and third centuries they meet us at every step, often, it is true, vague and fragmentary, but yet not beyond the skill and ingenuity of the philosophical historian. The inquiry is full of interest. Roman Catholics no longer hesitate to avow the identity of many of the doctrines and practices peculiar to themselves among modern Christians with the analogous doctrines or observances in the creed or the ritual of the Romans and the Jews;—not that they admit these doctrines to have become Catholic *because* they are Jewish or Pagan, but that they are both Jewish or Pagan *and* Catholic, *because they are regarded as divine*. Elaborate treatises have been published by more than one scholar with the express purpose of tracing out these analogies.¹

The grossest errors even of Paganism are represented as the exaggerations or perversions of some solemn and mysterious truth. The bloody rite of human sacrifice, which may be said to have been universal, is set forth as a recognition of the inadequacy of all meaner victims to atone for the moral evil of sin, and is held by many to have been some faint and perverted memory of the dimly remembered promise of man's redemption. May not (even those writers are inclined to ask) the monstrous error of polytheism (especially in its earliest form, which supposed one supreme God, surrounded by a host of inferior deities) be the expression of a strong sense of the infinite distance between man and his Creator, which inter-

¹ See especially Marangoni's *Cose Gentilesche adoperate ad Uso delle Chiese*.

poses a series of less perfect and mediatorial beings to bridge over the interval ?

The same, and a thousand similar questions, has been raised in the new school of history among Catholics, as to the practice of praying for the dead, which was common to the Egyptians, and, in an obscurer form, to the Romans, with the Jews at least of the Maccabæan period ; as to the use of images, not as objects of worship, but as helps of memory and stimulants of devotional feeling ; as to holy water, which had its prototype in the many rites of baptism or aspersion which prevailed as well among Gentiles as among Jews ; and indeed in general as to the employment of outward ceremonial, and calling in the aid of the senses to quicken and sustain the intellectual faculty in prayer and spiritual exercise.

On these, and numberless analogous details, Christian thought had long been divided ; but the habit too frequently had been to decide rather by party sentiment and by theological prepossession than by calm investigation. The time appears to have arrived when this must cease, and the subject must be re-assigned to its legitimate province, that of history, rather than of polemical theology.

Dr. Döllinger has satisfactorily completed the first half of this important inquiry. It remains to be seen how, in the more difficult and critical period which comes next for investigation, he may apply the tests which are of his own framing. We shall look with much interest for the next division of his History. He enters on the investigation, it is true, from the stand-point of Catholicism ; but he has given abundant proofs of a frank and fearless spirit of inquiry, and at the worst, his conclusions, whatever they may be, must, in these days of free criticism, encounter an ordeal through which truth alone can pass unscathed.

- ART. II.—1. *Las Papillotas de Jacques Jasmin*. Paris, 1860.
 2. *Mireille (Mirèio). Pouèmo Provençan de F. Mistral*. Avignon.
 3. *Calendau : Pouèmo Nouveau*. Par FREDERI MISTRAL. Avignon, 1867.
 4. *Un Liame de Rasin. Countenant Lis Oubreto di Castil-Blaze, Adoufe Dumas, Jan Reboul, Glaupe, e T. Poussel*. Reculido e publicado per J. Roumanille e F. Mistral. Avignon, 1867.
 5. *Lis Oubreto en Vers de Roumanille*. Avignon.
 6. *Li Nouvé de Roumanille*. Avignon.
 7. *La Miougrano Entreduberto (la Granade entreouverte) de Téodor Aubanel*. Avignon.

IN the spring of 1842 a poet came to Paris, whose grade was humble, whose birthplace was remote, and whose native dialect had for upwards of three centuries been obsolete in literature, though it is still the living language of the people of Southern France. Jasmin, the barber of Agen, had come to meet the wisest and wittiest of his countrymen, to visit that great city which both nurses and devours so many of the children of genius; a provincial, and a man of the people, he had come to await the verdict of the Parisians and of the Academy. To one-third of France he was already known, the rest had yet to make his acquaintance, and that was only to be done by showing himself, and by publishing a prose translation of the poems he had written in the Gascon tongue. Jasmin's visit was completely successful; his popularity increased steadily till the close of his life, and his death, when it occurred in 1864, was lamented as a national loss. In England he is but little known, and that little chiefly through Longfellow's translation of the 'Blind Girl of Castèl-Cuillè,' one of the more plaintive and less dramatic of his works. It is our object to do a tardy justice to this modern troubadour, and, if possible, to render it in such a shape as may make both Jasmin and his compeers interesting to English readers.

What is the language in which Jacques Jasmin wrote? One answers vaguely, That of the south of France; and for once a vague answer does not come amiss; for his dialect is not strictly Gascon in contradistinction to Provençal, though it is to be identified with his native district of the Lower Languedoc.

Assuredly this was not always an unknown tongue in England. In the beginning of the eleventh century, and when Provençal poetry had both a fixed value and a written literature, England passed under the rule of the Dukes of Normandy, when French laws and culture were grafted on our Saxon stem.

It was true that the language thus imparted was *langue d'oïl*, not *langue d'oc*; still these were allied, if rival tongues, and the second dynasty of our kings identified us still more closely with France, and especially with France south of Loire. The Plantagenets were only Counts of Anjou, but Henry II. had for his queen Eleanor of Guienne, the heiress of Aquitaine. The wife whom Henry Plantagenet married for her beauty and her dowry, after King Louis had denounced and divorced her, must have lisped in this tongue, in the *doux parler* of the south. Her grandfather, William, Count of Poitou,¹ was one of the first as well as the most nobly born of the troubadours; poets like Bertrand de Ventadour were her companions; and when she undertook her journey to the Holy Land, it is said that she beguiled the tedium of the voyage with the songs of the troubadours. To her passionate spirit, love, power, and music were essentials, and she chose that strains, of which her beauty was the theme, should mingle with the winds that wafted her over the Cretan and Peloponnesian seas. Perhaps, if the stone effigy of her face, which still shows its rare loveliness in the porch of Newstead, could speak, it would be in that native and southern speech. At the French court the same accents were in vogue, and the name of the Pré Catalan (in the Bois de Boulogne) still preserves the memory of a sweet singer of Provence, who found such favour in the eyes of Philippe le Bel, that his jealous rivals (possibly *trouvères*, speaking in *langue d'oïl*) surprised and murdered him.

The dialect presents at first sight such a strange mixture of Latin, Teutonic, Greek, and Arabic words, that it tempts a casual reader to pronounce it a debased and mongrel Latin. Yet it was not so esteemed when in use among the troubadours, but was rather recognised as that of the best and largest part of France.

Unlike French, Italian, and Spanish, its sister derivatives from the old source, this, the eldest daughter of Latin, has diminished while they increased, and it is now only preserved in old romances, and represented, with alterations, by the spoken

¹ We refer our readers to the *Parnasse Occitanien*, published at Toulouse in 1819, where a poem by this 'coms de Peitiens' is to be found. It is extracted from the mss. (7226 and 7698) in the *Bibliothèque Nationale*. A notice of the Count from the same source says that he was 'uns dels majors cortès del mon, e del majors trichadors de domnas. E saup ben trobar et cantar: et acet lonc temps per lo mon per inganar las domnas.' His great-grandson, Richard Cœur de Lion, was also a poet. One of his 'sirventes' appears in the *Parnasse*; it is written in old French, and is addressed to the Dauphin of Auvergne, and as the Dauphin's answer is also extant and preserved in the same ms. folios, it seems as if Crescimbeni had been right in the dispute with Horace Walpole as to the ms. 3204.

dialects of the south. It may be referred to several sources. First, we must remember the dialects in use in ancient Aquitaine, mixed, as we know them to have been, with Iberian idioms; hence a Basque element in the language. Celtic words are found incorporated in it, and many of Greek derivation, attesting the presence of an element powerfully felt in France at the commencement of the Julian wars, when the city of Marseilles reigned over a large territory, and these Messaliotes, originally of Ionian extraction, gave a Greek tinge to the south. From Arles to San Remo they colonized and ruled, and to this day the town of Nice preserves its boastful Grecian appellation of Νίκη, Victory, while Arles conceives that in the singular beauty of her women she perpetuates the fact of having been a Greek colony. The Rhone was one of the highways of Phœnician commerce, and we must be prepared then to find throughout its course, from Lyons to the sea, traces of Phœnician culture and speech. Finally, we must consider that the Roman conquest meant the advent of a people who brought with them every appliance for altering the laws and habits of their new subjects. Latin, used in the courts and camps, and in all matters of business, was probably pretty generally spoken among the upper classes, but Latin pure and simple was hardly the universal speech of Gaul. In the writings of St. Jerome constant mention is made of the native Gaulic tongue; after the sixth century, pure Latin ceased to be heard, and the result in the south of France was that mixture of Latin, Iberian, Celtic, Teutonic, and Greek words, which was known as *romane*, and called also (to discriminate it from the other branch of the *romane*) *langue d'oc*, Catalanian (Cathelane), or Provençal.

It is needless to say that such a tongue had many modifications, as in each district accidental or geographical causes might determine. By way of the Rhone, from Savoy and from the Alps, from the north, in short, came many northern idioms and inflexions that can yet be traced to such sources; and by way of the sea came a great admixture of Arabic or Saracenic life; while from across the Pyrenees Catalanian and Arabic hands were grasped in fellowship. Thus during the first centuries did Southern France receive many impressions, and fashion herself after them all, but by the eleventh century she had her revenge, and she was for three centuries and a half the source of all the culture of Europe. While admitting all this, we think it idle of some of her historians to wish to found on these facts a wholly untenable claim. Because Southern France, in virtue of her situation, of her intercourse with the East, and of her advanced civilisation, influenced all the Western nations, it does not follow from this that her language

was older than any other, or that it ever was anything more than one of the many dialects produced in the Latin by a curious admixture of races, and especially by the great Teutonic invasion.

This *romane* we find first used in hymnals, liturgies, and the like, and in the eighth century employed in matters of law, but its earliest manuscript poems date from the eleventh century; and it had perfected itself for nearly a hundred and fifty years before Germany could boast of Minnesingers able to rival the troubadours of Provence. To England, as we have said, Provençal literature extended with the advent of French dukes and counts to the English throne, and its duration in our island may be allowed to have lasted till the Reformation; for Spenser's *Faerie Queene* is the last English epic composed in the manner of René of Anjou, Thibault of Navarre, or of the poets who formed their school. Milton built an epic on a more classical model, discarding all the colouring of the troubadours, and when Bunyan wrote an allegory, Puritanism replaced the gay science in the adventures of his spiritual pilgrim.

It is the boast of the Provençals that they formed the style of Petrarch; so says Fresnaie de Vauquelin in 1612 :—

'Ce qui fit priser Pétrarque le Mignon,
Fût la grâce des vers qu'il prist à Avignon.

A leur exemple prist le bien disant Pétrarque,
De leurs graves Sonnets l'ancienne remarque,
En récompense il fait mémoire de Rembaud,
De Fouques, de Rémon, de Hugues et d'Arnaud;
Mais il marche si bien sur cette vielle trace
Qu'il orne le sonnet de sa première grace;
Tant qu' Italie est estimé l'auteur
De ce dont le François est le premier inventeur.'

This poet of the Valois court goes on to say that

'Bembe reconnaît qu'ils ont pris en Sicille,
La première façon de la rime gentille.'

And this the Tuscans seldom deny, admitting that the *terza rima*, which Dante brought to such perfection, was borrowed from the poets of the *langue d'oc*. The Provençal school had a very varied literature; hymns, comedies, mystery-plays '*lais d'amour et sonnets courtois*,' ballads, virelays, rondelays, tençons, sirventes, pastorelos, complaintes, nouvelles (or *noëls*), with legends and romances, founded on very legendary history, are all comprised in this literature, which lived and taught, and which spread into other countries, and which finally died out. In England, as we have said, it did not survive the Reformation, and the rise of strong new national interests; in Italy it died of the revival of classical learning; while in France, though we detect its influence on the style of Marot, it died a political and a social death.

Provençal letters, like Provençal independence, had suffered as early as 1229, from the war of the Albigeois, and from the removal of the Papal See from Avignon, and after these disasters we cannot but think that this literature was more illustrious through its foreign nurslings than it was through its own fecundity: by as much as Spenser and Ariosto were greater poets than Walter of Aquitaine, Bertrand de Paris, or any of the old Provençal stock. Its fate in France was altogether a curious one, involved in political questions, for the absorption of the great fiefs into the monarchy gave a deathblow to the matter; and after the loss of Provençal nationality, the language has degenerated into a patois.

Twice had Frank nationality been obliged to contend with the intrepid but not invincible southern race, with the 'iron men of Languedoc,' who, if they sang of love, were also full of the passion of arms; a people who withstood Clovis, and who for twenty years resisted the crusade of Simon de Montfort, a crusade nominally directed against the heresies of the Albigeois, but virtually aimed at the independence of the south. As such it was resented, and from the Loire to the Pyrenees, from the Alps to the Gulf of Gascony, the varied but sympathetic populations defended their local liberties as well as their creed. They were worsted, and as the '*Francigeni*' prevailed against the '*Provinciales*' the higher civilisation gave place, and much of the genius and more of the influence of the south perished in the struggle; still the old indomitable spirit was alive, and the great rising of the Cevennes offered again to the world (and for the last time) the spectacle of a war between two halves of France.

Nearly a century has elapsed since then, and in those hundred years, which have not been those of national unity or peace, the men of Provence, Gascony, and Languedoc have shown something of their old mettle: for nothing stranger than Mirabeau ever appeared on any page of Bertrand de Born. His were the dark passions and the fiery eloquence, the terrible love, and the still more terrible hate, the brute courage, and the indomitable will of some of the fabulous champions. In like manner too we can fancy Suffren defying the Barbary corsairs, and Lannes or Massena pitted against any of the giants of heathenness. Nor are these the only shoots from the old stems. Something of the love of letters is still displayed, and the south challenges France north of Loire to match her Guizot, her Mignet, her Thiers, her Fauriel, and her Pont-Martin. Montauban possesses in her Vicar-General, the Abbé Marcellin, one of the greatest orators in the French Church; Peyrat is an able historian, Marmier an agreeable traveller and novelist, and

still as the Lot, the Tarn, and the Garonne whisper among their reeds and osiers, poets catching their meaning sing in troubadour speech and guise.

Jasmin rather antedates the rest, but he was not alone in his glory. Toulouse had her Réboul, the Hérault her Péyrottes, as Avignon has her Roumanille, and Maillane her Mistral: the south is still the land of dance and song and 'sunburnt mirth,' as truly so as in the days when Frederic Barbarossa demanded to feast his eyes on the face of an English woman, and to regale his ears with Provençal singing. The people are intensely musical, and find in music a vent alternately for their passion and for their sorrows, for their Calvinism or for their sensational Catholicism; they write and read more religious poetry than the peasants of any other part of France, and a mass of piquant or pathetic ballads is to be found in the mouths of the population. Of these it is all but impossible to discover the authors: the airs and the words alike seem common property: children hear them in their cradles, girls learn them at their work, soldiers sing them under the ramparts, and the very shipboys have an extensive repertory of their own; yet it is rare to meet with these songs in print; they were made to be said or sung, and said or sung they have been, and that in some instances since the time of the Crusades, as many of the songs contain curious allusions, and are of the greatest antiquity. In such an atmosphere Jasmin grew up, speaking and writing in a dialect of western Provençal, which may be called Occitanian or Gascon, in contradistinction to the pure Provençal of Avignon and Narbonne, or to the Nizzard patois spoken on the other side of the Var.

The history of his life is soon told, and best gathered from his poem *Mons Soubenis*, or 'My Recollections,' written in 1830. He was born in 1798, of poor and infirm parents, and in the middle of the noise and frolic of a carnival season, and grew up, in spite of extreme poverty, in soundness of mind and body, and with all a boy's delight in the games of the streets and fields. He describes all these lawful and unlawful pleasures, his school hours, and his ignorance of anything like care, till '*Douço ignouranço! ah! perquè toun bandion.*' 'Sweet ignorance! why was thy fillet torn off so roughly and so soon?'

He becomes a choir boy; loses his place through an indiscretion; is apprenticed to his trade, and struggles against poverty and difficulties with no comfort but that of books. '*Oh! tan que legissiez plus plus n'abiez di penos.*' 'Ah! while I read no more pain had I.' Not content with the writings of others he began to try his own powers. It was then he says that '*dins*

a quel dous patouès—in ‘that sweet patois which happiness uses so well’ he began to sing. His genius had awoke: a girl to whom he had long been attached became his wife, and after their marriage his life was spent in gaining his daily bread and in making verses, ‘*dins la lengo de las pastouros*’—in the language of the shepherds. Sometimes, indeed, it seemed as if his Pegasus was ‘*un chibal que porto lons poëtos a l’Espital*,’ for they lived on very slender means, and in a house not always quite tight against the autumnal rains, but his wife had the happy temper of her skies, and their circumstances mended. His talents became known, his pretty song ‘*Mi cal mourir*’ was in every mouth, he found friends and patrons, and a language abandoned for three centuries again came into vogue with the always increasing reputation of Jasmin. The events of his life were few. His first volume, dedicated to M. de Sainte Beuve, was published in 1838; he was feasted at Toulouse, and crowned after the ancient fashion. He visited Paris in 1842, and ten years later received a grant of 5000 francs from the Academy, not awarded to him, said M. de Villemain, but paid as a debt due to art and to morality, and to the talent of good words which under the most brilliant and popular form Jasmin knows how to unite with good deeds.

This was peculiarly true of a citizen whose talents were constantly employed for the relief of indigence, and whose temperate and yet patriotic language had a great effect in his native province during the agitation of 1848. He never left his profession, and he never was ashamed of it, receiving literary visitors in his shop at Agen with the same good-humoured ease with which he had met the criticism and the flattery of Paris. He died as he had lived, poor but content. *Las Papillotas*, for so he called the volume of his poems, is his best monument, and his songs bid fair, like those of Burns, to become heirlooms in his country. Like Burns he enriched his national literature by the infusion of his fresh and poetical dialect; he had not the passion and the rollicking fun of Burns, but he had the same love of the country in all its aspects. The common air, and earth, and skies suggested to him always fresh pleasures and fresh lessons. His spirit, unlike that of the Ayrshire ploughman, was always reverential, and if it never touched the heights of Burns’s genius it never reached the degradation of part of his career. He was less spoilt by praise, but he was perhaps also conscious of far less mental power. Gentle and grateful, his spirit dwelt lovingly on the weaknesses and tenderly on the sorrows of others: he had no personal enmities, and his political feelings were free from rancour and from civil spite, and, in the words of one of the best of his French critics, ‘Jasmin’s poetry found

its spring in the true workings of the soul, and in those eternal sentiments which, recurring ever in our lives, make and keep humanity ever young.'

M. de Lamartine, writing of Jasmin to Madame de Circourt, said that he was the most realistic of poets. Writing to Jasmin he said, 'Others sing, but you feel,' a phrase which might well be written on the blank page of his last poem, *Maltro l'Innocento*, or 'Marthe la Folle.'

It is a story of peasant life on the banks of the Lot, where in a cottage close above the stream two young girls sat one Sunday morning waiting for the declaration of the numbers drawn for the conscription. Maltro is a fair and loving creature, but it is on her that sorrow is to fall rather than on her more volatile companion. Annette's lover is safe, but Jacques has drawn No. 3, a fatal number.

'*Lais hurous en libertat*,' 'the happy ones at liberty, those whom the great demon of war still spared to the country,' went on their way rejoicing, mothers and sweethearts accompanying them; but to Maltro her lover can only say, 'If I am spared, if I return, my life belongs to thee. Hope; and on this our altar, like a bouquet of love, I will one day offer it to thee.' The spring returns, and Jacques is still absent—

'Es tournat len mès de May
Que tan play
Quan renay;
Rey des mès porto courouno
Et de plazès s'emberouno;
Es tournat len mès de May,
Que tan play
Quan renay;
Sul la costò dins la plano,
A leu canta tout s'affano;
Car se nous bèn piano-piano
Coumo l'esclayre s'en bay.'

'It is returned, the month of May,
Which so pleases
When 'tis born;
King of the months his head is crowned,
Pleasures gather all around;
It is returned, the month of May,
Which so pleases
When 'tis born;
On the hills and on the plains
By our songs its praise is said;
It steals upon us unawares,
But like a flash its course is sped.'

So sang the young men and maidens of Tonneins. Maltro alone is sad, and her complaint is heard in lines which have endeared Jasmin to the whole of Languedoc, '*Las hiroundelos soun tournados*' being the best known and loved of all his songs. She applies for help to her priest (and Jasmin's description of this rural curé might challenge Goldsmith's parson), sells all her worldly goods, works for hire, and finally raises a sum of money large enough to buy Jacques' discharge. The necessary steps are taken; and though Jacques does not seem to guess to what hand he owes this benefit, still after his third campaign he is more than glad to return. Maltro is in raptures, she will behold him again, '*et bito et libertat*,' Jacques will owe all to her.

A Sunday morning dawns in Tonneins, just such a day as the one on which her soldier drew his fatal number. Mass is over, and Maltro awaits him. ‘*Lou viel Prèste parey dan la fillo al froun pur*’ (the old priest appeared, and with him the girl with the pure brows); a crowd gathers round them as they watch the high road, on which dust is moving; figures appear, first one, then another. Is it Jacques? Yes it is, alive and well; and the other is—his wife. ‘*Qu’ès bèlo, qu’ès graciouzo!*’ (how pretty, how charming she is!) Maltro goes up to him smiling sweetly, and then bursts into an idiotic laugh. It is said that Jacques returned to the army, but what is only too true is that Maltro, escaping from her home, wandered and lived for thirty years a crazy beggar in the streets of Agen. Jasmin had often seen her in his youth, and remembered how as boys they had tormented her; for at any time, by calling out that the soldiers were coming, they could drive her away to hide and weep.

‘Now,’ says Jasmin, ‘now that I know her touching tale, I should like to cover with kisses her tattered dress, and to ask her pardon on my knees; but I can find nothing but a tomb. I cover that with flowers’—(‘*non trôbi rés qu’un clot. leu capèli de fious.*’).

It unfortunately requires an acquaintance with the language to appreciate fully the finish and the subdued pathos of this tale, which earned for Jasmin the name of the Manzoni of Languedoc. The same remark applies to his songs; but as a specimen of his pleasant rhythm, we give the following invocation to his native place:—

‘Gareno crumouzo,
Fresqueto pelouzo,
Ayqueto jouyouzo
Que rizes pel prat;
Campagno flourido,
Coumbo tan poulido.
Paradis sarrat.
Adiou! cal que parti.
Mais en May m’escorti
Douma coumo anèy,
Senti que dirèy.
Couro y tourneray.’

‘Dark Garonne,
Freshest lawn,
Clear and happy river,
Between the meadows laughing;
Fields so flowery,
Pretty valley,
A buried Paradise—
Farewell, I must depart,
But even as I go,
To-morrow as to-day,
I know that I shall say
When, when shall I return?’

Had Jasmin written in French, it is to be doubted whether he would have written as well. The very love of his province and of his patois helped to make him the poet that he was, and he was born when districts were much more isolated and patois much more universal than they are in these days of railways, of cheap travelling, and of cheaper books. The natural formation and position of his country makes it in a measure self-contained. The Highlands of France, the mountains of Auvergne, and of

the Limousin, rise behind it ; before it stretches the Pyrenean chain ; beyond it are the Landes of Gascony and the Bordelais ; and throughout the whole basin of Languedoc, traversed as it is and connected with Provence by the Canal du Midi, this ancient Occitanian speech is the only one in use among the lower orders. Thus Jasmin never was anything but an Agennois and '*un homme du Midi*;' and his Gascon poems, if far from classical in their language, are as unaffectedly true to himself and to his country as are the Gaelic songs of Rob Dun, the bard of Sutherlandshire, who wrote when Erse was the general provincial speech of the north of Scotland, and when roads and railways were not.

So much for the homely and homekeeping poet who lived by the Garonne. Joseph Roumanille, the equally original poet of Avignon, was born at Saint Rémy, and owed his inspiration to much the same influences. His object has been to furnish the lower orders, and persons using the Provençal dialect, with new and wholesome books ; to raise their literature above the songs of the wine-shop and the ballads of the streets, and to cultivate a love of their native country. It would be needless in that country to say that he has succeeded, for a great and deserved popularity has accrued to him ; and his tales in prose and verse, as well as his *noëls*, are imprinted in the memories of the people. He has not written for the critics, but for those whom his talents and probity could profit ; and his books, if they fall short of this or that standard, have been useful in their generation, and will probably be useful and popular long after some of the higher flights of his scholars and friends are out of fashion.

Of these friends five are already beyond the reach of criticism, and M. Roumanille has paid a graceful tribute to their memory in the volume which stands fourth on our list. Space fails us for entering on a criticism of the pieces which he has thus collected and compiled in memory of Castil-Blaze, Adolphe Dumas, Jean Réboul, Glaup, and Poussel ; neither can we attempt an examination of the memoirs prefixed to their works, though these are possessed of some interest. Among the poems, the *Fianço de Margarido*, or '*Bridal of Margaret*,' by Réboul, appears to us one of the most beautiful ; and of the biographies that of Adolphe Dumas is beyond doubt the most pleasing. In the two simple pages which record his life, his connexion with the neo-Provençals, and his melancholy death, pages evidently dictated by the tenderest appreciation, do we not recognise the gratitude and the regrets of Mistral ? for Adolphe Dumas was the first critic who took the author of *Mireille* by the hand. Dumas was an ardent lover of his province, and as he now sleeps

far from his native shore, we fancy that he would prefer no other panegyric on himself to this touching notice from the hand of the young poet whom he loved to call 'the Virgil of Provence.'

Of the whole school of the *Félibres*, as they fancifully call themselves, the greatest without dispute is Frederic Mistral. But is there not something forced in the neo-Provençalism of Mistral? Is it fair to suppose that France will really adopt a series of poems written in what was once a classical language, but which is now a patois? It happens to the traveller in the south to hear occasionally quaint soft words set to some still quainter tune, and he remembers with pleasure that the written language of poets and courtiers was very similar to this, which he feels to be full of poetry and pathos; but it often happens to the same traveller to be answered in his inquiries from the peasants, 'Mossu, we do not speak French;' and he devoutly wishes that the schoolmaster were come abroad in Provence and Languedoc. No man in his senses really wishes to keep these dialects alive. The curse of Babel still works sensibly enough in the world; age, sex, race, and language are all bars to knowledge and to charity; nation detests nation, and the bed of a river is still equivalent to a great gulf fixed between any two of them; it cannot and will not be otherwise; but septs and clans are evils that can and may and must be got rid of; they are evils savouring of the darkest ages of the world's history, of the most petty and primitive forms of the world's selfishness. The whole philosophy of history goes to prove that there can be and ought to be no more 'peculiar people,' that separativeness is weakness, solidarity strength, and the hard logic of events now implores the nationalities to study war no more, but to weld themselves into great and homogeneous masses. France is especially great through her solidarity. She has been vexed and tossed by revolutions, and may be so again: she never was or will be great as a coloniser, but her resources are in herself. No doubt the system of centralization has been carried by the Napoleonic government to a dangerous extent, and that if it is well that one Imperial hand should govern Norman and Provençal, Alsatian and Gascon, with equal impartiality and reliance, it is not well that the same autocratic will should paralyse the life of the Departments. It is true that by the present system much liberty is lost, that the administration controls the prefects, suggests the deputies, fills the petty magistrature, and through its multitudinous nominees seeks to control the elections, still we think a return to provincialism would be an evil, and if neo-Provençalism tends in that direction, it is a social as well as a literary mistake.

Pretty as these poems of Mistral's are, they are anachronisms.

By all means respect a country's past, collect her relics and her traditions, preserve her antiquities, honour her great names, but do not insist on being obsolete, or on reviving the obsolete. The peasants would be better employed in learning French than these Félibres in writing volumes in patois. Moreover, it is impossible to conceal from one's-self that *Calendari* at any rate is not written for the peasants, but for the critics, and for that many-headed monster we call the reading public. But in France itself this dialect is, as regards two-thirds of the kingdom, an unknown tongue and a dead-letter; in the south it is not the language of the educated classes. Out of France there is not one in a thousand who can read it, or read it sufficiently well to appreciate the real beauties of one page of *Mireille*, or of Aubanel's passionate songs. The old troubadours, Bertrand de Born, and all their brotherhood, more than 130 in number, are dead, and the authors of M. Fauriel's 120 lost poems of Provence are more than dead, they are forgotten; but M. Mistral and others are alive, clever and sympathetic poets; surely they wish to be read? But to what expedient are they reduced for satisfying a very pardonable craving for notoriety beyond the circle of '*des nôtres*?' They furnish an edition which has a French translation *en regard*, and their poetry in this shape has as much colour and scent left in it as the flowers in a *hortus siccus*.

Mireille assuredly deserved a better fate. It is a charming poem; a series of idyllic pictures of a kind of which we have far too few, for the bastard-pastoral school has corrupted our taste and perplexed our ideas. The pseudo-rustics who talked in Spenser's eclogues and played Arcadian comedies in the last century were very tiresome persons, commonplace in England, indecorous in France, and so desperately ponderous in Germany, that they are at last happily and completely out of fashion; their memories preserved only in Dresden china and in the rondeaux of some sweet old sonatas. But here is a true pastoral; and how beautiful it is! The loves of Vincent the basket-maker and of Mireille the farmer's daughter are a thread on which hang many episodes of country life. The true life of the south is given, but from a different point of view from that in which Jasmin rendered it. Mistral is not himself a peasant, and his education has been careful and good, while the artistic element enters largely into his poetry. He knows how to choose and to refuse (would that he had refused a little oftener!) to compare, to analyse, and to make the most of a good point. He does not describe the operations of the husbandry and the simple devotions of the peasants as one who habitually shares them, but he paints and relishes them as an observer. Beauti-

fully he describes his beautiful Provence, a country proper to inspire such passion as he uses in his song, for it is not only a land of corn and wine and oil, but of a strange and contrasted nature; a land where the days are cloudless and the nights are serene, but where the hot wind carries the locusts of the dust, and where the *mistral* bends the trees; a country made desolate by excess of summer; a land of perfume and of gardens, but also of barest mountain peaks; a land where the cities are set on an hill, or bathe their feet in a tideless sea; a land of palms and of honey, and of desolate salt marshes; at once a *Marah* and a *Goshen*, a place of doves and of wolves, a country all contrasts and extremes, set between the mountains and the sea, but where even the terrible and the waste places are glad with the sun's eternal smile. Thither the poet carries us with him to watch the roll of the surf, to smell the fragrance of the lavender and the thyme, or to rest under the flat-headed pines: he makes us see the reaping of the golden grain and the gleanings of the olives; then we have the chase after the brilliant cantharides; we cross with him the dry shingly bed of the *Durance*, or the vast levels of the plain of *Crau* with its mirages; we tread the desolate sea-margins, or the black and dreary swamps by *Aigues-Mortes*; we have the wild horses of the *Camargue*, the foot-races at *Nismes*, and the bull-fights; the sweet names of the peasants still redolent of the old romances, *Alàry* (*Hilary*), *Azalais* (*Adelaide*), *Magna* (*Mary*), and *Yseult*; we have pilgrimages and legends, the exquisite ballad of *MagaRà*, and *Mireille* herself, surprised by her lover while picking mulberry-leaves for her silkworms. *Mistral's* style suits the subject; the key he has chosen is simple, but the singer is full of passion, and by those who can understand it much of the dialect will be felt to be delicious—now caressing, now plaintive, always flexible and graceful; as the narrative runs on it seems to hum with the bees in the tufty *cistus* and lavender bushes, to float with the *valisneria* in the streams, and to gallop with the wild steeds in the *Camargue*, while with *Mireille* it weeps or it prays.

Mireille's love is unblessed and unfavoured by her parents, who resent her rejection of other and better suitors than the young basket-maker, who had wooed her among the mulberry-trees. The following is a specimen of her reception of one of his rivals. *Ourrias* (*Eleazer*), a drover, pays his court to her; he arrives at the well, mounted on his white horse, and armed with his long pike or goad:—

'A quen *Matin la pinceleto*,
Ero à la font touto souleto,' etc.

'On that morning the young virgin
At the fountain was alone,
Having rolled up sleeves and skirt,
She washed the cheese jars

Saints of God! how beautiful was
she
When in the clear spring she waded
with her little feet.

"Mireille," said the wild youth,
"If ever as wife or pilgrim,
You come to Sylva-real from whence
one hears the sea,
You will not have so much trouble,
For the cows of the black race
Run free and wild,
Are never milked, and the women lead
pleasant lives."

"Young man! in that land of kine,
Girls are so dull 'tis said they die."
"Mireille, where two are there is no
ennui."

"Young man, who wanders in those
distant lands
Drinks, as they say, but bitter waters,
And the sun burns his face."

"Mireille," under the pines you may
sit in the shade for ever."

"Young man, they say your pines are
scaled
By twisting green serpents."

"Mireille! we have the flamingos and
the herons,
Who spread their red mantles (wings);
We chase them by the Rhone—"
"Youth! hear me (I must interrupt
you),
Your pines are too far from my farm."

"Mireille! both priests and girls
Can never know the country
Where they may have, 'tis said, one
day to eat their bread."

"Provided I may eat it with him whom
I love,
Young man, I ask for nothing more,
To separate myself from my nest."
"Mireille! if that be so, give me of
thy love."

"Young man, you shall have it," said
Mireille,

"But sooner these nymphaeas leaves
Shall carry grapes:
Sooner shall your pronged staff
Throw out flowers, and these hills
Grow soft as wax,
Or one shall go by water to the town of
Baux."

When her marriage to Vincent is forbidden, Mireille flies from home on a pilgrimage to the Saintes Maries at Maguelonne. She gets a sunstroke, and when lying prostrate at the shrine sees a rare vision. The arch of the choir opens and discloses—

'Dins l'er lind blanquinoso
Li tres Marie luminoso,' etc.

'White in the limpid air,
The three shining Maries
Descend from above—one against her
breast
Holds pressed her alabaster vase,
And in the still night the silver star,
That softly gives the shepherds' light,
Alone can match her brows of Para-
dise.

'At the wind's will the second
Lets her blonde tresses float,
And modest moves, a palm-branch in
her hand;
The third, still young,
Her mantle white and fine
Folds now a little over her dark face,
While her dark eyes like diamonds
shine."

They console Mireille, but tell her that her request is impos-
sible:—

"You ask to drink, oh! foolish one, of the pure fount of love;
Ah, wild and foolish! what! before your death?
You wish to tread on that great path
Which leads us upwards but to God Himself,
Since when have you beheld such joy on earth?"

Mireille's mind wanders, and she expires in the arms of her mother and of Vincent. He cannot believe that she is dead:—

"Dead! it is not possible!
It is a demon who whispers it to me.

Speak, in God's name, good people who
are here,

You have seen the dead,
Tell me if, when carried past your
doors,
They ever smiled like this?

In truth, her face is almost gay.
“But what say you?”

He begs them to bury him in Mireille's grave on the soft sandy shore, that there, 'wrapped in the azure air, and beneath the tremulous wave,' they may clasp each other for ever. Those who know the people of the south, their passion for poetry, and their great preference for the songs of love and death, can imagine the popularity of *Mireille*.

A totally different chord has been struck in *Calendau*, and clever and varied as it is, we venture to predict that it will be more admired, but less conned and loved than *Mireille*. The amazing quantity of topography, archæology, legendary and semi-legendary lore with which the volume is filled, reminds us of Sir Walter Scott's manner; all the more so that there is a dash of necromancy in it, and through all a sense of moral energy and purity very germane to the taste of the Border poet, while the prowess and adventures of the hero would have satisfied any judge in a court of love and *gay saber*.

Calendau is a fisher-boy of Cassis, in love with the beautiful and ill-mated *Estrella*, princess of Baux. He endures countless hardships for her sake, becomes famous, bears an unspotted name, is true to himself and to his own virtue through all temptations, defies her cruel lord, Count Séveran, avenges on him all *Estrella*'s wrongs, and finally slays him in battle, so that the conclusion of the matter, as regards the hero and heroine, is the one so familiar to us in the nursery tale, 'so they were married, and lived happily all the rest of their lives.'

The finest thing in *Calendau* is pronounced by critics in neo-Provençalism to be its style, but we must be allowed to name another merit which the poem seems to us to possess. We mean the art with which Mistral has woven together the probable and the improbable, the tangible and the fantastic. The book seems to contain less a romance than an allegory. The very name of the heroine, *Estrella*, is suggestive,—for there is a Provençal legend (derived in all probability from the Greek superstition with regard to the *Oreades*), that whoever meets the terrible mountain fairy *Estrella* and kisses her, goes mad from the effect of the embrace. Mistral has, in the love of *Calendau* for the princess, embodied this idea; because, when a man has chosen one great object in life, and has sacrificed himself to it, it is equivalent to having touched the fairy's fateful lips. In *Calendau*'s love he further shows us the strange compelling influence which one human being has over another, as well as the unalterable nature of an attachment which has once been

allowed to take possession of heart, senses, and will ; and in his hero's success we have portrayed the true method by which the lowly can rise ; not by pulling down the great, but the worship of a high and pure aim in life ; by having always the loftiest instead of the lowest standard for our endeavours, a standard without which nothing truly great in art or morals has ever been achieved. These seem grave thoughts to have been suggested by a semi-fabulous romance, but we think the author will not be sorry to see his allegory thus interpreted, or unwilling that we should perceive this meaning in the adventures of Calendau the fisher-boy, who made it his boast that he became the best and most trustworthy man between Arles and Vence.

The opening of the poem contains a fine invocation to Provence :—

' Amo de moun pais,
In que dardaies, manifesto
E dins sa lengo et dins sa gesto
Quand li baroun Picard, Alemand,
Bourguignon,
Sarrabon Toulouso et Beucaire,
In qu'empurèrès de tout caire
Contro il négro cavaucaire
Lis ome di Marseilho et li fiéu
d'Avignoun.

' Per la grandour di remembranço
In que nous sauves l'esperanço :
In que dins la jouinesso, e plus caud e
plus béu.

Maugrat la mort e l'aclapaire
Fas regreia lou sang di paire :
In qu'esperant li dous troubaire,
Fas piéi mistraleja la voues de Mirabéu.

' Amo de longo renadvivo,
Amo jouiouse e fièro e vivo.
Qu'endihs dins lou brut d'ou Rose,
d'ou Rousau !"
Amo di veuvo armouniouse
E di calauco souleiouso
De la patria amo piouso,
J'appelle ! encarno-te dins mi vers
prouveuçau !"¹

One other extract we make, because the scenery is familiar to many travellers, and nothing in the world is more beautiful than the journey from Cannes, by the Esterels and Toulon, to Marseilles. Calendau performs it in a boat, and in great haste ; for Count Séveran has discovered his wife's hiding-place on Mount Gibal, (how near Africa we seem to be on this Provençal shore !) and Calendau flies to defend her :—

¹ As it may interest our readers to compare the French and Provençal idioms, instead of translating the above we venture to give a French version from the pen of M. Louis Ratisbonne :—

' Ame de mon pays,
Toi qui luit en traits manifestes
Et dans sa langue et dans ses gestes
Quand le baron Picard, Allemand,
Bourguignon,
Assiégeait Toulouse et Beaucaire,
Toi qui remplis d'un feu de guerre
Contre leur horde sanguinaire
Les hommes de Marseille et d'Avignon.

' Par la grace des souvenirs,
Toi qui gardes nos espérances :
Toi qui dans la jeunesse, et plus chaud
et plus beau,

Malgré " la mort, divins mystères,"
Fais remonter le sang de nos pères,
Toi qui soufflais nos doux trouvères,
Et plus tard fis mugir la voix de
Mirabeau.

' Ame sans cesse renaissante,
Joyeuse ame, fière et revante
Qui souffle dans les bruits du Rhone
et dans ses eaux,
Ame des bois harmonieux
De la patrie esprit pieux
Viens ! viens ! encarne-toi dans mes
vers provençaux.'

'Bonfo! lou Cassidien souspiro,' etc. etc.

' "Blow!" to the sirocco the Cassidien
sighed:

To the siroc that softly breathed:

"Blow! mignon! blow!" and the gay
little wind

As if expressly to please him,
(So you would say) moved the air:
And in the tremulous space
Swift shot the frail tillac.

'Beneath the canopy of freshest morn,
In all their legendary light,
The Lérin isles (green rosettes in the
floods)

Rose from the coloured seas—
Of Honorat and of Marguerite
(His sister isle), the flowery palms,
Like mystic trees waved in the air.

'Shortly they sail beneath the shores,
Defiant, blasted, burnt and torn,
Of Esterel—the sea, a siren with blue
eyes,

Has for a hundred years or so,
Fondled and laved his flanks of por-
phyry,
But ever has recoiled again
Before the hoary giant's stern accost.

'Steer on! they see the beach
Of wild Agay, with blood-red hills;
They see Porte d'Or and old Fréjus,
Which in the number of his nurslings
dear,

Counts Gallus, the sweet singer,
Agricola, the conqueror of Britain's
isles,
And thee, divine Roscius.

'They double Saint Tropez by force of
oars;

Long is the way,
But Hope, like the Sirocco, helps them
on;

Towards thy star, young lover.

Passing Toulon, Calendau is becalmed, but at length—

'At last, at very last, oh! bliss,
He sees the mount of his desires,
Gibal! Gibal! descried by him afar.
Fresh nerve he takes who sees again
Each well-known point and bay;
Bandol, les Lèques and that sweet shore
Of ilex, olive, terebinth for ever full.'

Raise thine eyes, and sweeping,
Tear the blue sea's bosom,—Leander
thus
Guided by torch of his loved Hero,

'Did swim the Dardanelles.
Then onwards. So the skiff
Already bounds beneath the verti-
ginous capes,
Of mountains (Maures), pine woods,
Great reedy flats and chains of rocks,
Of limestone, granite, schist, they
pass:
*All full of horror, sunshine, and of
flowers.*

'A splendid blending sunshine.
The Archipelago they then thread,
Of the golden isles; the Titan first,
Then Porteros, now a burnt-out nest:
Then bosky Porquerole,
Then Fourmil's little shoal,
And Gien, a tongue of land beside a
mere.

'They only heard the plaintive cry
Of boatmen, and the bellowing waves
That broke among the scattered rocks,
*Or drew the tinkling pebbles down the
beach.*
The boat swept on.

'Yonder is Hières, full of flowers and
green:
A very garden of Hesperides:
Hières, with slopes all lying to the sun,
With pomegranates and orange-trees,
flies past:

As also flies the arid Carquierane,
And now with perfume of the Margo-
laines,
The loaded air less swiftly seems to
move.

Imperfect as any prose rendering of this passage must be, we think it will gain much admiration, and that it may be allowed to challenge comparison with the opening of the second canto of *Marmion*. If a neo-Provençal poet can ever be sure of general sympathy, it is when he describes his native country; for the 'province of provinces,' as she was once fondly called, is dear alike to the historian and to the artist, to the student and to the invalid. It is with this pleasant impression upon our minds that we should wish to take leave of the subject.

- ART. III.—1. *The Dial: A Magazine of Literature, Philosophy, and Religion.* Boston: Weeks, Jordan, and Co. 1840-43.
 2. *The Writings of Ralph Waldo Emerson.* 7 vols. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1865.
 3. *May-Day and other Pieces.* By R. W. EMERSON. London: Routledge and Sons. 1867.

‘ERNEST began to speak, giving to the people of what was in his heart and mind. His words had power because they accorded with his thoughts, and his thoughts had reality and depth because they harmonized with the life that he had always lived.’ It is pleasant to believe that the noble apologue of ‘The Great Stone Face’ is a tribute paid by the novelist to the philosopher of Concord, and that these sentences are designed to disclose, as they really do disclose, the secret of Mr. Emerson’s influence over his countrymen. Mr. Hawthorne had no sympathy with the ‘Sturm’ and ‘Drang’ of the new movement headed by his contemporary. He preferred loitering down the Assabeth and admiring its ‘incurable indolence’ to Neo-Platonic rhapsodies and scraps of the Vedas. Buried in the old manse, in the moonlight of his own mysticism, he cast a half-compassionate smile on the pilgrims who thronged to the neighbouring cottage as to an American Mecca,—‘young visionaries, to whom just as much of insight had been imparted as to make life a labyrinth around them, coming to seek the clue that should guide them out of their self-involved bewilderment; grey-headed theorists, whose systems, at first air, had finally imprisoned them in an iron framework, travelling painfully to his door, not to ask deliverance, but to invite the free spirit into their own thralldom.’ Yet he united with them in admiring the genius of the thinker. ‘It was good to meet him in the wood-paths, or sometimes in our avenue, with that pure intellectual gleam diffused about his presence, like the garment of a shining one.’

A recent American writer finds his country well represented in the Paris Exhibition, because its picture gallery contains the portrait of Emerson: a sentiment which, giving a but slightly exaggerated expression to the feeling of a large section of educated Americans, calls for an examination of the sources and claims of an influence so widely extended. In comparing Mr. Emerson’s English with his home reputation, we must make allowance for his prestige as a brilliant conversationalist, and the power exerted by the ‘controlling sincerity’ of his character. His name is to us the sign-post of an

interesting stage in the progress of Transatlantic thought, and of a curious chapter in the history of mysticism.

In all new countries, commercial interests are at first the strongest. The febrile activity produced by fear of a sterile future leaves little room for speculative imagination. When the vast solitudes of the New World began to give place to noisy cities, the brains of her people were expended on the farm or the exchange, with a zeal only modified by the spirit and formulæ of the faith which led the founders of the Northern States across the sea, and continued to infuse a religious element into their enterprises. This religious element, which elevated the settlers of New England into a higher sphere than that of ordinary emigrants, adding to their strength and giving a faster dye to their morality, was yet in its original form scarcely more favourable to freedom or variety of thought than the industrialism by which it was surrounded. The early history of the American Quakers forcibly illustrates the attitude assumed by the Puritans towards every transgression of their own traditional authority; it was that of men who had been taught by persecution how to persecute. While the more elastic mysticism of Fox took on new shapes in Philadelphia, the Calvinism of Edwards remained rigid in Connecticut. Meanwhile, the storm of the Revolutionary war had diverted the majority of active minds into channels of activity hostile alike to poetry and metaphysics, and when the nation began to breathe leisurely in the first years of the century, that tide of imitation had set in which is only now beginning to ebb. European fashions reigned at New York, French political ideas at Washington. The mental philosophy of the West was limited to commentaries on Locke and Brown and the eclecticism of Cousin, when the republication of *Sartor Resartus*, backed by the elder authority of Coleridge, gave life and voice to a new intellectual world. Reputations on the other side of the Atlantic are made and unmade with an inconceivable rapidity. Ideas which filter slowly into English soil and abide there for a generation, flash like comets through the electric atmosphere of America. Coleridge and Carlyle were hailed as prophets in Boston, while their own countrymen were still dubiously examining their credentials as interpreters, and suddenly every New Englander who thought he could think proclaimed himself a transcendentalist. The rate of this transformation was only surpassed by its apparent thoroughness. The converts soon put their teachers to the blush; in recoil from practical materialism and solid Scotch psychology, men rushed at once to the outer verge of idealism, mysticism, and pantheism; outstripping Hegel, and leaving Plotinus behind, they manifested in a

new direction the same impetuous disregard of limit and degree which marks the commercial enterprises of their great cities. As a shield from the accusation of cynicism, let us borrow from a Transatlantic reviewer the following sentences descriptive of the mental and moral mutiny then prevalent :—

“ *Ecce nunc tempus acceptabile* ” was shouted on all hands with every variety of emphasis. Every possible form of intellectual and physical dyspepsia brought forth its gospel. . . . Communities were established where everything was to be common but common-sense. Men renounced their old gods, and hesitated only whether to bestow their allegiance on Thor or Buddha. . . . A belated gift of tongues spread like a contagion, rendering its victims incomprehensible. It was the Pentecost of Shinar.’

Thus much and more he says regarding the ludicrous phase of the movement, characteristically caricaturing ideas which his countrymen had pushed to a characteristic extreme. But the fullest representation of the New England transcendentalists, as a group, is to be found in the pages of the *Dial*, a quarterly magazine which during the space of four years continued to represent their views throughout four volumes of very miscellaneous merit. The first essay of the series is devoted to an attack, after the approved manner, on critics as they are, and an exposition of the functions of the ideal critic : he is to be the servant of ‘the maker,’ not a base caviller, but a humble friend ; he is not to stamp but to sift the works placed before him ; he is to be something of a poet and a philosopher, as well as a good observer ; he is to appreciate and make others appreciate ‘religion, which in the two modulations of poetry and music, descends through an infinity of waves to the lowest abysses of human nature.’ The last sentence is a fair specimen of the style and spirit of three-fourths of the *Dial*. In its pages there is abundance of criticism, mostly panegyrical ; rhapsodies about Plato and Beethoven ; salvos in honour of Carlyle ; homage without stint to Kant, Fichte, and Schelling ; a few passable tales ; several verses, seldom remarkable for anything but obscurity ; vigorous sermons, spoilt by violences, of Theodore Parker ; Alcott’s Orphic sayings ; Margaret Fuller’s æsthetic ideas upon everything ; and for backbone and brain, four or five essays of Ralph Waldo Emerson. The whole is pervaded by a spirit of defiance to all authority, save that of German literature, and of revolt against all uniformity, save that of the contributors. ‘Rise up and be a man, cast off those cumbrous things of old, let conscience be your lawgiver, reason your oracle, nature your temple, holiness your high priest, and a divine life your offering,’ is the vague yet ambitious refrain from its counsel. ‘Pantheism in philosophy, rationalism

in Christianity, eternal and necessary ideas for a starting-point,' is its confession of faith. The *Dial* is a Pantheon, from which only Calvinists and Utilitarians are excluded; where the worshippers meet and sing hymns to Confucius, Zoroaster, Socrates, Goethe, Tieck and Richter, set to German music; and pass from world-old praise of Homer and Shakespeare to friendly recognition of new heresies; from thoughts on labour to puffs of poetasters; from Hindu mythology and Chinese ethics to nineteenth-century truisms about progress and union, prudence and humanity; from soaring among the heights of a modern religion of beauty, to raking among the tangled roots and dead leaves of a second-hand Orientalism. Even this form of the transcendental mania, shallow and affected as it in the main appears, was a valuable counteractive to the materialism round which it grew. It had laid hold of a faith, sincere though obscure, in something beyond tariffs, and wharfs, and exchanges; it believed in a wealth of ideas, transcending the wealth of millionnaires; it asserted the principle that the formulæ of one age are inadequate to meet the wants or express the feelings of another; but it would have been comparatively ineffective, those vapours of idealism might have soon faded into the light of common day, or, like the Polytheistic art-worship of Frederick Schlegel, ended by acquiescing in the old Roman Catholic faith, had all their best aspirations not been concentrated and vitalized by an original and vigorous thinker, who took upon himself the task of nationalizing and giving a fresh practical turn to the mystic philosophies of the Old World. English hero-worship would have been vague without Carlyle, American transcendentalism would have been vapid without Emerson. Their relation as leaders of the later romantic reaction is thus expressed by the reviewer to whom we have already referred:—

'Both represented the old battle against Philistinism. It was again, as in the times of Erasmus, of Lessing, of Wordsworth—a struggle for fresh air, in which, if the windows could not be opened, there was danger that panes would be broken, though painted with effigies of saints and martyrs. . . . When Emerson wrote, New England Puritanism, as a motive of spiritual progress, was dead, and in him, the herald of its formal decease, it found its new avatar. . . . The Puritan revolt had made us ecclesiastically, and the revolution politically, independent, but we were still socially and intellectually moored to English thought till Emerson cut the cable, and gave us a chance at the dangers and glories of blue water. No man young enough to have felt it can forget or cease to be grateful for the mental and moral *nudge* (!) which he received from the writings of his brave spirited countryman. That we agree with him, or that he always agrees with

himself, is aside from the question ; but that he arouses in us something that we are the better of having awakened, that he speaks always to what is highest and least selfish in us, few Americans of the generation younger than his own will be disposed to deny. His oration before the Phi-Betta-Kappa Society at Cambridge, some thirty years ago, was an event unprecedented in our literary annals, a scene to be always treasured in the memory for its picturesqueness and inspiration. What crowded and breathless aisles, what windows clustering with eager heads, what enthusiasm of approval, what grim silence of foregone dissent ! It was our Yankee version of a lecture by Abelard, our Harvard parallel to the last public appearance of Fichte.'

This extract, from the pen, we believe, of Mr. Lowell, is an interesting fragment of the history of literature ; and it may be well to give a brief abstract of the address to which the closing sentences refer, as it strikes the key-note of much of its author's philosophy. Mr. Emerson begins by declaring that the time has come for American literature to assert its independence, and for his hearers to form an estimate of the scholar as he should be in their country. He ought to be an entire man, and not a mere thinking machine. Of the influences brought to bear upon him, the first is that of Nature, as interpreted by the mind. Her laws are important to us only as represented by the laws of thought, and science is nothing but the discovery of analogies in the universe ; so that the ancient precept, 'Know thyself,' and the modern precept, 'Study nature,' become one maxim. The next great influence is that of the past as recorded in books. These are good for study, for inspiration, but each age has to write its own. We had better never see a book than be warped by it out of our natural orbit. We hear that we may speak. One must be an inventor to read well. History and science we learn from the printed page ; but the education of colleges can only serve us when it aims not to drill, but to create. The idea that the scholar should be a recluse is a monkish error. Action is essential to the ripening of his manhood ; inaction is cowardice, and there can be no scholar wanting the heroic mind. The recluse soon exhausts his single vein, 'like those Savoyards who, getting their livelihood by carving wooden figures for all Europe, went one day to the mountain to find stock, and discovered that they had whittled up the last of their pine-trees.' Life is our dictionary and our grammar. Colleges and books only copy the language which the field and the work-yard made. Character is higher than intellect ; the thinker than his thought. There is dignity as well as necessity in labour. So much for the education of the scholar ; as to his duties, they may all be comprehended in self-trust. His office is to cheer, to raise, to guide

men by showing them facts under appearances. In discharging it he must be patient, self-denying, and resolutely true. He must relinquish display and present fame, and often endure disdain, poverty, and solitude, because he will not tread the old paths or accept the old fashions. He is to find consolation only in exercising the highest functions of human nature. He is one who lifts himself above private cares, and breathes and lives on public and illustrious thoughts, the world's eye and the world's heart. In silence and steadfastness let him hold by himself, add observation to observation, patient of neglect, patient of reproach, and bide his time. If he can satisfy himself that he has seen the truth, and planted his foot beyond the shores of change, the unstable estimates of men will crowd to him 'as the heaped waves of the Atlantic follow the moon.' The scholar should be brave and free, for the world is his who can see through its pretension. Plastic and fluid in the hands of God and his attributes, to ignorance and sin it is flint. The great man makes the great thing; but we must not suffer the great men of the past to enslave our minds. They have only done for us what we can one day do for ourselves. He has never lived who can feed us for ever, or set a barrier on any one side to the unbounded empire of the common nature in which we have each a share. 'It is one central fire which, flaming now out of the lips of Etna, lightens the capes of Sicily, and now out of the throat of Vesuvius, illuminates the towers and vineyards of Naples. It is one soul which animates all men.' This is a rough skeleton of the harangue which, with added graces of style and manner, thrilled through the ears of the Cambridge audience, and is reprinted for the review of our calmer judgments in the first of six volumes of prose essays, throughout which the author continues to enforce, expand, and illustrate the same ideas.

In reverting to the celebrated literary efforts of former years, we are often puzzled to account for the effect which they are known to have produced. To do so we must carry ourselves back to our own boyhood. There are many now of middle age to whom the first reading of Carlyle and Emerson brought the sense of a new revelation. To us, in that period of ready enthusiasm, as to the first students of Schelling, or the first imitators of Goethe, the oracles seemed to be no longer dumb. Nature took on new meanings, and the secret of life was about to be unfolded. It is well for the fame of an author when time and study do not entirely dissipate these delusions, and in this respect, perhaps, Carlyle has stood the test better than Emerson. But both have suffered by the diffusive force of their own genius, which, in making their ideas common, has often made

them appear commonplace. When a fresh thinker first begins to speak, the outer world is apt to suspect his sanity; ere he has done, it questions his originality. When the words of the poet who began by heading an artistic revolt get into the air we breathe, we call him a national mouthpiece, and the paradoxical philosopher, whose eloquence has gathered a crowd, becomes a type in harmony with his age and country. In Mr. Emerson's Harvard discourse, indeed, there is scarce anything of which, taken separately, we need fail to trace the pedigree. Fichte had many years before spoken in the same strain of the vocation and nature of the scholar, and on the battle-field confuted the notion that he should be a recluse. The 'philosopher' of the *Republic* and the Stoic 'sage' are older prototypes of the New World's latest ideal. 'Science, the discovery of analogies,' is a leaf from Boehme, or Swedenborg, or Schelling, and the dignity of labour comes directly from Carlyle. The originality—as is the case with the author's whole system of thought—is in the combination, which, it may be, is the only kind of originality now possible. His defence of others from the charge of uninventiveness may be pleaded for himself. 'As every house is a quotation out of all forests and mines and stone quarries, so every man is a quotation from all his ancestors.' There is a lazy eclecticism, producing mere patchwork, and expressing itself in a borrowed style, which is an infallible sign of weakness; but, with the heirs of so many ages, absolute originality is only possible to absolute ignorance. True talent shows itself not in bubble speculations, but in mastering the past; Chaucer feeds on the old fields, Shakespeare pirates all his plots; the madman and the sensation novelist are the only pure inventors. The larger our circle, the more chance do we have of *intersecting* others; the requisite to a *raison d'être* is, that we have a centre of our own, and be not *included within* the circle of another; in other words, that we be complements, not corollaries of other men. Among mystics, Emerson has emphatically a centre of his own in his intense modernism. A genuine growth of American soil, he tries, with various success, to make the idealists of the Old World his tributaries; a democratic Platonist, his assertion of independence is more extreme than inconsistent; to borrow Bacon's analogy, he leans rather to the error of the spider than of the ant.

I. As regards form, Mr. Emerson is the most unsystematic of writers. The concentration of his style resembles that of a classic, but he has little constructiveness, and, as with others who have adopted the aphoristic mode of conveying their thoughts, he everywhere sacrifices unity to richness of detail.

His essays are bundles of loose ideas tacked together only by a common title, handfuls of scraps laid by singly, taken out in a mass, and tossed down before his audience like the miscellaneous contents of a conjuror's hat. He delights in proverbs and quotations, which are, in general, marvellously apt, but his accuracy is often at fault, and in his tendency to exaggeration he is an American of the Americans. He loves a contradiction for its own sake, and always prefers a surprise to an argument. His epigrams are a series of electric shocks, and though no one is more prevailingly sincere, it is sometimes hard to say whether or not he is wholly in earnest,—for a vein of soft irony, his only manifestation of humour, seems to underlie many of his most *prononcé* passages. His habit is to paint in the strongest colours the opposite sides of the antinomies of life, leaving it to his reader to strike the balance. Among highly educated English writers at the present day, one of the most frequent defects is indecision. Oppressed by the fear of critics, and almost bewildered by their own many-sided knowledge, they hover about their subjects as if reluctant to grapple with them, and where we are most anxious to hear their answers, give the most uncertain sounds. Cautious reservations smother their best judgments, they look round and through the truth rather than at it, and, although they are devotees of good taste, a mental cramp is apt to clip and curtail their style. Mr. Emerson's error is on the opposite extreme: he sacrifices everything to directness and decision, objects to 'but' and 'however,' and maintains that 'two words, Yes and No, are enough.' Following his own advice, he 'rolls out his paradoxes in solid column with not the infirmity of a doubt,' and with an air of unconscious simplicity, as if he were soliloquizing. The charm of a grace without grandeur, a terse refinement of phrase, trenchant and subtle illustrations, are among his main attractions. Speaking of our agriculture in the *English Traits*, he remarks, 'England is a garden under an ash-coloured sky, the fields have been rolled and combed till they appear to have been finished with a pencil instead of a plough.' This criticism has been applied to his own sentences. The ideas they embody are on the scale of a continent, in form they are adapted for a cabinet of curiosities. They are sweeping generalizations given in essences, and embodying various amounts of wisdom, from strikingly original thoughts to oracular commonplaces, which, at their worst, are only one stage removed above those of our 'Proverbial Philosophy.' Of his pithy and penetrating *mots*—they do not lose so much as they ought to do by being detached from their setting—we may select a few characteristic examples. 'Other men are lenses through which we read our own minds.' 'The

great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps, with perfect sweetness, the independence of solitude.' 'We grant that human life is mean, but how did we find out that it was mean? What is the universal sense of want and ignorance but the fine innuendo by which the soul makes its enormous claim?' 'Popularity is for dolls. Steep and craggy, said Porphyry, is the path of the gods. Open your Marcus Antoninus.' 'A just thinker will allow full swing to his scepticism. I dip my pen into the blackest ink because I am not afraid of falling into my ink-pot.' 'The English have a tortoise's instinct to hold hard to the ground with his claws lest he should be thrown on his back.' 'I sometimes meet the city of Lacedæmon in a clergyman's eye.' 'A fly is as untamable as a hyena.' 'Every man is a consumer, and ought to be a producer.'

Mr. Emerson's most elaborate criticisms are mainly composed of the same mosaic-work, and, in the long-run, we get tired of those perpetual jerks. His style, all armed with points and antitheses like the bristles of a hedgehog, lacks the repose which even our modern impatience of rotundity still desiderates. It reminds us too frequently of the frisking movements of a ballet-dancer, and our author's attitudes are not always graceful in themselves. His allusions are sometimes far-fetched, and his general naturalness does not save him from occasional affectations and displays of pedantry. In coining words, as 'Adam-hood,' 'forelooking,' 'spicier,' 'specular,' 'plumule,' 'uncontinented,' 'metope,' 'intimater,' 'antipode,' 'partialist,' he is far from felicitous. Minute critics will find that his disdain of rule extends to a contempt of some of the rules of grammar, as in his employment of such a form as 'shined,' and his continual use of 'shall' for 'will.' More serious defects are his misapplication of terms, as when he speaks of 'the strong *self-complacent* Luther,' and the want of taste, dignity, or moderation in such expressions as the following:—'Truth is such a fly-away, such an untransportable, and *unbarreable* a commodity, that it is *as bad to catch* as light.' 'The beauty that shimmers in the yellow afternoons of October, who could ever *clutch* it?' 'The fathomless powers of gravity and chemistry, and over them of life, *pre-existing* within us in their highest form' (why pre-existing?) 'Napoleon, when *spying* the Alps by a sunset on the Sicilian sea.' 'The world-spirit is a good swimmer, . . . he *snaps his finger* at laws' (when swimming?) 'Every hero becomes a bore at last. . . It seems as if the Deity dressed each soul which he sent into nature in certain virtues and powers not communicable, and wrote *not transferable*, and *good for this trip only*, on these garments of the soul.' 'Twenty thousand thieves landed at Hastings and founded the House of

Lords.' 'Oxford is a Greek factory, as Wilton mills weave carpet, and Sheffield grinds steel.' All those are more or less objectionable as violences done to good sense or decorum. They are emphatically 'smart,' and, like the graver irreverences which we shall have to notice hereafter, unworthy of the author who is among the keenest to perceive and the foremost to censure the flippancy of his countrymen. Too much stress has been laid on such faults of manner by those who are hostile to his way of thinking; but it is incumbent on all who have to fight for the freedom of their thought to reduce to a minimum the eccentricities of their style. The greatest cause advocated by the greatest orator would fail of a hearing if the advocate were to plead for it in his shirt-sleeves. As a counteractive to the impression produced by lapses, which are after all comparatively rare, let us quote a few sentences, worthy of Cicero or the Antonines, from the noble essay on Friendship:—

'Our chief want in life is somebody who shall make us do what we can: such a one is a friend. . . . He is a person with whom I may be sincere. Before him I may think aloud. . . . I hate the prostitution of the name of friendship to signify modish and worldly alliances. I much prefer the company of ploughboys and tin-pedlars to the silken and perfumed amity which celebrates its days of encounter by a frivolous display, by rides in a curricule and dinners at the best taverns. . . . Let me be alone to the end of the world rather than that my friend should overstep, by a word or a look, his real sympathy. I am equally balked by antagonism and compliance. Let him not cease an instant to be himself. The only joy I have in his being mine, is that the *not-mine* is *mine*. Better be a nettle in the side of your friend than his echo. . . . Should not the society of my friend be to me poetic, pure, universal, and great as Nature itself? . . . Let him be to me a spirit. A message, a thought, a sincerity, a glance from him I want, but not news nor pottage. I can get politics and chat and neighbourly conveniences from cheaper companions. . . . Let the soul be assured that somewhere in the universe it should rejoin its friend, and it would be content and cheerful alone for a thousand years. . . . Our friendships hurry to short and poor conclusions, because we have made them a texture of wine and dreams, instead of the tough fibre of the human heart. The laws of friendship are austere and eternal, of one web with the laws of nature and of morals. But we have aimed at a swift and petty benefit to suck a sudden sweetness. We snatch at the slowest fruit in the whole garden of God, which many summers and many winters must ripen. . . . The only reward of virtue is virtue, the only way to have a friend is to be one. . . . Only be admonished by what you already see, not to strike leagues of friendship with cheap persons, where no friendship can be. . . . It would indeed give me a certain household joy to quit this lofty seeking, this spiritual astronomy or search of stars, and come down to warm sympathies with

you ; but then I know well I shall mourn always the vanishing of my mighty gods.'

Finally, as an illustration of Mr. Emerson's earlier style, let us take the following from among many passages which attest his power of idealizing Nature :—

' All those things for which men plough, build, or sail, obey virtue, said Sallust. The winds and waves, said Gibbon, are always on the side of the ablest navigators ; so are the sun and moon, and all the stars of heaven. When a noble act is done, perchance in a scene of great natural beauty ; when Leonidas and his three hundred martyrs consume one day in dying, and the sun and moon come each and look at them once in the steep defile of Thermopylæ ; when Arnold Winkelried, in the high Alps, under the shadow of the avalanche, gathers in his side a sheaf of Austrian spears to break the line for his comrades ; are not these heroes entitled to add the beauty of the scene to the beauty of the deed ? When the bark of Columbus nears the shore of America, before it the beach lined with savages fleeing out of all their huts of cane, the sun behind, and the purple mountains of the Indian Archipelago around ; can we separate the man from the living picture ? Does not the New World clothe his form with her palm groves and savannahs as fit drapery ? Ever does natural beauty steal in like air, and envelop great actions.'

The freshness which breathes through Mr. Emerson's essays reappears in his poetry ; but his verses are seldom so successful as his prose. Apart from the obscurity of their matter, which is great, for he has chosen rhythm as the vehicle of his remoter fantasies, they are defaced by frequent mannerisms, incongruities, and carelessness. Most of them are wanting in melody, many in syntax : the writer seems to trust to Providence for his rhymes, and changes his metres at will. Nevertheless, in both the volumes of his poetry there are poems. His genius has a lyric side, and the imaginative sympathy with Nature, and men like himself, which makes his prose poetical, prevents his verse, even when awkward, from becoming prosaic. The rippling of rivers, the sough of the pine, the murmur of the harvest, and the whirr of insects, pervade and give life to his descriptions. A morning light is thrown over his happiest pages. He sings like Shelley of the dancing stars and the dædal earth, and the delicate touches in some of his quieter reflective pictures are not unworthy of the author of 'The Excursion.' All men occasionally become either dull or ridiculous. Mr. Emerson avoids the first : he is guilty of repetition, but seldom of diffuseness ; and though often verging on absurdity, he generally steers clear of platitude. Those poems reveal him on another side, for the most part concealed from us in the author's prose : that which has to do with home affections.

Interleaved between the gold-dust drifts of Alexandrian and Persian mysticism, there are pieces that speak of a love that is neither 'initial,' 'demonic,' nor 'celestial,' but human, and the consciousness of a common share in common joys and griefs. Of these, 'The Dirge,' 'In Memoriam,' 'The Farewell,' the 'Lines to J. W.,' 'To Ellen,' and 'The Threnody,' are the most conspicuous. In the last, the idealist mourns over an irreparable loss, for which he finds but a partial consolation in his philosophy:—

'The eager fate which carried thee
Took the largest part of me;
For this losing is true dying,
This is lordly man's down-lying,
This his slow but sure reclining,
Star by star his world resigning.

O child of paradise,
Boy who made dear his father's home,

In whose deep eyes
Men read the welfare of the times to
come,
I am too much bereft:
The world dishonoured thou hast left.
O truth's and nature's costly lie!
O trusted broken prophecy!
O richest fortune sourly crossed!
Born for the future, to the future lost!'

But the prevailing tone of the more intelligible part of these volumes is cheerful. 'The Woodnotes,' which, under this and other names, occupy so much of their space, are those of the lark rather than the nightingale.

'Thousand minstrels woke within me,
Our music's in the hills,'

is the perpetual refrain of the exulting worshipper of Nature. Camping among the Adirondacs, welcoming the May, or putting his garden into song, he keeps his new American faith:—

'When the forest shall mislead me,
When the night and morning lie,
When sea and land refuse to feed me,
'Twill be time enough to die:

Then will yet my mother yield
A pillow in her greenest field,
Nor the June flowers scorn to cover
The clay of their departed lover.'

In the same strain is the following, which breathes the spirit of Quarles or Andrew Marvell; but the Puritanism of older days has here taken on another shape:—

'Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home,
Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine.
Long through thy weary crowds I roam;
A river ark on the ocean brine;
Long I've been tossed like the driven foam:
But now, proud world! I'm going home.

'Good-bye to Flattery's fawning face;
To grandeur with his wise grimace;
To upstart wealth's averted eye;
To supple office, low and high;
To crowded halls, to court and street;
To frozen hearts and hasting feet;
To those who go and those who come;
Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home.
I'm going to my own hearth-stone,
Bosomed in yon green hills alone,
A secret nook in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned;
Where arches green the livelong day
Echo the blackbirds' roundelay,

And vulgar feet have never trod,
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

'O, when I am safe in my silvan home,
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,
At the sophist schools and the learned clan,
For what are they all in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?'

To counterbalance this hermit-like spirit, there are other pieces relating to the intercourse of men with each other, showing keen observation of practical life, and weighing its gains and losses; sound worldly wisdom in neat quatrains, and a few trumpet-calls of liberty. The hymn sung at the completion of the Concord Monument is thoroughly patriotic and at the same time strong and dignified; while the verses written immediately before and during the late war address the whole nation in forcible terms both of warning and encouragement. Those practical manifestoes are the more striking, from the fact that they are printed by the side of others proclaiming, in transcendental enigmas, the indifferentism of all transitory things, the fixity of fate, and the doctrine of the absorption of the individual in the Infinite. Most readers of our author's earlier volume of verse have puzzled over 'The Sphinx.' Let them endeavour to unravel the following remarkable lines from his last, entitled 'Brahma:—

'If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know well the subtle ways
I keep and pass and turn again.

'Far or forgot to me is near;
Shadow and sunlight are the same;
The vanquished gods to me appear,
And one to me are shame and fame.

'They reckon ill who leave me out:
When me they fly, I am the wings;
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

'The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine in vain the sacred seven;
But thou, meek lover of the good,
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.'

Almost everything our author has written is excellent in parts, but he has produced no consummate whole; we have in all his work spontaneity, sagacity, and vivacity, imperfectly harmonized with a love of abstraction; the materials for a philosophy suggested rather than given, and his system, if it may be called so, has to be found in broken lights and shapes.

II. Mr. Emerson has, by the majority of his critics, been regarded as a mystic. He prefers to call himself an idealist, and his position, as far as it is tenable or distinct, illustrates the fact that the old divisions of philosophy are being continually altered and replaced, as old systems form affinities with new beliefs and phases of character. In his lecture on Transcendentalism, delivered at Boston twenty-five years ago, he gives a rough division of mankind into two sects: 'the first

class founding on experience, the second on consciousness ;' the one 'insisting on facts, on history, on the force of circumstances, and the animal wants of man ;' the other, 'on the power of thought and of will, on inspiration, on miracle, on individual culture.' Between these two classes of thinkers, he unhesitatingly takes part with the second, with the Platonist against the Aristotelian. He everywhere exalts mental abstractions, and depreciates matter ; he relies on the unity of reason in opposition to the variety of sense ; he believes that the mind can make its own circumstances, and holds that the object is either identical with or the product of the subject. This *a priori* manner of thinking has from an early period developed itself in two schools, whose boundaries are often conterminous, but which are also capable of being contrasted. The rank of Mysticism in history and its relation to other systems are not yet exactly determined. M. Cousin places it at the close of his fourfold list, as a reaction against the scepticism engendered by the conflicting extremes of materialism and idealism. According to the generalization of M. Comte, it ought to belong to the earliest of the three great eras of human thought, for in all its phases it has been more or less theological. Neither view entirely coincides with fact ; both too much neglect the light which is thrown on the formation of theories of the universe by the minor details of biography. Mysticism appeared at an early stage in India as a reaction rather against literalism than scepticism. It closed Greek philosophy. It ran alongside of the formalism of the middle ages. It was attached by the Sufis to the creed of Islam. It allied itself with the early Protestantism of Germany and the counter Catholicism of Spain, and endeavoured, in the hands of Paracelsus and Boehme, to build a temple to itself out of the crude guesses of alchemy and astrology, which mark the dawn of modern science. Mysticism has been associated in turn with theism, atheism, and pantheism, with a belief and a disbelief in outward revelations, with 'the fugitive and cloistered virtue' of the ascetic and the '*os rabidum*' of the fanatic, with the 'holy indifference' of quietism and the license of the Anabaptist ; in the New World, with the opposite extravagances of Mount Lebanon and Oneida Creek : but at every stage of its development it has been distinguished from idealism proper by its appeal to Faith as an ultimate authority, by its exaltation of emotion above reasoning, by its disdain of regular methods and impatience of partial truths, by its withdrawal from active life, and generally by its tendency to submerge the individual in the universal, man in God. In most of these points Mr. Emerson, in many passages of his prose and verse, claims affinity with the mystics

of all ages. He defines Transcendentalism as 'the Saturnalia or excess of faith.' He commends the extravagant fatalism, the philanthropy of despair, embodied in Buddhism—the most portentous creed of self-annihilation that the world has seen. He repeats the dictum of the Yoga: 'Illumination is the property of purity.' In the 'Woodnotes,' his 'eternal Pan, who layeth the world's incessant plan,' who is the 'axis of the star, and the sparkle of the spar,' and 'the heart of every creature,' recalls the address of Crishna to Ardjoun in the Bhagavad Gita: 'I am the vapour in the water, the light in the sun and in the moon, the invocation in the Vedas, the sound in the air, the life in animals, the eternal seed of all nature.' Among the elder Greeks he reiterates the half-eastern rhapsodies of Heraclitus:—

' Out of sleeping a waking,
Out of waking a sleep;
Life death overtaking,
Deep underneath deep,'

and neglects the stricter logic of Parmenides and Zeno. 'Plato is philosophy, and philosophy is Plato,' is one of his dogmatic generalizations, but he deserts Plato for Plotinus in his belief in ecstasy, in 'the ineffable union of God and man in every act of the soul,' in his declaration that 'the words "I" and "mine" constitute ignorance' of that unity 'wherein every man's being is made one with all other,' and in his prevailing reverence for the Orientals. With Plato, dialectic is the crown of science, to be attained by a long process of thought and education, *συνερίθοις καὶ συμπεριγωῖς χρωμένη αἷς δῖηλομεν τέχνας*. He would be glad of a raft to float him down the stream to a haven. Emerson soars, with Icarus wings, above dialectic to *ἔνωσις*, and, with the self-confidence which marks one phase of mysticism, exclaims, 'The relations of the soul to the divine spirit are so pure, that it is profane to seek to interpose helps; means, teachers, texts, temples fall away from the simple mind.' And again, 'Fear and hope are alike beneath intuition: it asks nothing, and is raised above passion.' 'Prayer, as a means to effect a private end, supposes dualism in nature and consciousness: as soon as the man is at one with God, he will see prayer in all action.' 'We live in succession in parts and particles. Meanwhile, within man is the soul of the whole, the wise silence, the universal beauty, the Eternal One.' 'The act of seeing and the thing seen, the seer and the spectacle, the subject and the object are one.' 'The simplest person who in his integrity worships God becomes God.' 'A man is the façade of a temple wherein all wisdom and all good abide. The soul, whose organ he is, breathing through his intellect is genius, through his will virtue, through his affection love.'

Mysticism, which has ever aimed at transcending the world, has in various ages striven to accomplish its end by various methods. The ancient mystics believed in philosophers, the mediæval in saints. Mr. Emerson endeavours to comprehend the manifold forms of their faith in a catholic eclecticism. To his mind, 'the trances of Socrates, the union of Plotinus, the vision of Porphyry, the conversion of Paul, the aurora of Boehme, the convulsions of George Fox and the Quakers, the illumination of Swedenborg, the rapture of the Moravian and Quietist, the revival of the Calvinist churches,' are different names for the 'divine visits' of God-intoxicated men, phrases more or less imperfect to express that common inspiration which is the religious sanction of his own philosophy, the only certain recompense of a noble life. He is willing to use the language, and in some degree to think the thoughts of all their sects; but, deriving something from all, he entirely accords with none. To him, as to the Yogi and the Alexandrian, man is a theatre where the powers of heaven play, passing through the transformations of life to a Universal Being; but he is bound neither to the Vedās nor the Phædo. With Proclus, he looks on the world as a system of hidden hierarchies; with Erigena, he makes hell a metaphor for the law of compensation; with Hugo of St. Victor, he holds '*ascendere ad Deum est intrare in se ipsum.*' He walks by the 'inward light' of the early Quakers, and the '*Funken der Seele*' of the Germans of the fourteenth century. Eckart and Tauler speak for him in saying—'He who is at all times alone, is worthy of God who is then present.' 'The eye, whereby I see God, is the same eye whereby he seeth me.' 'The spirit mounts to the divine dark like the eagle towards the sun.' And Suso anticipates, in more impassioned verse, the triumph of the transcendentalist, who has in fancy raised himself 'above multiplicity to the essence,' above effects to the cause, above the storms of humanity to the eternal rest. But almost all these thinkers had, in the last analysis, a definite creed, and deferred to a recognised authority. Their 'divine love,' concentrated on a divine person, supplied the place of a strong earthly attachment in cancelling self. Their enthusiasms and raptures were the result of mortifications and prayer. Mediæval mysticism, with all its vagueness, was a genuine abnegation of the world. Its ethical tendency is summed in a sentence of the *De Imitatione Christi*: 'It is altogether necessary that thou take up a genuine contempt for thyself, if thou desire to prevail against flesh and blood.' Mr. Emerson has little of this spirit of submission. He approaches the egotheism of the Sufis in his self-assertion and his use of expressions which 'do knock at the door of blasphemy without intent to enter therein.'

As with them, it seems to him that man cannot do without God, nor God without man, both being essential features of the same indivisible nature. Yet he homologates the paradoxical resignation of the Quietists in his doctrine of a grace above virtue, and in his elimination of the ordinary meanings of reward and punishment from among the motives of life. His scepticism, like the allegorical figure in Bishop Taylor's sermon, puts out the fires of hell and burns up Paradise. Engulfed in the light of the omnipresent Deity, his 'meek lover of the good' not only passes space and time, and the '*flammanitia mœnia mundi*,' but 'turns his back on heaven.' Among European mystics, Swedenborg is his favourite seer, as the author of one of the five lines which abide the winnowing of the ages. In his vision, as in that of the oracular Swede, 'the fields of space are threaded by magnetic influences, and the stars chime to the chords of music; every planet is related to every plant, each colour to each sound.' With him, as with the poet Herbert, 'man is one world and hath another to attend him.' He looks on the universe as a constellation of types, and reads the macrocosm by the microcosm; but he is content with a general reading, with the knowledge of laws, to the exclusion of minor facts. He despises the details of all beliefs, and holds that the best worship has the least ceremonial.

Mysticism has been compared to a rocket rushing with a white light towards the sky, redescending in coloured streams to the earth. It has in almost all ages had two sides, the Theosophic and the Theurgic—a divine dream of unity with God or nature, and a popular machinery of visions and spells, an artificial, and often sensuous, phantasmagoria. With this latter phase, represented by Iamblichus among the Neo-Platonists, by the hysterical ecstasies of St. Theresa and John of the Cross, by the magic-workers and Cagliostros of a later date, American transcendentalism has no *rapproch*. Its modern equivalents are the Joe Smith Gospels and Poughkeepsie ghosts, which the transcendentalists, as a rule, hold in sovereign contempt. Mr. Emerson, in particular, wholly repudiates the materialistic mysticism, which, believing in nothing on which it cannot lay its fingers, descends to meet the materialistic scepticism of the age. He despises and derides 'the millennium mathematics, the peacock ritualism, the maundering of Mormons, the squalor of mesmerism, the delirium of rappings, the rat and mouse revelation, thumps in table-drawers, and black art.' He will have 'no picking of locks,' holds no converse with Theurgy, and on this score he parts company even with Swedenborg, maintaining that 'his revelations destroy their credit by running into detail . . . The spirit, which is holy, is reserved and taciturn, and

deals in laws. Hobgoblins gossip and tell fortunes.' Again: 'Swedenborg's perception of nature is not human and universal, but mystical and Hebraic. He fastens each natural object to a theologic notion, . . . and poorly tethers every symbol to an ecclesiastic sense. The slippery Proteus is not so easily caught. Nature is no literalist.' And again: 'He delivers golden sayings which express with singular beauty the ethical laws, . . . yet, after his mode, he pins his theory to a temporary form. . . . He has devils. . . . His Inferno is mesmeric. His spiritual world bears the same relation to the generousities and joys of truth as a bad man's dreams bear to his ideal life.' And, once more, 'Socrates's Genius did not advise him to act or to find, but if he proposed to do somewhat not advantageous, it dissuaded him. "What God is," he said, "I know not; what he is not, I know." . . . The secret of heaven is kept from age to age. No imprudent, no sociable angel ever dropt an early syllable to answer the longings of the saints, the fears of mortals.'

Mr. Emerson sympathizes with the unsatisfied aspirations of all ages, with the day-dreams of restlessness in search of rest, that have imagined Cridavana, and Hesperia, and Avalon,—that sent the knights of the middle age in quest of the Sangreal, and led the monks to Christianize the eastern Nirvana,—that laid out Brook Farm in Massachusetts, and gave Novalis and Newman back to the fold of Rome; but he will not be drawn by them into any church with walls. All religions are to his mind 'the same wine poured into different glasses;' he drinks the wine and tries to shatter the glasses. His unflinching scepticism pierces the armour of all definite dogmas, while he entrenches himself behind an optimism like that of Spinoza. He thus breaks with the more consistent majority of mystics in his disdain of authority; he breaks with them yet more decidedly in his strong assertion of individuality. Mysticism has in the main been fatalistic. As a developed system, its natural home is in the East, where the influence of great uniformities of soil and climate have only in recent years been partially counteracted by the conquering activities of an energetic race. Beneath her burning sun, and surrounded by her tropic vegetation, the mass of men were overwhelmed by a sense of their insignificance, and this feeling of subjugation was intensified by absolute forms of government. The same listlessness which permitted a secular and priestly despotism, led its victims to welcome the idea of a final absorption of their individuality. Their philosophical ambition was to pass into the framework of a gigantic nature, to be 'rolled round in earth's diurnal course, with rocks and stones and trees.' 'The complete end of man,' says

the first aphorism of Kapila, 'is the complete cessation of pain.' There is a relic of this spirit in the ἀταξία, ἀπάθεια and ἡρεμία, which are the aims at once of the Epicurean and Stoic systems; but the Eastern doctrines of passive obedience had been banished from Greece as early as the overthrow of the Pythagorean institute. They revived in the dark and middle ages, when the Church took upon itself the task of legislating for the intellect; and even the precursors of the Reformation were possessed with an almost oppressive sentiment of resignation. 'He who wills and does nothing is best,' is a truly Oriental saying attributed to Eckart, the mystical teacher of Tauler. The reproduction of the Oriental spirit in America, in so far as it is genuine, and not the mere expression of a love of far-fetched quotations, may be attributed to external influences, in some respects comparable to those which weighed on the inhabitants of ancient India. In the Western, as formerly in the Eastern world, Nature still struggles to assert her old supremacy, and threatens to domineer over men's minds by the vastness of her empire. But in other respects the conditions are reversed. In place of stagnation, and uniform, although magnificent decay, we have to deal with the manifold progress of nineteenth-century civilisation in a land where every one is more or less inspired by the resolve of the modern mariner with an ancient name, to 'sail beyond the sunset' in pursuit of fresh adventures, where the energies of the individual are in constant, and, in the long-run, triumphant struggle with all that tends to restrict the full sweep of his arm, or to retard the freest activities of his mind. Where every moon sees new forests felled, new rivers crossed, new fleets built, new tribes amalgamated, new discussions raised, and new problems solved, mysticism, if it exist at all, must take on a form very different from that handed down from the East of three thousand years ago to the Alexandrians, and transmitted to the European ages of implicit faith by the pseudo-Dionysius. Mr. Emerson strikes the key-note of the difference when he writes, 'Feudalism and Orientalism had long enough thought it majestic to do nothing; the modern majesty consists in work;' and he rejects some of the cardinal doctrines of the systems which he here condemns. His position is superficially antagonistic to, essentially in harmony with, the spirit of his age and nation. In reaction against their noise and hurry, he inculcates contemplation and memory, receptivity and silence; while sharing in the active inspirations of those who lead the great movements around him, he sings their battle-songs and celebrates their hopes. His philosophical idealism has many points in common† with the doctrine of Absolute Identity, but on its practical side it approaches nearer to the individualism of Fichte than

the rigid pantheism of Parmenides or Spinoza. Retaining from the mystics his belief in the supremacy of the higher emotions, he by no means discards the senses, and substitutes for a religious creed an idealized view of modern physical science. Emerson's church is the *Natura naturata*—the rich external nature of the Dorian mythology,—the modern painter's and poet's 'fair round world of light and shade.' Neither Wordsworth nor Shelley plunge with more delight into this bath of beauty and power, whose 'medicinal enchantments' sober and heal our hearts. Lucretius has not better appreciated the '*severa silentia noctis*.' No sun-worshipper of the Magi or the Incas could gaze more intensely on the morning sky. Thus he writes :—' We nestle in nature, and draw our living as parasites from her roots and grains, and we receive glances from the heavenly bodies which call us to solitude, and forestall the future. The blue zenith is the point in which romance and reality meet.' In the same spirit he sings of the remedial life in the season of buds and birds :—

'Spring still makes spring in the mind
When sixty years are told,
Love wakes anew this throbbing heart,
And we are never old.'

But the sermon within the Church is the *Natura naturans*, the inscrutable force, the hidden law, the 'something far more deeply interfused,' 'the quick cause before which all forms flee as the driven snow,' publishing itself in creatures, rising 'through transformation on transformation to the highest symmetries,' from the granite to the oyster, from the trilobite to man, from the gorilla to Plato and Shakespeare. It is Goethe's *Erdgeist*, weaving all shapes in the same wondrous web, the spirit of the Muse that 'lays her beams in music,' the inspiration of the philosopher, who hears 'the words of the gods,'—Nature revealing in beauty, in art, and, highest of all, in moral nobleness, as much of her secrets as it is permitted us to learn.

'If thou wouldst know the mystic song
Chanted when the sphere was young,
To the open ear it sings
Sweet, the Genesis of things ;
Of tendency through endless ages,
Of star-dust and star pilgrimages,

Of rounded worlds, of space and time,
Of the old flood's subsiding slime,
Of chemic matter, force and form,
Of poles and powers, cold, wet, and
warm.'

Mr. Emerson's allegorical poetry is mainly employed in giving a body, at times somewhat nebulous, to what we may term his physical idealism. The nature we see around us in stellar, geologic, and human history, is, he maintains, the key to the nature which is unseen, the law by which the fabric moves and the 'spirit walks from state to state.' The final cause of this continual change or 'rushing metamorphosis' he holds to be the

production of higher forms of life ; and, diverging in this respect from the old pre-Socratic philosophies of the universe, of which in other respects he often reminds us, he believes in humanity as 'the roof and crown of things.' In his temple, man as he is is the worshipper, and man as he ought to be and may be is the chief object of worship. In this spirit his recent 'Song of Nature' anticipates the development yet awaiting the race.

'The building in the coral sea,
The planting of the coal,'

are many a thousand summers old,

'And still the man-child is not born,
The summit of the whole.'

'Let war, and trade, and creeds, and
song
Blend, ripen race on race,
The sunburnt world a man shall breed,
Of all the zones and countless days.

No ray is dimmed, no atom worn,
My oldest force is good as new,
And the fresh rose on yonder thorn
Gives back the bending heavens in
dew.'

The *prima origo* of this perpetual evolution Mr. Emerson pronounces to be inscrutable ; he regards the physical postulate, 'Give us matter and motion and we will construct the universe,' as a begging of the question ; he admits the necessity of Plato's unmoved mover, and from the fact that all change is progress, recognises an orderly Intelligence at its root :—

'Once slept the world an egg of stone,
And pulse and sound and light was none,
And God said Throb, and there was motion,
And the vast mass became vast ocean.'

But if we inquire further regarding this primordial Power, who mixes the atoms and makes them 'march in tune,'—if we seek to know more of the nature of God than is revealed in the first chapter of the Hebrew Genesis, he holds, with Professor Tyndall, that we are attempting to transcend our faculties. We must be satisfied to affirm that 'conscious law is king of kings,' and that whether as Nature or Deity it orders all things for the best. Our author repeats or reproduces all the formulæ of the Aristotelian optimism—*φύσις οὐδὲν μάτην ποιεῖ—ἔχει τι θεῖον*. The world is very good. Nature is *τέλος καὶ βέλτιστον*. She does nothing *πενιχρῶς*, in a mercenary spirit, but 'adds in every instance a slight generosity, a drop too much,' whence the tendency to excess necessary to life, the electricity without which the air would rot, the excitement of fanaticism, the redundancy of passion. 'We hit above the mark to hit the mark,' and all things are needful to each, and each to all. Without conflict there would be no virtue ; without imperfection in parts no progress, which is the condition of life. Mr. Emerson's optimism goes even further than this. He accepts the position of the

Megareans, that evil itself is only good in the making, that it differs from good only by a minus quantity, that, in its essence, it is not a real thing. Like Spinoza, 'he acknowledges no hell, no devil, no positive and active agency at enmity with God; but sees in all things infinite gradations of beings, all in their way obedient, and all fulfilling the part allotted to them.' 'Nothing,' he exclaims, 'shall warp me from the belief that every man is a lover of truth. There is no pure lie, no malignity in nature. The entertainment of the proposition of depravity is the last profligacy and profanation.' And even this profanation must itself have a moral result in the eyes of him who maintains

' That night or day, that love or crime
Leads all souls to the good.'

The American transcendentalist arrives at his conclusions much more easily than Spinoza; they are not rigorous logical deductions from premises professing to be axiomatic, but isolated assertions, frequently inconsistent with each other, founded on the impulses, which he calls the intuitions of a sanguine and pure, though in some directions a limited mind. Without attempting to throw any light on the problem here suggested, we may safely assert that our author's solution of it is unsatisfactory. Like a healthy man's view of disease, it is unsympathetic, and even dangerous. To say that evil is negative is a play on words, which does nothing to explain its origin, and little to unfold its purpose. We feel pain, sorrow, and sin, in active as well as in passive forms, in contrast as great as ever to pleasure, joy, and holiness, and the question remains, Whence comes this perpetual negation? We may try to find the 'type of perfect' in the outer world, but Nature, at first sight, rather suggests a dualism. We may look for it in the mind, but all men, except confirmed saints and consistent philosophers, are conscious of an *ἀθάνατος μάχη*; 'a baseness in the blood at such strange war with something good,' that its moral aspect only deepens the mystery. Theologians have, successfully or not, endeavoured to unravel it. Thorough-going materialists have their answer in a reference to the blind working of purely physical laws. It has always been a stumbling-block to systems which more or less identify man with God. Mr. Emerson hardly seems to realize the magnitude of the difficulty. 'Justice,' he proclaims, 'is the rhyme of things;' and the phrase is perhaps a happy one: but the facile Optimism which asserts that the bad rhymes are proper parts of the poem, is liable to the same abuse as the Antinomianism of other mystics; for to most men the temptations of life are too strong to be resisted by the belief that in yielding to them we 'waive

a little of our claim ' to a more dignified position in the universe. In some passages, however, he guards himself more carefully, and his theory, when transferred from the individual to the larger historic scale, appears, as does the correlative doctrine of the identity of Might and Right, in a less objectionable form. In asserting that 'the lesson of life is practically to believe what the years and the centuries say against the hours,' that, 'through evil agents, through toys and atoms, a great and beneficent tendency irresistibly streams,' that we should 'learn to look for the permanent in the mutable and fleeting, and bear the disappearance of things we were wont to reverence without losing our reverence;' he only announces a faith which 'is large in time, and that which shapes it to some perfect end.'

But his Optimism, as that of other theorists, is either like ancient Utilitarianism, untrue to nature, or, like modern Utilitarianism, hardly consistent with itself.

III. The question regarding the relations of good and evil leads us from the consideration of Mr. Emerson's more purely metaphysical to his ethical views. In this instance, as in the former, we shall be more careful to represent correctly than to criticise. Our author is content to state in broad terms the two sides of the antinomy of Necessity and Free-will, which lies at the basis of moral philosophy. Fate is with him, in many passages, another name for Nature. 'The book of Nature is the book of Fate; she turns the gigantic pages leaf after leaf, never returning one.' From this point of view, he uses the language sometimes of the believers in an external constraining Destiny, a 'terrific Providence;' sometimes of Determinism, both in the form in which Mr. Mill rejects, and in the form in which he accepts it. Emerson's intuitions are clear, but his logic is cloudy, and he seldom allows himself to be pinned down to a definite belief; the 'slippery Proteus' evades even the law of contradiction, and, passing through a series of glittering paradoxes, from one ontological peak to another, he escapes the drier if more decisive discussions on the plains of psychology. In one part of his work he admits that 'organization tyrannizes over character,' that 'men are what their mothers made them,' and dwells on the limitations of circumstance; in another he asserts that these limitations become thinner as the soul ascends, that Fate has its lord, that Power is in the dual world, a fact equally incontestable, that 'intellect annuls Fate,' which is 'a name for facts not yet passed under the fire of thought, for causes which are unpenetrated,' that 'the one serious and formidable thing in nature is a strong will,' and that 'life in the direct ratio of its amount is freedom.' Those sentences are

nowhere reconciled with each other, for the statements that 'freedom is necessary, a part of Fate is the Free-will of man' are mere verbal reconcilments, nor are the latter set reconcilable with the mystical side of our author's philosophy. If, as he declares, 'history is the action and reaction of Nature and Thought—two boys pushing each other on the curbstone,' what becomes of the identity of subject and object in a single Nature? The controversy between Liberty and Necessity cannot be resolved, according to the favourite method of modern harmonizers, into a difference of degree, for behind the ambiguity of words there is a real difference of opinion. Making every allowance for the force of circumstances, the question remains, Is there any point at which absolute responsibility and power of choice begins? The moral argument concludes for the affirmative, the purely physical for the negative, but the physical is supplemented by the psychological, and the result depends on the possibility or impossibility of identifying the will with the desires. This aspect of the problem Mr. Emerson scarcely contemplates. But however unsatisfactory his solution, we accept the fact that he believes in both Fate and Free-will as an index of the larger fact that Mysticism in America is inevitably and materially modified by Industrialism, that the pantheistic tendency, deprecated by De Tocqueville, is opposed and checked by a strong individualism, and the feeling that without distinct centres of will and intelligence there is no true personality. The nations of the North and West have accepted Necessitarian theories, with the proviso that they shall be active and not passive agents. 'Let us,' says the poet, 'build temples to the Beautiful Necessity which secures that all is made of one piece; which makes man brave in believing that he cannot shun a danger that is appointed, nor incur one that is not.' On the other hand, 'we are not the less compelled to affirm liberty, the significance of the individual, the grandeur of duty, and the power of character.' 'Tis the best use of Fate to teach a fatal courage.' As a practical moralist, Emerson abandons Spinoza and follows Kant. Ranging himself almost unreservedly on the side of freedom, he speaks of man as autonomic, as the lord of circumstance, the maker of his character and the master of his fate. When he condescends to details he is eminently real. His essays on Wealth, Culture, Behaviour, Power, exhibit in their judicious balance of conflicting claims the quintessence of common sense. They all contain admirable rules for the Conduct of life; inculcating prudence, suspicion of deceptions, address and tact in dealing with our fellows; appreciating success and geniality, the loss of which he holds to be a price too dear for the best performance; recommending economy, activity in

commerce, concentration of effort, purposes well defined and consistently carried out. Woven of two curiously intersecting threads, they present us with a unique conjunction of shrewdness and idealism. Their author has been termed 'a Plotinus Montaigne,' and one of his admirers has, not unfairly, attributed to him—

'A Greek head on right Yankee shoulders, whose range
Has Olympus for one pole, for th' other the Exchange.'

There never was a mystic with so much of the spirit of the good farmer, the inventor, or the enterprising merchant. In his practical mood he disclaims 'the lofty language in which Plato and the Platonists speak of all who are not devoted to their shining abstractions,' and, like Bacon, would bring down astronomy and the other sciences from heaven to earth. Yet the work in which this vein of thought is most conspicuous ends with the chapter on 'Illusions,' where he tells us that the affairs of every day are shadows after all, that behind the veil of clouds and smoke the gods are still sitting on their thrones alone with the solitary and inviolable soul. When he has to deal with the means of life, he is an active and discriminating man of the world; when he comes to treat of its ultimate ends, the scene shifts, and we have again the mystical idealist. This combination of stern practical rectitude with an ideal standard is Mr. Emerson's point of contact with Puritanism. A chivalric nobility, in which beauty and goodness are blended, is at once the goal, the sanction, and the motive of his ethical system. In the verdict of an elevated conscience, which accepts it as such, he reposes an implicit trust. 'The final solution in which scepticism is lost is the moral sentiment which never forfeits its supremacy. This is the drop which balances the sea.' It is, at all events, our author's firmest anchorage, and he holds by it with a tenacity which never condescends to encounter the historical difficulties in his way. Praise of the virtue which, transcending all prudences, and disdaining all consequences, is its own reward, is the refrain of his moral monologue. His belief in an absolute morality, and the rigid ethical criterion which he applies to men and things, are his connecting links with the old faith of New England. His severe censure of Goethe's artistic indifferentism recalls the age when the Bible and theological commentaries were regarded as the sum of honest literature. He writes of our great dramatist in the spirit of the men who closed the theatres. 'He was master of the revels to mankind. It must go into the world's history that the best poet led an obscure and profane life, using his genius for the public amusement,'—sentences far removed from the spirit of the modern art-worship, or even from the broader view which accepts the facts

of life without seeking to probe its secrets. But those which follow, protesting against the opposite extremes of austerity, indicate another divergence. While Mr. Emerson is Puritanic in the moral earnestness of his character and his criticisms, his own conception of the ultimate basis of morality is far removed from that of the Puritans.

The cardinal difference between all ancient and most modern ethical systems is the comparative exclusiveness of the one, the universality of the other. The Platonic virtues, in their highest form, can only be understood or fully practised by the golden race who minister in the temple of his Hellenic state. The Aristotelian magnanimity and magnificence belong of right to a well-educated Athenian citizen. Stoicism was, in some respects, a bridge between the two eras. It broke down the walls of rank and wealth and race, and made morality, in a more modern sense, the chief end of man. But it was still fenced with intellectual pride, and the capacity of interpreting its precepts was confined to a new aristocracy of character. The ambiguity of the maxim, 'Follow nature,' a maxim which Mr. Emerson emphatically endorses, proved fatal to its wide extension. Ancient morality was more or less artistic: it regarded a perfect life as the blooming of natural excellences, rarely as obedience to law, and dwelt on the right or wrong of the action rather than on the merit or demerit of the actor. Christianity, in giving prominence to the latter conceptions, in associating the ideas of duty and self-sacrifice with motives generally realizable, added to ethics the side which is most capable of being brought to bear on the mass of men. It first announced a heaven willing to stoop to feeble virtue, it first insisted on the obligation of the strong to succour the weak, and addressing itself not to contemplate, but to aid 'the weary strife of frail humanity,' it first appreciated the difficulty of living well. Novalis says truly, that 'the summons to the good-will of all has made the fortune of the faith which recognises grief and self-abnegation.' Mr. Mill, in his *Liberty*, asserts with no less truth that there is much still to be learned from the highest Pagan ethics; their positive ideals may be profitably opposed to the negations of mere abstinence, their public spirit to a pseudo-religious selfishness, their freshness to the over-refinements of modern casuistry. There are no nobler sentences than are to be found in the pages of Marcus Antoninus, on the grace of those inherent virtues by which a man utters goodness as the mint utters coin, or 'as a vine produces grapes.' This aspect of morality is what we have everywhere presented to us in Mr. Emerson's essays. He prefers a constitutionally noble nature, acting, *ἀπ' ἑξέως*, without forethought to the self-conquest that is the result of an internal

combat, the 'beautiful disdain,' that recoils from evil as from ugliness, to the sainthood that subdues 'the world, the flesh, and the devil.' 'We love characters,' he says, 'in proportion as they are impulsive and spontaneous: Timoleon's victories are the best, which ran and flowed like Homer's verse.' He reveres the individual grandeur of Plutarch's heroes, who are 'natural powers, like light and heat.' With Carlyle, and more consistently, he decries self-consciousness, too much analysis, too careful calculation. 'The knots that tangle human creeds' are to him 'the soul's mumps and measles and hooping-coughs.' Shelley, whom he often recalls, speaks for him in saying, 'I have confidence in my moral sense alone, for that is a kind of originality.' His pattern character needs no reminders of the law of duty; 'unchartered freedom' never tires him, nor does he feel 'chance desires' as a weight; he 'lives by pulses, forgets usages, and makes the moment great.' Emerson has the tenacity of the Puritan, but he hates Puritanic glooms, 'dungeons in the air,' as he hates sick people who 'pollute the morning with corruption and groans.' 'We should study rather to make humanity beautiful to each other.' 'Wisdom is cheerful, *aliis lætus sapiens sibi.*' 'Depression of spirits develops the plague.'

Plato, in the *Republic*, draws a distinction between the doctors of the body and those of the soul, saying that the former should know disease by experience, the latter should only know vice by observation. This is an important truth, but some sympathy with temptation even to moral evil enlarges the charity, and if he has been victorious in the struggle, strengthens the power of the moralist. The *mens sana in corpore sano* of the American transcendentalist has little of this sympathy: vice is to him a sign of bad blood, a flaw in the grain. To a properly constituted being he holds that a fairly moral life should be easy, 'a few strong instincts and a few plain rules suffice.' His penal clause is moral blindness—if we are slaves to sense we cease to see the claws of the siren; his reward is a deeper insight, his aim is *ἐφ' ὅσον ἐνδέχεται ἀβαραΐσιν*; his rule of life is *Self-reliance*. 'The man that stands by himself the universe stands by him also;' 'Never imitate. That which a man can do best none but his Maker can teach him;' 'To believe in your own thought, that is genius;' 'Always do what you are afraid to do;' 'Shy thou not hell, and trust thou well heaven is secure;'—are sentences which might have been uttered by the proudest of the Stoics, and graven among the illustrations of their Porch. The following perfectly reproduce the aristocratic *noli-me-tangere* morality of Greece and Rome:—'We should meet each morning as from foreign countries, and spending the day together should

depart at night as into foreign countries. In all things I would have the island of a man inviolate. Let us sit apart as the gods, talking from peak to peak all round Olympus.' 'Looking where others look and conversing with the same things, we catch the charm which lured them. Napoleon said you must not fight too often with one enemy, or you will teach him all your art of war.' 'We are either glad or sorry at a gift, and both emotions are unbecoming. You cannot give anything to a magnanimous person. After you have served him he at once puts you in debt,'—*ἀντεπεργητικός πλειόνων*. The new worship of this old magnanimity must be celebrated in 'the church of men to come, without shawms, or sackbuts, or psaltery; but it will have heaven and earth for its beams and rafters; science for symbol and illustration: it will fast enough gather beauty, music, picture, poetry. Was never Stoicism so stern and exigent as this shall be. It shall send man home to his central solitude, shame these social supplicating manners, and make him know that much of the time he must have himself to his friend. He shall expect no co-operation, he shall walk with no companion. The nameless thought, the nameless power, the superpersonal heart—he shall repose alone on that. He needs only his own verdict. No good fame can help, no bad fame can hurt him. The laws are his consolers, the good laws themselves are alive, they know if he have kept them, they animate him with the leading of great duty and an endless horizon.'

To enlist popular feeling against this morality as inadequate, or to denounce the vagueness of this new religion, would be in the eyes of the transcendentalist a mere rhetorical appeal to the prejudices of that very ignorance above which he claims to have raised himself. Let us therefore waive for the present all considerations due to authority, let us concede that to him such an ideal life may be a self-sufficient end, and even grant that his faith may be the future philosophic creed, we are yet thrown back on the old exclusiveness, and are in danger of reverting to the old egotism that vaunteth itself on its triumph over the world. Christianity, it has been said, differs from the highest Pagan wisdom not so much by enlarging the list of virtues as in 'lighting up morality' with an inspiration in which all mankind may be partakers. Mr. Emerson thinks he has supplied to Stoicism the enthusiasm that it lacked, by the element of mysticism which he has added, and given it a broader basis by his sympathy with the industrialism of a democratic age. But the gulf between the remote idealism which crowns and the practical activities which underlie the whole is nowhere bridged in his philosophy. The Eastern and mediæval mystics commonly regarded human life by itself as

an evil from which they were to escape, the one into unconscious identification with the universe, the other into the love of a personal God. The last words regarding human destiny uttered by the expiring classic schools are the expression of a doubtful hope. 'It is pleasant to die if there be gods; and sad to live if there be none.' 'As far,' says our author, 'as it is a question of fact respecting the government of the universe, this sums the whole.' But he scarcely accepts the latter half of the dilemma in the sense in which it was intended; in his writings there is no trace of the profound melancholy which we find in Tacitus and the later Roman Stoics; life, as it appears to him, is in itself a good; his belief in the gods, as far as human existence is concerned, resolves itself into a confident expectation of indefinite progress, and a reliance, in the meanwhile, on the principle of Compensation. But this principle, by which he endeavours to surmount the difficulties involved in his optimism, often fails to meet particular cases. The proposition that every individual loss is recompensed by an individual gain, is, as far as this life goes, untrue. There are sufferings with no temporal equivalent. Job does not always recover his sons and daughters. The fact that what one gains another loses does not justify the ways of Providence to the sufferer. A severe Stoical nature that can accept the saying—'Of progressive souls all loves and friendships are momentary,' which is pure, to the excess of being frigid and almost repellent in its isolation, escapes from half the pain and struggle of life; but 'the passionate heart of the poet' knows more of the wants of mankind. Mr. Helps, whose own calm judgments are ever softened by sympathy, has put the case more truly in a striking sentence of his *Companions of my Solitude*:—'Living, as we do, in the midst of stern gigantic laws, which crush everything down that comes in their way, which know no excuses, admit of no small errors, never send a man back to learn his lesson and try him again; living with such powers about us (unseen too for the most part), it does seem as if the faculties of man were hardly as yet adequate to his situation here. Such considerations tend to charity and humility; and they point also to the existence of a future state.' Charity in its wide sense, and humility, are the two Christian virtues which the Pagan world had least knowledge of: they are virtually though not by name excluded from all the more recent systems which both for good and evil revive the Pagan spirit; from Greek art-worship, and Gothic force-worship, the pursuit of 'Geist,' and Transcendentalism. For a definite belief in a future state Mr. Emerson substitutes the conception of our relationship with the whole chain of things, our share in the march of the mighty laws. 'The knowledge that we traverse

the whole scale of being from the centre to the poles of nature, and have some stake in every possibility, lends that sublime lustre to death which philosophy and religion have too outwardly and literally striven to express in the popular doctrine of the immortality of the soul.' It cannot be denied that the popular views of another world are apt to be materialistic. The Homeric Hades which Plato desired to erase, and Lucretius afterwards so grandly dismissed, was better calculated to terrify weak than to stimulate strong natures. In later times mythological conceptions of future reward and punishment, like those dwelt upon by the morbid fancy of Shakespeare's Claudio, have often prevailed, and ridiculous ideas of immortality have been eagerly embraced by the sceptical credulity of a misnamed 'spiritualism.' The higher mysticism of all ages has done good service in protesting against the projected selfishness which only drives a better bargain for its virtue because it sees a little farther than the selfishness of the Epicurean. On the other hand, when we refine too much upon the belief in a future existence, when, in reaction against anthropomorphism, we reduce it to the impersonal perpetuity of the pure reason allowed by Aristotle, by Spinoza, and by Emerson, we deprive it of its meaning and value as a general motive. That it is possible not only to exist, but to lead a noble life on the stern conditions of their creed, the names of those philosophers and some of the most lustrous pages of classic biography amply demonstrate. The near approach to identity in the practical precepts of Buddhism, Christianity, and modern Pantheism, establish the existence of ethical standards independent of and compatible with all forms of belief. Warriors and patriots have always been found to die τοῦ καλοῦ ἕνεκα. The man of leisure and far ranging thought in the ancient world might find consolation for the violence done to affections, seldom very keen, in speculation, and the belief that in a vague sense he was θεοφιλέστατος. The modern sceptical physicist may reflect that he will be remembered as having done something to advance the knowledge of those majestic sequences which will continue to uphold the universe when he 'is blown about the desert dust, or sealed within the iron hills.' The highly educated Comtist may claim a more disinterested satisfaction in his philanthropic faith, that while 'the individual withers the race grows more and more.' The transcendentalist, like the quietist, has his moments of exaltation, his elevated ἐνέργεια or glow of enthusiasm, in the sense of his communion with the soul that breathes 'through all this mystic frame:' but his theory seems devised for a world from which want and misery and shame have been cancelled, where there is a fair field and free air and

men—ἀκηδέα θυμὸν ἔχοντες. Such golden visions may cast a temporary gleam over the path of the few: they do not satisfy the wants of the many. They fail to meet the very first conditions of the great problem, which is how to banish untruth and superstition, and still present religion in a definite and practical form to the mass of mankind, so as to elevate their life, and guide their aspirations.

IV. Mr. Emerson, as a teacher and critic, has been repeatedly compared to Mr. Carlyle. They edited each other's works in their respective countries, and they have been in some respects justly affiliated, but the contrasts between them are both striking and instructive. They have in common a revolutionary spirit, a marked originality, an uncompromising aversion to decorous illusions, an excessive disdain of traditional methods of thought and stereotyped modes of expression; but in Carlyle this is tempered by a greater respect for persons and a veneration for his own ideal of the past, in which he holds out models for our imitation. Emerson sees in its great men and events only finger-posts for the future, and is perpetually warning his readers to stay at home lest they should travel away from themselves. The one, always a careful though sometimes a perverse historian, loves detail and hates abstractions; he delights to dilate on the minutiae of biography, and waxes eloquent even upon dates. The other, a brilliant though not always a profound generalizer, tells us that we must 'leave a too close and lingering adherence to facts, and study the sentiment as it appeared in hope and not in history.' 'Everything,' he writes, 'is beautiful, seen from the point of the intellect, or as truth. But all is sour if seen as experience. Details are melancholy; the plan is seemly and noble. In the actual world, the painful kingdom of time and place, dwell care, and canker, and fear. With thought, with the ideal, is immortal hilarity, the rose of joy. Round it all the Muses sing. But grief cleaves to names and persons, and the partial interests of to-day and yesterday.' Neither of those writers has the 'dry light;' both exaggerate, but in different directions. The one dwells on the dark side of things, he is like a man bearing a heavy burden, and his heart seems at times to grow sick with reactionary doubts till the starry firmament itself is a sad sight in his eyes. The other is blown upon by the fresh breezes of the New World, his vision ranges freely over her clear horizons, and he leaps up elastic under her light atmosphere, exclaiming, 'Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous.' Carlyle is a Germanized Scotsman, living near the roar of our great metropolis, with memories of

Weimar on the one hand, of the bleak grey hills of the Covenanters on the other. Emerson is a Grecized American, studying Swedenborg and the Phædo in his garden, far enough from the din of cities to enable him, 'in seasons of calm weather,' to forget their existence. 'Boston, London, are as fugitive as any whiff of smoke, so is society, so is the world.' In the chapter of *Sartor Resartus* entitled 'Natural Supernaturalism,' we have the same feeling of the dream-like character of the universe regarded as a series of dissolving views, but this mood of mind, which is transient in the one writer, prevails with the other. In most practical matters the one is strong where the other is weak. Mr. Emerson seems to have bought his experience cheaply. '*Totus, teres atque rotundus*,' at second hand, he writes poorly of the passions, which he has never fully realized. His essay on Love is the description of a beautiful rainbow rather than of a mastering power. His own instincts are innocent, and we might have predicted that his rules of life would be misapplied, as they have been, by grosser natures. His 'Threnody' and 'Dirge' are indications of his having passed through the 'valley of the shadow,' but he has encountered no Apollyons, and assumes himself in the Celestial City without having crossed the dark river. His moral theories are less sound, and less applicable to real life than Carlyle's, in the same proportion and for the same reason that Shelley's were less applicable than Wordsworth's. Of the two, the latter alone recognises the truth that underlies all the formulæ about human corruption, and acknowledging the necessity of a law of duty with definite sanctions, takes for his watchword the Christian self-sacrifice in place of the Pagan self-reliance.

The artistic qualifications of these writers are even more strongly contrasted. The charm of Mr. Emerson's style at its best lies in its precision and ease. He draws round outlines graceful and clear, but colourless. His temple is a modern Parthenon. Carlyle seems to struggle with huge masses of rock; his church, like a great part of his creed, is Gothic; his thoughts are often fragmentary, sometimes grotesque, but he never offends us by the complacency of the American epigrammatist, and he redeems his incompleteness by the humour with which he acknowledges it. More of a man at starting, his power of expression has increased with years, but his faith in other men has unfortunately diminished: after passing through the Everlasting No to the Everlasting Yea, he has completed the circle, and gone back to the 'Iceland of negations.' With all his profounder sympathies, he takes his stand as a retrograde politician, and, seeing only

decay where his fellows are seeing progress, advocates a purely ideal and impracticable despotism. Mr. Emerson here shines by comparison. Whatever his faith in the Invisible may be, he holds it without faltering. In condemning the hurry and noise of mobs, he keeps his temper, and, resting on Justice, never cries for vengeance. 'Their politic at the best is trick,' is his severe expression in a season of national folly, but wars and revolutions take nothing from his internal tranquillity; amid the strife of parties, to none of which he belongs, he preserves the 'pure intellectual gleam,' and pits Swedenborg and Montaigne against Prudhon and Louis Blanc, Hafiz and Shakespeare against Luther and Fox. With whatever loss of that consistency which he stigmatizes as the 'hobgoblin of little minds,' he balances his aristocratic reserve with strong democratic tendencies, and has confidence in progression by antagonism. His own career has been progressive in the direction of actual life. 'Society and politics,' says Mr. Lowell, 'which are main elements to strength, have drawn Emerson steadily manward and outward.' He dwells apart from factions, yet at every crisis of his country's history, he leaves his 'intellectual throne,' to say in fewest words the aptest and truest things, as the spokesman of a liberty at once ideal and practical. Through good and bad report, amid the regrets and reproaches of many of his transcendental admirers, he has stood by the Abolitionists from the time when Garrison set his first types to the close of the war of emancipation. It was he who wrote, in 1857, in reproach of the unfulfilled Declaration of Independence—

'United States ! the ages plead,
Present and Past, in under song ;
Go put your creed into your deed,
Nor speak with double tongue ;'

ending his exhortation with the emphatic verse—

'For he that worketh high and wise,
Nor pauses in his plan,
Will take the sun out of the skies
Ere freedom out of man.'

It was he who said that the execution of old John Brown consecrated the gallows. Mr. Trollope tells us how, when he expected to find 'the star-spangled banner wrapped in a mist of Platonism,' in a lecture delivered during the great struggle of 1863, Mr. Emerson amazed him by the practical force of his patriotism. His Boston Hymn of the same date is animated throughout by the fervid philanthropy of these verses :—

'Pay ransom to the owner,
And fill the bag to the brim.
Who is the owner ? The slave is owner,
And ever was. Pay him.

'O North ! give him beauty for rags,
And honour, O South ! for his shame,
Nevada coin thy golden crags
With Freedom's image and name.'

It was the leader of the transcendentalists who pronounced the noblest eulogy on the memory of Mr. Lincoln.

Mr. Emerson has nowhere given us in any definite detail his views on 'Politics.' His essay of that name accepts the position, first upheld by Aristotle and popularized by Lord Macaulay, that different forms of government are adapted to different social conditions; but it shows that the tendency of modern times, attaching more weight to the equality of persons and less to the inequalities of property, is steadily pointing towards democracy. Hesitating between his admiration for the best men and his wish for the greatest happiness of the greatest number, he finally casts his vote for the more generous policy in all disputed questions. He approves of free-trade, a wide suffrage, a national education, a popular literature, a mild penal code, an open competition for honours and offices. A philosophic republican, he sees the dangers incident to a society without gradations of rank, while he confides in the stability of the fundamental human nature on which it relies, and endorses the saying of an old American author, 'that a monarchy is a merchantman which sails well, but will sometimes strike on a rock, and go to the bottom; while a republic is a raft which would never sink, but then your feet are always in water.' He believes in collective wisdom as the limit to collective folly; and while maintaining that the State exists for its members, he thinks that, if each be true to his convictions, they can act best in unison when all are subject to the fewest external restraints. The enervating influences of authority and the 'monotonous sweetnesss of custom' he holds to be least powerful in popular governments, and the tyranny of a public opinion not enforced by law need only be endured by voluntary slaves. While censuring Conservatism as timid, he admits that pure Radicalism is destructive and aimless, and hopes for a new social and industrial Stoicism, softened and made gracious by a love of beauty and benevolence, to reconcile order with liberty. Mr. Emerson is, we believe, most widely known in this country by his *Representative Men*, by no means in all respects the most satisfactory of his works. A series of generally acute criticisms, pervaded by no well-marked ethical idea, it leaves on the mind a somewhat indefinite impression. Its categories are not exhaustive, and it is difficult to determine on what principle they are chosen; but it serves as an interesting point of comparison with the corresponding lectures of the great English advocate of Hero-Worship, to the suggestions of which it probably owes its existence. Mr. Carlyle, whose whole faith is centred in strong individualities, adopts the view of history which practically resolves it into a series of biographies. Mr. Buckle,

caring little for persons, and confiding rather in general laws, resolves biography into history. Mr. Emerson on this question steers a middle course. He venerates great men, 'to educate whom the State exists, with the appearance of whom the State expires;' but he regards them as inspired mouthpieces of universal or national ideas rather than as controlling forces. Their mission is not so much to regulate our action as to 'fortify our hopes.' Possessed of a larger share of the Over Soul, which 'makes the whole world kin,' they apprehend and explain phenomena which have hitherto passed unheeded; but their indirect services are the best. Their examples, more weighty than their acts or discoveries, are perpetual encouragements. The great man is an encyclopædia of fact and thought, the belief born in his brain spreads like a current over humanity, and he becomes for a time the golden key to the ill-defined ideal of the multitude. But his career should rouse us to a like assertion of our liberties. We ought not to obey, but to follow, sometimes by not obeying him. Without him the world would be impoverished and thrust back under the dominion of the artificial laws which he has taught us to transcend. It is the imbecility and not the wisdom of men that 'is always inviting the impudence of power.' It is obvious that this view is in essential antagonism to Mr. Carlyle's. His heroes are men with divine mandates, which they have, with whatever difficulty, to impress and enforce upon their fellows. Perpetually chanting the 'challenge of Thor,' he cares little for speculative genius; his sympathy is with the Titans, or the gods of the Eddas, rather than with the more serene Olympians; he concentrates his admiration wholly on men of action, intensity, and moral force—Odin, Mahomet, Dante, Luther, Johnson, Cromwell. Mr. Emerson, as we have seen, loves an easy greatness which has its grace by nature, and 'lives in a sphere of thought which others get at with difficulty.' To force, which reigns in a barbaric age, and owes its value to the vices of society, he prefers beauty, rounded outline, and mental grasp. In the various types of the philosopher, sceptic, mystic, poet, and man of letters—Plato, Montaigne, Swedenborg, Shakespeare, and Goethe—he sees various imperfect approximations to his model thinker. Napoleon is added as the typical man of the world, the sum of all the temporal, as Goethe is the sum of all the intellectual life of recent times. It has been justly complained that *Buonaparte* is Mr. Emerson's only type of a man of action, and not one of the highest. The fact illustrates the bent of the critic's own mind. He admires, he tells us, and respects capacity of every kind in every age, but he subordinates saints and statesmen alike to the sage, who does for truth what the consummate

artist does for beauty. Yet he holds, with a laudable inconsistency, that the solution of the problems of life should be in existence, and not in a book; his virtue is never fugitive, it comes out and fights for liberty. In leaving the *Representative Men*, let us select three of its most striking characterizations, remarkable alike for terseness and accuracy:—

‘What a force was coiled up in the skull of *Napoleon*! . . . He is thoroughly modern, and at the highest point of his fortunes has the very spirit of the newspapers. He came unto his own, and they received him. He is never weak and literary, but acts with the solidity and the precision of natural agents. He risked everything and spared nothing, neither ammunition, nor money, nor troops, nor generals, nor himself. . . . A Jupiter Scapin, he did all that in him lay to live without moral principle.’

‘*Goethe* was the soul of his century, the philosopher of the multiplicity of human life, hundred-handed, Argus-eyed, able and happy to cope with this rolling miscellany of facts and science. . . . He draws his rents from rage and pain. By acting rashly he buys the power of talking wisely. Vexations and a tempest of passion only fill his sails, as the good Luther writes, “When I am angry I can pray well and preach well.” . . . He lays a ray of light under every fact, and between himself and his dearest property. From him nothing was hid, nothing withholden. The lurking demons sat to him, and the saint who saw the demons, and the metaphysical elements took form. The old Eternal Genius who built the world has confided himself more to this man than to any other. . . . But there are nobler strains in poetry than any he has sounded. There are writers poorer in talent, whose tone is purer and more touches the heart. *Goethe* can never be dear to men.’

‘*Shakespeare* is as much out of the category of eminent authors as he is out of the crowd. He is inconceivably wise; the others conceivably. A good reader can in a sort nestle into *Plato*’s brain, and think from thence; but not into *Shakespeare*’s. He is still out of doors.’

V. The extracts we have given within the limited compass of our review sufficiently illustrate the fact that Mr. Emerson is singularly unequal as a critic. For penetration, subtilty, and conclusiveness, some of his estimates of men and things have never been surpassed. They are frequently most felicitous, at all times fresh and genuine, and expressed with a racy vigour, though, on some occasions, with an unpruned violence. On the other hand, this freshness is often purchased by a lack of knowledge. *Hobbes* confessed that he owed much of his originality to the restricted range of his reading. Emerson often owes his apparent force to the limitations of his thought. His eye is keen, but its scope is comparatively narrow, and his deficiencies of vision are the more injurious that they generally

escape his own observation. Unconsciously infected by the haste which he condemns in his countrymen, he looks at other nations through the folding telescope of a tourist. His *English Traits* abound in trenchant epigrams, but though they pay an amply generous tribute to English greatness, they miss, in many important particulars, the salient points, both for good and evil, of English character. In one page we find him commending the *Times* newspaper for its reliability, independence, and consistency,—an American verdict which the vicissitudes of the last six years must have done something to modify; in another he writes, 'The torpidity on the side of religion of the vigorous English understanding shows how much wit and folly can agree in one brain. Their religion is a quotation; their church is a doll; and any examination is interdicted with screams of terror.' Mr. Emerson repeatedly gives his sanction to the strangest continental notions of our insular eccentricity. His representations of our leading thinkers, writers, and statesmen seldom rise above the level of Mr. Willis's *Pencilings by the Way*. His taste is constantly at fault; an incessant straining after *bon-mots* mars his judgment as much as it vitiates his style, and his love of directness, pushed to an extreme, leads him over the confines of fact, as well as the reservations of fashion, into reckless caricature. A dogmatist, in spite of the impulsive inconsistencies which ought to be fatal to dogmatism, his judgments of those whose lives and writings do not square with his theories, are, for the most part, valueless, and when he does injustice to his adversaries, his tacit assumption that all wise men must agree with him only adds to the offence. When, for instance, he asserts that 'Locke is as surely the influx of decomposition and prose as Bacon and the Platonists (!) of growth;' or declares that Mr. Wilkinson's prefaces to the translations of Swedenborg 'throw all the contemporary philosophy of England into the shade;' or says contemptuously of the sensational school, 'Tis of no importance what bats and oxen think;' or writes of his converse with Landor, 'He pestered me with Southey; but who is Southey?'—he shows either ignorance or flippancy. His praise of Bacon, with whose method he has no real sympathy, seems to prove that he has never understood the position of the founder of inductive science. His own motto is rather '*plus intra*' than '*plus ultra*,' and his idea of truth is not so much the correspondence of thought with things, or a knowledge of their forms, as the agreement of the mind with itself. He utterly rejects the *Idola Theatri*, but not unfrequently falls a prey to all the others. He seldom ventures on verbal criticism; and in dealing with foreign languages he betrays the weakness of his scholar-

ship. Though he is a professed Platonist, his essay on Plato is, in some respects, one of his poorest; he seems to have read him in Mr. Bohn's translations, which he pronounces 'excellent.' One qualification for a good critic is a well-defined artistic standard, another is the dramatic capacity of placing himself for the time in the position of the person who is being criticised. Mr. Emerson has neither of these. In reviewing an author he seems to skim his works, and ask how far the results arrived at coincide with a preconceived idea. With the spirit of a fearless inquirer, he unfortunately blends so much presumption as to feel an absolute indifference regarding the opinions of others, and this in excess constitutes a moral as well as an artistic defect. Thought is free, and the expression of it ought to be so, but, when our thought wanders very far from that of the majority of the wise and good, we are bound to watch it with more than ordinary care, to sift its conclusions, and at least to state them moderately. Mr. Emerson's thought does wander far, and it runs fast; he does not know what moderation in expression means, and his almost childish love of contradiction, perpetually, and often justly, provokes offence. In dealing with subjects, and in handling names commonly regarded as sacred, he delights in parading his independence, and, instead of endeavouring to conciliate, he rides rough-shod over the most cherished convictions of his fellow-men, or waves them aside with a complacent smile, and a sort of divine impudence. Every claim of authority he receives as a challenge to his personal rights, and immediately decides to 'believe the contrary.' He never seems to have read the inscription on the third gate of Buzerane: 'Be not too bold;' he stabs the bull Apis, in utter disregard of the historian's warning. His impatient *anticipationes naturæ* detract from his trustworthiness in matters of detail, while, by a similar carelessness, he repeats and contradicts himself with equal frequency. His soundest judgments relate to the men around him, of whom he is at once the panegyrist and the censor. All that is weak and foolish in their mode of life he condemns; all that is noblest and most hopeful he applauds.

Mr. Emerson has left his mark on the century; to use a favourite phrase of his own, 'he cannot be skipped.' Even where his results are least satisfactory, his intense suggestiveness is the cause of thought in others; and as one of the 'genetic powers' of modern literature, his fertilizing influence will survive his inconclusive speculations. His faults are manifest; a petulant irreverence, frequent superficiality, a rash bravery, an inadequate solution of difficulties deeming itself adequate, are among the chief. But he is original, natural, attractive, and direct,

limpid in phrase, and pure in fancy. His best eloquence flows as easily as a stream. In an era of excessive reticence and cautious hypocrisy he lives within a case of crystal, where there are no concealments. We never suspect him of withholding half of what he knows, or of formularizing for our satisfaction a belief which he does not sincerely hold. He is transparently honest and honourable. His courage has no limits. Isolated by force of character, there is no weakness in his solitude. He leads us into a region where we escape at once from deserts and from noisy cities; for he rises above without depreciating ordinary philanthropy, and his philosophy at least endeavours to meet our daily wants. In every social and political controversy he throws his weight into the scale of justice, on the side of a rational and progressive liberty; and his lack of sympathy with merely personal emotions is recompensed by a veneration for the ideal of the race which recalls the beautiful sentiment of Malebranche, 'When I touch a human hand I touch heaven.' We admire his combination of comprehensiveness and concentration, of finesse and tenacity, of good sense and reverie, the cheerfulness of his scepticism, and the softness of his austerity. Mr. Emerson's is the highest secular form of the Protestant, as M. Comte's is the highest secular form of the Catholic faith. His religion of Nature at least teaches us to aspire to the noblest life, and assures us that every resisted temptation is a new source of strength. He has reanimated what is most enduring in Pagan, and borrowed, although it may be without due acknowledgment, a ray of inspiration from Christian ethics. His love of truth for its own sake is one of the rarest virtues in any age, and his idealism is a perpetual protest against the baser materialism of his own—a materialism in the long-run far more formidable to religion than any erroneous metaphysics. His practical precepts are all heroic; however his system may be misapplied, he is himself preserved, by the purity of his intuitions, from the worst dangers to which it is exposed. His exhortation, 'first, last, midst, and without end, to honour every truth by use,' is the sum of all morality. His writings are bracing to the moral sense, a tonic to the will as well as to the understanding. They recall the magnanimities of the Porch, the amenities of the Academy, and the fervour of the best Puritan models. No one can pass from their perusal to any meanness or sensuality. Mr. Emerson will never be very popular in England, where his defects and merits are alike generally uncongenial. He alarms our Philistinism by the aggressive independence and strong counter-currents of his thought, and repels our anti-Philistinism by his vehemence of expression. Our middle classes rally against him round the

pillars of their Church and State. Of the refined minority, those who hesitate at heart between the liberal creed and Ultramontane sympathies turn scornfully from his samplers of excellence to the 'Acta Sanctorum.' Our apostles of culture, intensifying his moral, repudiate his artistic blemishes; they agree with him in theoretically despising plain facts and plain men, and, unlike him, they carry their theory into practice; but their views of style are hopelessly at variance. The later followers of Bentham, whom he has never fairly appreciated, recognise him only as an ill-informed adversary. Yet the time has come when well-educated Englishmen of all sects ought frankly to acknowledge the high qualities of a mind, on the whole the loftiest that the world of letters in New England has hitherto produced. In memory of these qualities the thoughts of his countrymen will continue, with or without the sanction of foreigners, to revert, with respect and gratitude, to the old-fashioned village straggling through the meadows, where the Assabeth unites with the Musketaquid to creep towards the sea, famous as the first battle-field of the Revolutionary War, and as the birthplace of American Transcendentalism.

ART. IV.—*History of Civilisation in England.* By HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE. In Three Volumes. New Edition. London : Longmans, Green, and Co., 1867.

THE opening volume of Mr. Buckle's *History* contains a striking chapter on the relative effect of Moral and Intellectual Laws, which, when the book first appeared, was most inadequately discussed, and which, since that time, has received too little attention. After reviewing the influence of natural agencies upon man, Mr. Buckle came to the effect of man's power over nature, and, surveying the career of nations, he held the progress of the race to be twofold,—Moral and Intellectual; 'the first having more immediate relation to our duties, the second to our knowledge.' The problem then arose, Which of these elements was the chief? If it was the Moral, then the Moral element must mark the advance of society; if it was the Intellectual, then the Intellectual element must be the standard of measurement. Now, said the historian, neither the moral nor the intellectual faculties grow in strength as the world grows in years. There is no reason to believe that the children who were born in London in 1860 were a whit more richly endowed by nature than those who were born in London a hundred or a thousand years before; nor, whatever height future generations may reach in purity of life and mental attainments, is there any reason to believe that the native power of the race will undergo a corresponding change. Thus progress is the result, not of internal vigour, but of external advantages. That is to say, it is the result of 'the surrounding opinions, knowledge, associations,—in a word, the entire mental atmosphere.' That atmosphere is made up of two elements, the Moral and the Intellectual, one stationary, the other progressive. Moral teaching makes no advance. 'There is, unquestionably, nothing to be found in the world which has undergone so little change as those great dogmas of which moral systems are composed. To do good to others; to sacrifice for their benefit your own wishes; to love your neighbour as yourself; to forgive your enemies; to restrain your passions; to honour your parents; to respect those who are set over you: these and a few others are the sole essentials of Morals; but they have been known for thousands of years, and not one jot or tittle has been added to them by all the sermons, homilies, and text-books which moralists and theologians have been able to produce.'¹ The province of the intellect, on the other hand, presents nothing but change, nothing but progress. Every age

¹ *History*, pp. 163-4.

adds its experience to that of all past time ; century by century the mass of recorded facts increases in geometrical ratio ; new methods of inquiry take the place of old ; new systems of thought are ever springing up ; new sciences are ever coming to life ; so that the physical and chemical knowledge possessed even by the greatest minds of antiquity is trivial when compared with that taught to an advanced schoolboy of our own time.

Here, then, we have two agencies, one stationary, the other progressive. But civilisation is constantly advancing ; and, since a stationary agent can bring forth only a stationary effect, moral systems cannot, said Mr. Buckle, be the agencies of which we are in search, and the progress of society must result from the intellect alone. 'These conclusions,' he added in his own emphatic way, 'are no doubt very unpalatable ; and what makes them peculiarly offensive, is, that it is impossible to refute them.'

Such was the historian's argument ; and we have stated it as clearly as we are able, because, while we hold it to be vitiated by a fundamental error, we believe that, indirectly, it sets the essential character of moral systems in a more vivid light than any other bit of recent speculation. Next to a book at once full of ability and of truth, the most valuable is a book at once full of ability and of error ; since its power gives a stimulus to thought of which a feeble work is incapable, and opens up prospects of which the writer did not dream. Such is emphatically the case with much of Buckle's *History*, one of the faultiest, and yet one of the greatest books of this generation ; and, as we mean to subject the logic of his ethical chapter to the most hostile criticism, we pay at the outset a tribute of admiration to those splendid powers and that matchless industry which have given him a lasting name.

For the moment, we admit that moral teaching is not progressive. Most, if not all, of the precepts in the Christian ethics are to be found scattered throughout the literature of ancient nations. The poetry of every people puts forth stray jets of moral wisdom. When the Spanish missionaries first carried the gospel into Mexico, they found that, though cut off from the civilisation and the religion of Europe, the Aztecs possessed ethical maxims befitting a Christian pulpit. Centuries before the Jesuits went to China, Confucius had proclaimed the golden rule of doing unto others as we would that others should do unto us. The Arabs and the Persians have a proverbial literature, which, to much that is meaningless, stupid, and groveling, adds much that is stamped with the loftiest moral wisdom. Thousands of years ago, the Hindoos possessed a sublime body of ethical truth. The subtle intellects of the people are pecu-

liarily fitted for speculation, and when Europe was still a barbarous waste, they were studying the very problems which are still perplexing Western thinkers. The freedom of the will, the relation between mind and matter, the dependence of cause and effect, the immortality of the soul, and the nature of Deity, all these problems have been made familiar to the Hindoos by the meditation of unnumbered ages; so that, when they come to read Spinoza, Hume, Kant, Hamilton, Comte, or Mill, they manifest little surprise, they easily master what is new, and they show that some of the profoundest speculations of the West were anticipated by their own race. In like manner, they have achieved much in ethics. They have no Sermon on the Mount; but their poets have said, in other words, much of what our Lord enunciated in that sublimest of discourses. In the Western world the ethical mine is still more rich. As gifted with logical power as with imagination, as fitted for scientific analysis as for poetic flight, the Greeks early reached some of the noblest of moral truths. Those truths were often stifled, distorted, misunderstood, ridiculed, seldom put in practice, never thoroughly carried out; yet they were ever breaking through the hard crust of human life. It was the same in Judea before the birth of Christ. Even among the most exclusive of peoples, the culture of heathen nations had diffused a subtle atmosphere, which acted as a solvent on the old code of morality; and their altered sympathies and longings found expression in a mass of proverbs breathing the very spirit of Christian love. Nor does that fact take away from the originality of the Sermon on the Mount, any more than the fact that Christ did not use a new grammar or new forms of rhetoric.

In a certain sense, therefore, Buckle is right in saying that there has been little advance in morals within the last three thousand years. But that admission does not take us far; since in this respect the progress of intellectual truths has been equally small. It is only the statement of the chief ethical maxims that does not change. It is only the statement of the commands, 'Do as you would be done by;' 'Love your enemies;' 'Bless them that curse you;' 'Honour your father and your mother,' that we have not been able to improve. And what are the corresponding intellectual truths? Such precepts as these: To gain a knowledge of Nature, you must watch her movements, use experiments, observe cautiously, put absolute trust in no theory which goes beyond the facts you have ascertained, and employ hypotheses only as a means of hitting upon Nature's secrets,—only as picklocks to unfasten a door of which you cannot find the key. Those are the great maxims

of scientific research; they strike the inductive and the deductive note; and the history of science is only the history of their application and development. Now, what advance has been made in the formal statement of those great principles? In one sense, none whatever; and that is just the sense which Buckle has in view. Take the three greatest masters of scientific method that the world has ever seen, Aristotle, Bacon, and Descartes. Aristotle laid down as clearly as any modern the truth that science must be built on observation; that her survey must take in all the facts of the case; and that whatever theory went beyond those facts was but a guess. Two thousand years afterwards Descartes wrote his *Discourse on Method*, and that book was among the boldest pieces of writing that had appeared for centuries. Yet, in telling men to study Nature, the great French teacher did not, and could not, go beyond the rule of his mighty forerunner,—the rule that we must fit our theories to our facts, not our facts to our theories; the rule that the first duty of science was to use her eyes. Nor did Bacon say more than that. He said that we must observe and experiment, that we must watch Nature patiently and humbly, and that we must rise from particular instances to general laws. But, in substance, the Greek had said the same things before. No doubt, between the method of Aristotle and the method of Bacon there is a great change, marking an equally great advance; and what that advance is we shall presently ask; but meanwhile the fact to be noted is, that in Buckle's sense of the term, intellectual principles have made as little progress as moral. So far, both stand on the same level.

Nor is this all. In casting a slight on ethical systems, the historian might have gone further, and have said that there never was a time at which the highest precepts of the Christian morality were not practised in a fitful kind of way. He might have said that since the New Testament expresses the highest dictates of our nature, those dictates must have been carried into practice by a multitude of pure beings before they were crystalized into ethical maxims. He might have said that savages are sometimes kind to the helpless, sometimes meek, sometimes merciful, on rare occasions forgiving. He might have pointed out that it does not follow, because a tribe or a people is cruel, revengeful, and bloodthirsty, that therefore all its members are cruel, revengeful, and bloodthirsty too. He might have said all this; but, had he done so, he must have said more; for the same things hold equally good of scientific principles. The practice of induction and deduction is as old as man himself. The methods by which science rises to a knowledge of the sublimest laws have in every age been applied in every hour of life; and

without habitually applying them no set of people could live for a day. The savage has to find out the best fishing-grounds and the best herbage; to get his food by the chase; to learn the surest means of trapping and shooting; to watch the changes of the wind, the course of the seasons, the waxing and the waning of the moon; and if he does not keep his eyes open, and use his reason, the result is starvation and death. Hence he has a keener eye for those marks that denote the best feeding-grounds of fish than Agassiz. His knowledge of the habits of some wild animals, and the properties of some plants, might excite the envy of Mr. Darwin. He can foretell changes of weather with such certainty as to be independent of an Admiral Fitzroy and a meteorological office. And when hunting, when fishing, when building a hut, or when hollowing a canoe, he reasons from one fact to another with the acuteness of a Chillingworth or a Mill. Thus, so far as regards their practical application, moral and intellectual laws are on a level.

Let us see now how we reach the formal statement of those laws. Though, in satisfying his daily wants, the savage carries out all the canons of induction as rigidly as a Herschel or a Faraday, he does not generalize them. For thousands of years men observe Nature, and reason from one phenomenon to another, before they say in so many words that such is the right way to find out Nature's secrets. And it is easy to see why they do not hit upon the formal statement. At first their sole object is to satisfy their hunger, to kill their enemies, and to exercise their natural love of power. They have no incitement to aim at any higher mark. When searching for shell-fish, they are content to know that at certain hours of the day the tide will be out and the rocks bare; and when tracking an antelope, they are content to know that certain winds will deaden the keenness of the animal's scent. They do not ask why. They do not inquire what makes the tide ebb and flow, or what brings the north wind at some seasons and the south at others. Ages are required to bring them up to that pitch of curiosity, and ages more are needed to sharpen the faculties into a fit state for piercing the crust beneath which Nature hides her laws. Before the dawn of civilisation, a hundred great intellects may each take to guessing whence the winds come, and what holds up the earth, before a body of speculation can be gathered together that shall serve to quicken the mind of a half-savage Aristotle into a state of scientific curiosity. In like manner, men present examples of what is good long before they formally say what is good. Before Confucius had stated the golden rule of conduct, his countrymen had fitfully carried it out; and before men were told to forgive their enemies,

examples of that self-sacrifice were seen among the unforgiving Jews.

The next thing to examine is the effect produced by the formal statement of intellectual laws; and it is important to note this branch of the subject, because Buckle reasons as if the advance which society has made within the last two thousand years, were due, chiefly or solely, to the improvement in the formal methods of inquiry. He reasons as if the scientific achievements of the Greeks had resulted mostly from Aristotle's formal enunciation of the elementary principles of induction; as if the scientific triumphs of modern France were mainly owing to Descartes' formal statement that complete scepticism must herald research; and as if Bacon's formal statement, that we must constantly appeal to Nature, had been the principal means of giving England her scientific supremacy. Buckle did not, indeed, lay down such a proposition in so many words, and, had he seen it laid down by others, he would have been the first to challenge its accuracy; but, here and there, he argues as if it were just, and the assumption helps to vitiate all his reasoning. For the truth is, right action always goes before right thought; men do good before they define goodness; they reason properly before they lay down the laws of logic; and the system-builders come late in the day, after half the work is done. The earliest as well as the latest literature exemplifies those facts. Long before Aristotle taught his disciples how to philosophize, Thales and Anaxagoras applied the principles of induction with an accuracy that would not disgrace a modern student of science. At a later date everybody who studied Nature applied those principles with more or less correctness. In Aristotle's time, it was a mere truism to say that the ways of Nature must be closely watched in order that her laws might be seen. The Stagirite told the Greeks nothing new when he said that the study of Nature must begin with the study of facts: his transcendent merit is, first, that, in carrying the maxim into practice, he did with consummate skill what many people did badly; and, secondly, that he gave new force to the principle of trusting to experience, because, so far as we know, he was among the earliest to call that principle the leading canon of science. Nor, when the intellect of Europe declined, and when the nations were passing through the night of the middle ages, was that canon forgotten. It did, indeed, lose its old position, and, as Dr. Whewell has remarked, the investigation of Nature gave place to the criticism of what had been said about Nature by ancient philosophers; but the necessity of induction was never denied. Even in monkish times, men were never such fools as to pretend that a knowledge of the camel could be evolved from

the depths of their moral consciousness; and some people who talk glibly about the mediæval contempt for facts, would be surprised to see how many valuable facts had been piled up by such schoolmen as Scotus, and how keen an eye such men had for the scientific value of those materials. Still, as a rule, observation was at a discount, and when light at last broke through the thick theological mist, the new sunshine was first used to show the way towards facts. But men did not stop to say that such was the true method of discovery; they did not philosophize about the matter; they set to work at once with such tools as they had, impelled by instincts for which they did not seek to account. That was the plan of Roger Bacon, Copernicus, Tycho Brahe, Kepler, Galileo, Harvey; and those illustrious men came in the wake of a thousand others, who, in the same fashion, strove to guess the riddle of the Sphinx, and have fallen victims to that oblivion which is the fate of all that do not guess aright. By the time that Descartes told people to cast off their old notions, to begin the work of investigation anew, and to depend upon their eyes quite as much as upon their brains, every country of enlightened Europe was carrying out those precepts. It was a period of scepticism, of observation, of passionate longing to know what were the processes of Nature; and Descartes merely condensed into a system what all thinking men were doing or saying. So did Bacon. When he was studying law at Gray's Inn, cultured minds had no longer the old taste for scholastic subtleties, and they had become keenly anxious to make philosophy practical. Bacon came just in time to embody the floating idea, that Nature must be studied with a view, not to what was vaguely called wisdom, but to practice. When he expressed that idea with a force which no other had rivalled, his countrymen were enraptured, and they took for a new revelation what was but the eloquent utterance of their own dim, half-formed thoughts.

It does not follow that the Bacons and the Descartes have little influence. On the contrary, their influence is vast; for they do what some one has said the orator does; they give back in a flood what they get in vapour. Or, they may be compared to the torrent that sets the largest machinery in motion, by bringing to bear on one point the water which is powerless so long as it stagnates in pools that the sun may dry up, or so long as it trickles in streamlets fit to turn nothing more weighty than a child's toy-mill. By condensing into definite principles the vague ideas that are moving the minds of a whole age, they economize power, and make men really do what they would otherwise only dream of doing.

It follows from what we have said, that the mere statement

of a moral or an intellectual law does not mark the height to which a nation has reached either in conduct or in science; because the ethical or the scientific maxims of two ages may be identical in form, and yet, in the scale of morality and science, those two ages may be cut off from each other by a vast interval. Something beyond a mere statement is needed to give abstract truth fertility. What is that something? How is it that Greece, with all her knowledge of induction and deduction, made so few achievements in science compared with modern Europe? The answer to that question will throw much light upon moral progress.

The ancients failed, as Dr. Whewell has justly observed, because they were devoid, not so much of Method, as of scientific conceptions; or, in Mr. Mill's words, because they were not sufficiently furnished with abstractions. And their poverty in this respect was the result of a poverty in facts. They knew so little that they did not know what to seek. Thus they had a scanty supply of those correct guesses which are always the prelude to the attainment of results like the Copernican system, Kepler's laws of the planetary motions, and Dalton's law of definite proportions. No strength of intellect is sufficient to make such discoveries until observation has so classified a host of facts as to point with the finger of probability to the truth, or, in other words, to suggest correct scientific conceptions.¹ The Greeks had also to struggle against another difficulty. Not only were their eyes unopened by true conceptions, but they were closed to the sunlight itself by false conceptions. Guesses of some kind men must make; they must always work upon some plan; and the guesses of the Greeks were vitiated, not only by generalizations from an imperfect series of observations, but by the partiality and fitness of the national mind for mathematical reasoning.² The forms of geometry accustomed them to conceptions which were perfect in their simplicity; hence arose the idea, that such a perfection must mark all the workings of Nature, however it might be hid by the rough veil of material things; and to that fallacious idea we must trace the stubbornness with which the countrymen of Pythagoras clung to the doctrine that the heavenly bodies move in circles, and also the pertinacity with which they

¹ In his *Logic*, Mr. Mill objects to the term, but his criticism is somewhat harsh; and, though Dr. Whewell's language is not free from ambiguity, the difference between him and Mr. Mill seems to be a difference of words more than of ideas. Mr. Lewes, in his *Aristotle*, also finds fault with Whewell's expression, and holds that the ancients failed chiefly because they neglected Verification; but he is obliged to confess that their neglect of Verification sprang from their ignorance of facts.

² See Sir John Herschel's *Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy*, p. 105.

brought the agency of cycles and epicycles to explain the observed phenomena of the planetary motions. So deeply was the error planted, that the results of ages of observation, in the hands of Kepler, were needed to overthrow it, and to enable him to recognise the fact that the planetary orbits are elliptical, and not circular. The same diseased passion for simplicity drove the Greeks hopelessly wrong in the study of Pneumatics. The results of observation, which was necessarily imperfect, made them fancy that space was filled with a subtle ether; and, casting their generalization into a mythic form which endowed the inanimate world with a sort of volition, they set forth the axiom that Nature abhorred a vacuum. Against that doctrine facts had to fight for two thousand years before they conquered through the combined agency of Galileo, Torricelli, and Pascal. The well-known experiments which revealed the fact of atmospheric pressure form one of the most instructive chapters in the history of science, on account of the light which they cast on the value of correct conceptions. Investigation had led up to the point when that explanation must have been suggested to keen intellects; and even if Torricelli's famous experiment with mercury had not proved that it was atmospherical pressure which prevented a pump from sucking up water more than thirty-two feet, the demonstration would, we cannot doubt, have been furnished by two minds of wonderful sagacity already on the highroad to the truth,—Descartes and Pascal.

The growth of scientific conceptions has produced a curious effect, which at first sight might seem to confirm the declaration of Buckle, that while all the great moral systems have been the same, all the great intellectual systems have been fundamentally different. Though the best scientific methods of the ancients and the moderns are alike in their leading features, still, in their complete form, they present a striking contrast. The Greeks set forth the broad principle that the cautious and thorough observation of Nature must be the foundation of science; and, so far, they put their seal upon induction. But Aristotle did not state the principles of induction with the same completeness and precision as Bacon, any more than Bacon stated them with the same precision and completeness as Mill, or any more than Mill has stated them with the same precision and completeness as our children's children will find in the work of him who shall gather up the threads of method after the next blaze of discovery. And it is easy to see how the improvement comes. Observation masses facts together; those facts are marshalled in scientific order; and that order enables quick minds to make sagacious guesses respecting the laws by which Nature works; so that in time a

flood of light is thrown on the darkest of her recesses. Now, after men see a thing done well, they ask how it has been done. They look to the machinery ; they ask what process has been used ; and in proportion to the range of the discoveries is the range of the materials by which they are enabled to furnish an answer. Thus, as we have already said, it was after, not before, the great scientific revival of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, that the philosophy of Method was principally studied ; and not only did the Copernicuses receive no help from the Discourses on Method, but they could have given only a very imperfect account of the plan by which they reached their sublime results, and they may have been poorly qualified to write on the logic of science. They can do a thing as no others can ; they can do it without the help of rules, just as great poets write rhythmically and grammatically before the principles of metre and syntax are cast into logical shape ; but they may be quite unable to tell how they work, just as the singers whose songs for ever ring from the morning light of literature could not reveal the secret of their melody. Still, even the Keplers and the Galileos receive immense help from the logicians, and the Chaucers receive immense help from the grammarians. It is more easy to reason and write correctly now than it was a few centuries ago ; and for the new facility we are in part indebted to those who have systematized the laws of thought and language. A century hence it will be more easy to avoid slips of reasoning and inelegancies of style than it is at present ; for by that time a greater number of our tendencies towards error in reflection and in statement will have been hunted down, and classified for our instruction and reproof. And the methods of science will thus gain new completeness year by year. So much is true of induction and deduction, as applied to natural science ; so much is true of the systems that, like the Critical Philosophy of Germany, set limits to human thought, and draw the line within which the intellect may hope to work successfully ; and so much is true of those systems that deal with exact and necessary proportions, and that we include under the name of Mathematics. Buckle might therefore seem justified when he bursts into a hallelujah over the advance of intellectual laws ; but he labours under a complete mistake. There is an advance ; but that advance is only a development of principles which were known at the dawn of speculative thought. At that remote day, men knew that scientific theories must take shape from the facts on which they rested ; and hence they struck the key-note of induction. They knew that mental analysis must be the prelude to an acquaintance with mental laws ; and hence they struck the key-note of that chorus in which

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Descartes and Malebranche, Hobbes and Locke, Berkeley and Hume, Kant and Hamilton, are the chief performers. Finally, they knew the relations which numbers bear to each other, and they suspected, also, that throughout Nature ran a scale of exact proportions; and hence they struck the key-note of that sublime method which has enabled us to weigh the planets, and to note the order in which the stars everlastingly revolve.

Now, looking to ethics, we shall see that what is thus true of intellectual laws is equally true of moral. If there has been an advance in the one, there has also been an advance in the other. In the one case, the advance has been that of development; in the other, it has been that of development too. Between both kinds of truth there is an exact parallel, which Buckle missed.

The historian fancied he had proved that ethical systems could make no progress when he had shown that, for many centuries, their leading principles had undergone little change; and his opinion has the support of an eminent authority, Sir James Mackintosh, who also says that morality admits of no discoveries. A more fallacious doctrine was never set forth with equal confidence by men of equal ability. Ethical science does make progress; the rule of life is not what it was a thousand or even a hundred years ago; and moral teaching is so far from being stationary, that in nothing is the progress of the race more marked. Take, for example, the loftiest discourse ever pronounced on this earth. The Master went up into a mountain, with the multitude that followed Him from Galilee, and from Decapolis, and from Jerusalem, and from beyond Jordan; and He opened His mouth and said, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit;' 'Blessed are the merciful;' 'Blessed are the peacemakers;' 'Resist not evil;' 'Judge not that ye be not judged;' 'All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.' Nothing could be more sublime than these maxims, which express the highest of truths with a force and a beauty that we shall never rival. But what do they mean in my case or in yours? How am I, and how are you, to apply them? That is the question; for at first hardly any two men agree as to the interpretation which the teaching should receive in a series of cases. One person sticks to the letter; another holds to the spirit; a third sees far-reaching relations which the others cannot discern, and hence in Christ's words he finds doctrines which the others call the visions of his own brain. Nor can the moot points be decided in the same fashion as disputed questions at law. No earthly judge is authorized to say how Christ meant men to act in any particular case; and, even if such a judge existed, his decisions would be fruitless, unless he could not only enforce them, but cause men to see that he was right.

Again, if it were possible for a few men to agree respecting one point, they would differ on coming to a second, where the circumstances were sufficiently altered to bring in the element of doubt. In order to illustrate a doctrine, Leibnitz once picked up a leaf, and said to his companion that there was but one such leaf in nature; that whatever might be the likeness between the blossoms or the leaves of one tree and another, each had its own tint, each its wave-like surface. So is it with morals too. There also Nature does not repeat herself. Perhaps the difference between two cases of conscience may be so slight as to be manifest only to quick eyes, and perhaps both may easily fall under the same rule. But a very slight difference will raise a question as to what the rule is; and that happens every day of our lives. The bearing of this fact on ethics was clearly seen by a more subtle thinker than either Mackintosh or Buckle; by a man of such splendid natural gifts that the fruits of his genius, despite their brilliancy, are but the tokens of an intellect frittered away upon trifles—Thomas de Quincey. In his essay on 'Casuistry,' De Quincey pointed out that morals were continually undergoing the same change as law. Taking a familiar example, he supposes the Legislature to decree 'that he who exercises a trade, and no other whatsoever, shall be entitled to the benefit of the bankrupt laws. So far all is fixed; and people vainly imagine that at length a station of rest is reached, and that in this direction at least the onward march of law is barred. Not at all. Suddenly a schoolmaster becomes insolvent, and attempts to avail himself of privileges as a technical bankrupt. But then arises a resistance on the part of those who are interested in resisting; and the question is raised whether the calling of a schoolmaster can be legally considered a trade. That also is settled: it is solemnly determined that a schoolmaster is a tradesman. But next arises a case, in which, from peculiar variations in circumstances, it is doubtful whether the teacher can technically be considered a schoolmaster. Suppose that were settled: a schoolmaster, subdistinguished as an X Y schoolmaster, is adjudged to come within the meaning of the law. But scarcely is the sub-variety disposed of, than up rises some de-complex case, which is a sub-variety of this sub-variety; and so on for ever.' With the precision which marks his matchless style, De Quincey here indicates the process of development undergone by every law, whether it be declared by Parliament in the form of a statute, or set forth by the Bench as a new application of an old principle, or enunciated as a canon of natural justice, and recognised in a court of equity. We might, indeed, expect that little change would come over statute law, since the draughtsman strives to

make his definitions at once so wide and so precise as to take in every case that can arise. But his efforts are fruitless ; he fails to provide for a host of contingencies ; and, as barristers know to their bitter cost, the best-drawn statute is at first full of crudities, full of ambiguities, and may have to be applied for years before it can yield a definite and practicable set of rules. By that time it may produce results of which its authors did not dream, because they did not foresee a tithe of the conditions under which it should be applied. And if that is the case with statute law, much more is it the case with judge-made law, or the code of decisions that arises from the application of statute law to particular points. Those decisions refer only to single questions ; the judge strives to isolate the point at issue from every other ; and he will not, if he can help it, state a general principle beyond that laid down in the statute which he is racking his brains to decipher. Thus, when his judgment becomes the basis of another judgment, there is room for a host of doubts. When the second judgment forms the basis of a third, another host of doubts starts into existence ; and thus, little by little, the Court of Queen's Bench or the Court of Common Pleas makes a substantial change in the law. Mirabeau was right when he said that the man who administers governs. A nation cannot totally sever its legislature from its executive. It cannot divest its lawyers of law-making power. Even rigid statutes must bend before legal tendencies. But it is general principles of justice that we find most affected by the hand of development. Start a principle respecting the law of inheritance, and you cannot tell what shape it may take a hundred years hence. In the interval it may be used to decide a thousand suits, and judges may twist it to this side or that in order to meet the calls of unforeseen sets of things ; or they may do so at the bidding of those moral impulses which act on every generation so powerfully that they change the whole course of thought, and yet so stealthily that their presence is unseen.

If an alteration, or at least a development, thus takes place in the most precisely drawn laws, much more does it take place in ethical systems. Unlike laws, morals have no interpreter who strives to carry out the intention of the original statute. Hence they develop quickly under the influence of two causes : first, the circumstances of the time, which are ever changing, and ever bringing up new cases for judgment at the bar of conscience ; and, secondly, those leanings towards particular ways of thinking, which are the net result of all the forces, moral, intellectual, and physical that act on each age. Among the effects of those two causes are the practice and the science of Casuis-

try; and casuistry gives the original code of morals an unimagined scope and meaning. Many people will start when they see casuistry set in such a light. It has got so bad a name that a casuist has come to signify a man skilled in excuses for whatever is mean and wicked; a man who is a rogue and coward to boot. So cautious a thinker as Adam Smith fell into that mistake. And no wonder; since casuistry can be put to the worst of uses, and, in point of fact, the Jesuit fathers employed it for the erection of a moral system which read the New Testament backwards; which elevated whatsoever things were false, and dishonest, and impure, and hateful, and of evil repute into the rank of Christian virtues. For that sin against humanity the Jesuit theologians have been everlastingly gibbeted in the pages of Pascal, and since the date of the Provincial Letters casuistry has been under a cloud. Still it was not the thing itself that Pascal lashed with his wit and invective; it was only the abuse of the thing. And it is not the thing itself that we have ceased to employ; it is only the name of the thing. Casuistry can never cease to exist so long as men continue to think; for casuistry is simply the application of general principles to particular cases. Hence the practice of law is nothing but the practice of casuistry, and it is on casuistry that common law and equity law are built. Nay, every Christian teacher is a casuist; and woe be to him if his skill in casuistry is small! When he takes one of the chief maxims of his creed, and tells his hearers how they should carry it out in everyday life, he is, in the strictest sense of the word, teaching casuistry; teaching it well if he is a wise man, and badly if he is a fool. For eighteen centuries casuistry has been filling in the outlines of the Divine Moralists' scheme. Myriads of cases have come up for judgment; the most contradictory decisions have at first been given; and at times it has seemed futile to expect that men would ever unite in applying a particular command in a particular way. Still, in the long-run, the potent influences that act on every age do their work, and men gradually, tacitly, unconsciously, reach some kind of agreement as to the meaning of certain precepts. That agreement strikes into being another maxim; which men quarrel about again, until 'the silent forces' once more bring their opinions into harmony. Then issues another maxim, an offshoot from the original stem, and that provides another starting-point, with fresh room for disputation, and ultimately with fresh agreement. Such is the way in which great principles, when once they have been planted, strike their roots deep and wide into the soil of practical life; and so fertile are the grand ethical precepts that while human nature grows they grow too. Like human nature, they

are ever young and ever ripening ; so that, instead of being stationary in a world of revolution, they are the very emblems of progressive change.

We might cite a host of instances to show how the lamp of human life, as age by age its flame has waxed stronger, has lighted men to meanings in Christ's teaching which the early Christians failed to see ; but we shall content ourselves with the case of Slavery.

When the apostles went forth to preach the gospel some form of slavery existed among every people. Every nation, civilized and uncivilized, fancied that the man who had been captured in war had forfeited his right to liberty, and that the man who had been born in slavery had no right to freedom. Nor did the heathen moralists see that it was unjust to control one set of people for the benefit of another. They regarded slavery as one of the facts of life, like war and like death. Even to them it was an ugly fact ; yet it had its fair side ; and they never fancied that society could dispense with the institution. But how was it affected by the Christian revelation ? That question was hard to answer, because in the gospel slavery was neither directly praised nor directly attacked. Christ himself had never openly assailed any social or political fabric, but had been content to plant principles which, in course of time, should change man's convictions, and gradually kill everything that was hostile to His system. Neander has profoundly said that Christianity has changed the face of the world by working from within outwards ; by creating a new spirit, by causing men to feel new longings, and thus by taking away the support of vital sympathy from the things that fail to satisfy the new wants. In the long-run that process acts with such potency as not to leave a vestige of the old fabric. But while, like the denuding forces of Nature, it is all-powerful, like them it is slow ; and for centuries the nations did not clearly see that the spirit of Christ's teachings was hostile to the existence of slavery. The early Christians accepted slavery. The Church accepted it. Throughout a thousand years, it was, in one form or other, accepted by the most enlightened and humane of our race. And up to our own time it was accepted by such men as good for the West Indies and America, if not for England. Nay, it is only a few years since the clergy of the Southern States formally, and in a body, upheld slavery as a Divine institution. And they doubtless acted conscientiously. It would be grossly unjust to call them hypocrites. They expressed the sentiments of a whole community, and a whole community never tells a lie. Burke expressed a profound truth, the full significance of which is often forgotten even by

moralists, when he said that he did not know how to draw up an indictment against a whole people. The fact is, the Southern divines spoke the language of a past age, because they lived amid the conditions of a past age. But we in this country could be stricken with no such blindness. The institution was far away from the sphere of our own interests, and hence we could see it in its true light as an iniquity that set the very name of Christianity at defiance. The perception of that great truth has further developed the Christian system; has filled in another part of the immeasurable outline which the Master of all the Moralists drew; and has put into the common law of morality a decision which is not less binding than the original statute of the Legislator himself. No doubt, the retort may be made, that it is not Christianity which says that slavery is wrong; that it is not the apostles, but we who speak, when, between the lines of the gospel, we read words which brand it with the wrath of Heaven. At present we need not argue that point; we need only reply that Christianity sanctions the highest moral teaching which we have reached.

We are now in a position to sum up the argument so far as it has gone. Buckle's distinction between moral and intellectual laws is erroneous; *first*, because it is only the leading principles of morality that have anything like a stationary character; *secondly*, because the leading principles of science are not less stationary; *thirdly*, because the correctness with which a principle is stated does not measure its living effect; *fourthly*, because the progress of science mainly results from the application of its fundamental canons to practice; and *finally*, because the application of "the fundamental canons of morality" leads to a corresponding advancement.

Hitherto we have been combating merely the logic of Buckle; but we have not yet measured the prodigious extent of his error; his very method is fundamentally wrong. It proceeds on the assumption, that by the observation of outward phenomena, we can solve the psychological problem, whether the intellectual or the moral part of our nature contributes the progressive element to civilisation. But the assumption is totally erroneous. Buckle, indeed, fancied that the metaphysical method was bootless, that no satisfactory result could ever come from the examination of consciousness, and that metaphysics could be successfully studied only 'by an investigation of history so comprehensive as to enable us to understand the conditions which govern the movements of the human race.'¹ That theory was illustrated by a reference to the science of physiology. Physiology, he said, had failed to discover

¹ *History*, pp. 151-2.

the law that the male and the female births are nearly equal. Statistics, on the other hand, had proved that for every twenty female children there are born about twenty-one male. Now, argued the historian, if psychology will also call in the aid of statistics and observation, she will with the same certainty learn the laws of mind.

A more extraordinary argument was never used by a man of Buckle's ability. It is one of those amazing logical blunders with which he now and then startles his readers, after reasoning for pages with an acuteness that commands their admiration. Statistics, he tells us, discovered the proportion which the sexes bear to each other at birth. True; but all that statistics revealed was a mere fact, unconnected with any other fact by a chain of causes. *Why* the proportion of the sexes was about equal it could not tell. It could indeed point out that the respective ages of the parents had something to do with the sex of the offspring; but it was powerless to assign the cause. Now, it is just with that question that physiology has to deal; and the physiological method is no more valueless because it did not discover the law, than the statistical method is worthless because it did not discover the cause. The statistical method may indeed suggest the cause, just as the physiological may suggest the law, but each is dependent on the other for proof.

So is it also with moral and mental influences. The observation of history detects the existence of certain effects, but whether they spring from moral or from mental causes it cannot tell. That is a question for the psychologist; and the answer can come only from an examination of consciousness, just as an answer to the physiological problem can come only from an examination of the bodily constitution. The statistician can never reach the mind, never get a glimpse of mental processes; he can discover nothing beyond tangible results. Failing to see that fact, Buckle fancied that, by an appeal to statistical records, he could prove that the idea of free-will was a delusion, and that our destinies were determined by fatalistic laws. He easily showed that under certain conditions, a mass of men always act in a certain way, and he argued therefore that each man was impelled by an irresistible impulse. No inference could be more illogical. All that statistics can say is that men *do* act in a certain way; but *why* they act it cannot explain: whether their wills are free or not it is powerless to determine, and that question must be left for the metaphysician.

We are driven back then to consciousness itself for an answer to Buckle's problem, whether civilisation is more indebted to the operation of mental than of moral laws. And the answer

of consciousness is, that you might as reasonably ask whether a man is more dependent upon his mind than upon his body. You cannot sever mental from moral laws. There is no mental act which is not also a moral act, and no moral act which is not also a mental. Nor can the subtlest analysis discover how far the operations of a lifetime are determined by the one element or the other. On the one hand, our conduct is daily and hourly fashioned by likes and dislikes, for which it is so difficult to account on reflective grounds, that we vulgarly call them instinctive; but those expressions of our moral nature are inseparable from a series of mental processes, the links of which have dropped out of memory. On the other hand, the songs of the poet, the calculations of the mathematician, and the systems of the speculative thinker, are loosely termed intellectual products, though in many cases we cannot tell whether they owe more to mental or to moral gifts. *Paradise Lost* could have sprung only from a mighty intellect; but we should argue most illogically were we therefore to say that its iron strength and its sublimity are more indebted to the mental than to the moral soil in which they grew. Only a man whose passions glowed at red-heat, who had the faith of an apostle, and the fierce, aggressive zeal of a revolutionist, could have written either the *Areopagitica* or *Paradise Lost*; and only the rashness of hasty thought will venture to say that, with his pen in his hand, Milton relied more on his mental than on his moral strength. The same truth holds good with respect to men like Luther. The Reformation was an intellectual movement; since, on grounds of reason, it impugned the doctrines of tradition. But it was not less a moral movement; since Luther, Zwingle, and the hosts that hung upon their words, were impelled to set up the standard of rebellion by instincts which were as distinctly moral as the love of a mother for her child. Nay, such supreme products of logical inference as the *Principia*, or the *Kritik of Pure Reason*, are, to a large extent, the result of moral laws. The intellects of Newton and of Kant could not have reached their fulness of philosophical perfection, if, impelled by moral considerations, thousands of men had not previously chosen that path of lonely, silent thought, which leads by slow and imperceptible steps to the summits of discovery or speculation. Neither Newton nor Kant could have achieved those triumphs which make each shine for ever in the firmament of intellect, if nature had not as richly gifted them with patience, the love of truth, and the contempt for the garish distinctions of the world, as with the power of reflection. It may be said that the power of reflection gave shape to that patience, that love, and that contempt. Such is the argument of Mr. Mill,

who, while denying that the moral element is less powerful or less variable than the intellectual, contends that the moral agencies are 'in a great degree the consequences of the intellectual condition, and are, in all cases, limited by it,' so that it works with the united power of human conditions.¹ In a very important sense that is quite true, and in the course of this essay we shall endeavour to throw some light on Mr. Mill's doctrine; but for the purpose which Buckle had in view the admission is of little importance; and when Mr. Mill argues that 'the intellectual element' is, after all, 'the predominant circumstance' in determining the progress of mankind, we must join issue with him as emphatically as is consistent with our respect for a great thinker. The real question is, What is the chief motive power? And that question is not answered by the statement that the most marked advances in man's social condition always follow an unusual display of intellectual activity; for that activity is in turn a product of antecedent causes, and it raises the previous question, whether those causes are more largely made up of the mental than of the moral element. The truth is, the intellectual activity of such periods as that of Dante in Italy, Shakespeare in England, Voltaire in France, Hume in Scotland, and Goethe in Germany, registers the progress which has already been made, or which is going on, rather than gives birth to new conditions.

Such fruitless speculations as those of Buckle are, in great part, the result of an error into which psychologists have almost inevitably been led by the imperfection of words. For the purposes of scientific inquiry they have mapped out the mind into a series of faculties, such as sensation, perception, reflection, and imagination. Hence they often speak as if those faculties had an independent existence. But, in reality, there is no such independent faculty as perception or reflection. It is *we* who reflect, and *we* who remember;² it is the same mind that performs both acts; each act is merely the exertion of mental power for a particular purpose; and each species of mental process is dependent upon all the others. Had that simple truth been more steadfastly borne in mind, the world would have been spared many a dreary dissertation on such disputed points as the existence of a moral sense; many per-
versely ingenious attempts to sever the intellectual from the moral nature; and an immense array of psychological apparatus to explain how our ideas of right and wrong originated. It is with this question that, in the second or positive part of our

¹ *System of Logic*, vol. ii. pp. 529-30.

² See some admirable remarks on this subject in the work of a very acute thinker, Mr. Samuel Bailey's *Letters on the Philosophy of the Human Mind*, vol. i. p. 14.

argument, we have to deal, now that the ground is cleared for the discussion.

The truth is, that ethical systems owe their rise, not to one, but to every part of our nature, and that they are the sum of the conditions under which men live. We shall now endeavour to point out how they are planted, and how they grow.

Some apology might almost seem necessary for making such an attempt after the anathema recently pronounced against it by a great writer. In giving advice to men of letters, the author of *Shooting Niagara* says, 'I hope also they will attack earnestly, and at length extinguish and eradicate, that idle habit of "accounting for the moral sense," as they phrase it. . . . A very futile problem, my friends; futile, idle, and far worse; leading to what *Moral Ruin*, you little dream of! The Moral Sense, thank God, is a thing you never will "account for;" that, if you would think of it, is the perennial Miracle of Man; in all times visibly connecting poor transitory Man here on this bewildered earth with his Maker who is eternal in the heavens.' This is one of the rhetorical bursts which none but a man of genius is privileged to make without incurring a loss of reputation. If uttered by an ordinary writer, it would be cast aside as a piece of shallow irrelevancy. In Mr. Carlyle's sense of the term, no one seeks to 'account,' on scientific grounds, for the moral sense, any more than to account, on scientific grounds, for the primary source of the planetary motions. No physicist fancies that he can assign an ultimate cause for the existence of matter, or the operation of the laws to which it is subject. But we do not, therefore, scout as a trivial piece of information, or as an irreverent interference with 'the perennial Miracle of the Material World,' the law that in the planetary orbits the squares of the periodic times are as the cubes of the distances. In like manner, no moralist fancies that he can lay bare the ultimate causes of our power to distinguish right from wrong. That will be done only when life itself shall be explained. In other words, it will never be done at all. But none the less important on that account is the question, What are the proximate causes of our moral ideas? how are they connected with our mental tendencies and our social conditions? It is little short of a public calamity that the greatest living master of literary expression should proclaim that most barbaric of all worships, the worship of facts unconnected by a thread of scientific sequence.

It is of the highest importance to note at the outset that the question to be answered is not, What are the rules by which men's conduct ought to be judged? How we reach our ideas of moral truth is one thing; why those ideas are right is

another. By a hundred different ways you may come to the conclusion that it is wrong to tell a lie; and how you arrive at that idea is an important question for the moralist. Again, you may defend the doctrine that it is wrong to tell a lie by a hundred different arguments; and how you ought to defend it is another important question for the moralist,—whose chief work indeed is to find out some standard which shall mark off right from wrong, and measure the degrees of each. With this question, however, we have at present nothing to do; it is not a standard, but a process that we seek—the process by which men are taught that stealing, lying, and murder are wrong. There are two methods of search, the theological and the scientific. We may hold the decrees implanted by God in men's minds, or given through Moses and Christ, to be the only sources of moral truth; and that is a position which a theologian may take up when speaking to people who accept the principles from which he starts. But it is not a position for the man of science; since he speaks to everybody, and has to account on natural grounds for what he sees. Some things, of course, lie beyond the sphere of reason, and with those things he does not deal; but ethics lie within that sphere; for there is no moral precept that may not be upheld by reason alone, and none that may not have sprung from purely natural causes. When dealing with human relations, therefore, just as when dealing with the structure of the earth, science must keep clear of theology, must work on an independent footing, and must take nothing for granted that she cannot prove by an appeal to tangible facts. If, neglecting that duty, she allows her teaching to be coloured by the teaching of theology, she inflicts a wrong on herself and on theology too. Not that she need be hostile to theology. The geologist may, like Dr. Chalmers, also be a theologian, and may believe every word of the Divine record; still, as a geologist, he simply asks what the rocks themselves say, and whether natural agencies can account for those changes in earth and sea of which the rocks speak. In like manner, the scientific moralist may be a divine, faithful to his calling, zealous to keep by the gospel truth; still, as a moralist, he must not call in the aid of revelation, but must ask whether the powers and passions with which we are endowed by nature are sufficient to account for the existing ideas of duty. Nay, besides shutting out every supernatural agency, he must summon to his aid as few natural agencies as possible; for his aim is to reach the elementary principles from which the proximate causes of action spring, and Nature is parsimonious, using as few instruments as will suffice for the work in hand.

The next thing to seize is the method which science must

use in order to find out how moral systems come into being. Two ways are open. Looking into the constitution of our nature, science may inquire what moral opinions it must bring forth, without reference to the existing conditions of society; or, going back to the infancy of peoples, science may ask what code of opinions would naturally spring from the primitive relations of human beings. The one method, it is true, cannot be wholly severed from the other; to some extent both must go hand in hand; but, roughly speaking, we may term the one metaphysical and the other historical. Hitherto the metaphysical has been chiefly employed, but we shall confine our attention to the historical, which is by far the richer. As yet, comparatively little use has been made of that method. Montesquieu, indeed, was among the first to note its value; and, until a recent day, even students did not see how vivid a light it cast both on ethics and jurisprudence. Foremost among those who have taken away the reproach earned by that blindness is Mr. Maine, in one of the most profound and far-reaching books for which posterity will have to thank this generation. We cannot stop to do justice to that thinker's labours, nor have we space to show what a wealth of meaning his *Ancient Law* has given to existing moralities and legal usages, by tracing them to the fountain-head in the twilight of antiquity. We can but briefly indicate how rich a mine still lies hid in the primitive records, awaiting the moralist who shall come to the work of excavation with an analytical pickaxe of the requisite temper and strength.

The first thing to be borne in mind is that social relations pass from the simple to the complex. In order of time, the family goes before the tribe, and the tribe before the nation. Hence the first form of government is patriarchal.¹ Let us then, for the sake of simplicity, take an instance of family life from a period before the dawn of civilisation, and from some Eastern country, where the pasture is rich, where herds roam about wild, and where a few people divide between them indefinite reaches of land. Each family is made up of the head or patriarch, of the wives, of the sons and daughters, and of the bondsmen. Each so speedily multiplies that in a few years it may swell to several hundreds. Each holds its goods in common; private property is unknown; the cattle, the pastures, the wells, and the servants, belong to all the members; and though the patriarch has the power of saying how the

¹ Mr. McLennan, in his thoughtful and ingenious work on *Primitive Marriage*, speaks of an anarchical stage before the patriarchal; and so does Sir George C. Lewis, in his *Methods of Observation and Reasoning in Politics*. For the purpose in hand, however, we may leave that stage out of account.

wealth shall be used, he acts merely on behalf of those over whom he rules. Such a family has seldom to go beyond its own limits for help or companionship. It is strong enough to guard its flocks; it gets from its sheep and cattle all the means of living; and it has not acquired those artificial tastes and wants which force civilized peoples to mix with each other in order to buy and sell. Moreover, it has the strongest temptation to keep away from other families; for, while it stays apart, it has the freest control over its own goods, and some of its liberty would be gone were it to form alliances with strangers.

Now, let us assume, as science is bound to assume, that, in his natural state, man has no idea either that life is sacred, that theft is wrong, that truthfulness is good, or that obedience is due to parents. The problem then is, how could such a state of society as we have pictured plant all these ideas in man's being, and plant them so deeply that he afterwards finds it hard to say how they took root at all, or whether the germ from which they sprang was not sown by Nature herself? The question may at first sight seem difficult to answer; but the difficulty will vanish if we keep in view the fact, that the primary aim of every society, as of every person, must be self-preservation. That is a very different thing from selfishness. Selfishness leaves no room for virtue; self-preservation is, in one form or other, inseparable from virtue. When a man goes to the stake rather than deny his faith, he aims at self-preservation,—at the preservation of what is noblest in himself, of his spiritual being, of his truthfulness, of his communion with his Maker; and he feels that apostasy would be, not self-preservation, but suicide. When, at the risk of his life, a man defends those dear to him, that also is an act of self-preservation; for, if you cut away the objects of his affection, you cut away a part, perhaps the best part, of his being. When a man chooses death rather than let an invader desecrate the soil of his native country, he also strives for self-preservation; since the traditions, the history, the fame of his own land are part of his own possessions; and since he feels a loftier pleasure in paying for the safety of the helpless women and children with his own life, than in paying with outraged honour for his own security. There is also a lower form of self-preservation, at which we instinctively aim in the presence of danger. The child, as well as the grown man, shrinks from peril. At every hour of our life we are engaged in defending some part of ourselves from violence or death. Thus self-preservation,—that is, the preservation of our lives, of those dear to us, of our opinions, our religion, our political institutions, our freedom, our property,

in one word, our possessions,—is the primary aim both of man and nations.

Such a family as we have supposed constantly strives to protect its members, its cattle, its herds, and its creed from death or decay. All its customs and usages are so framed as to shield the community from harm. Now the indispensable requisite for safety is that the family tie shall be strong. If it is weak, the first gust of adversity, the first quarrel between two of the brothers, may serve to scatter the herdsmen, and to destroy all those fond associations, those friendships, those visions of future supremacy over neighbouring families, which have been built up in the course of generations. That result can be prevented only by the strength of parental authority; and hence filial obedience speedily becomes the highest of virtues. The dependence of the child on the father strikes the first note; the father's power to command brings with it the idea of a right to exact obedience; the habit of obedience breeds the idea that disobedience is unnatural; and when years of reflection bring the knowledge that rebellion against the father means the ruin of the family, that act is speedily exalted into the unpardonable sin. It is difficult for us to have the faintest idea of the despotic authority which is thus wielded by a man whose right to rule rests, in the first instance, on the fact that his subjects are his own sons and daughters, bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh; and rests, in the second instance, on the fact that they form a little community, which, at any cost, must be kept separate from the world. When Abraham proceeds to sacrifice Isaac, he does nothing more than what the traditions and the necessities of the patriarchal life give him a perfect right to do. As a son and a subject, Isaac is the absolute property of his father; he has no rights save those which he gets from his father; his very life is at the disposal of his father; and his father will take that life at the bidding of the Lord, or to save the family from ruin. While the social conditions remain the same, parental authority grows in strength, because fresh proofs of its necessity come before men's eyes every day; so that in time the commands, 'Children, obey your parents,' and 'Peoples, obey those set over you in authority,' speak to men's minds with all the force of an edict set forth amid the thunders of Sinai. Nor are the precepts forgotten at the death of the special causes that gave them birth. Institutions often flourish for ages after the decay or the departure of the special conditions that called them into being. So has it been with caste, with the feudal system, with privileged orders of men. And when, like the family system, institutions have a natural fitness for all times and all states of society, the iron hand of

primitive authority stamps them on the memory of the world for ever.

Take next the case of theft and murder. We need not suppose that the human heart bears the inscription, 'Thou shalt not steal,' and 'Thou shalt not kill;' since the instinct of self-preservation is sufficient to account for the knowledge that stealing and murder are sins. The first aim of a tribe or family being to guard its life and its property, it must prevent secession and quarrelling at all hazards. But secession and quarrelling are inevitable if there be any danger that particular members will seize the common property, or raise their hand against a brother. If each fears that his neighbour will take a score of cattle for the use of his own tent, or lie in wait to kill his fellow, the sept will soon fall to pieces. For each man will then look to his own interests, and claim exclusive possession of some cattle, on the plea that he has caught or fed them; the community of goods will be gone; the bonds of authority will be loosened; the camp will resound with the voice of strife and the clang of arms; so that either the brethren will each become kinless, unprotected wanderers, or, taking advantage of the anarchy, some neighbouring tribe will reduce them to bondage. That dreadful fate may result from the slightest act of theft or violence which goes unpunished, because one such act may quickly lead to a fatal series. Hence it is punished with a severity that leaves an undying memory of social wrath; or rather the awful consequences are so manifest that men shrink from theft or violence as from a sin that can never be forgiven. Thus is struck the key-note of the great moral precepts, 'Thou shalt not steal,' and 'Thou shalt not kill.'

But at first the note is merely local. Outside the tribe the commands do not apply, because theft and murder have there no such dreadful issues. Though the Eastern shepherd is bent on keeping his own sept from destruction, he has little inducement, and therefore little desire, to be the guardian of others. When he sees a strange family fall to pieces before the shock of internal strife or outward attack, he does not regard the event as a personal calamity. He may not help to bring it about, unless he be strongly tempted by the lack of those things that the other tribe possesses; but if he be in need of water, or flocks, or wives, and if he can satisfy his wants by plundering a hostile tribe, he does so without scruple. Or if he can guard himself from future attack only by dealing an immediate blow, he does not hesitate to strike. For the very motive of self-preservation which makes him guard the lives and the common property of his brethren, prompts him to plunder and to kill when he leaves his own tents. Respecting his own tribe,

that motive says, 'Thou shalt not steal,' and 'Thou shalt do no murder;' respecting other tribes, it says, 'Put the men to death, seize the women, enslave the children, and take possession of the flocks.' Thus the very instinct which checks the action of covetousness and passion in one place, gives covetousness and passion the freest rein in others; so that what is deemed theft or murder if committed within the family, is held to be lawful war if done beyond the family bounds. And the same cause determines the ideas of truth, of female purity, of mercy, and of compassion. In so far as self-preservation is seen to dictate a respect for those things, they are respected; and, since that dictate applies to the tribe, the tribe itself is free from cruelty, from lying, and from seduction; nay, the very idea of committing such deeds within the tribal tents is viewed with the same horror as we regard the act of a parricide. But outside the sacred circle, they are usually lawful, because self-preservation bars the way with no decree of doom; and sometimes they take the form of duties, because self-preservation says that, at any cost, a certain well must be seized, that a hostile sept must be put to the sword, that an invading family must be kept away from a rich tract of land by stories of its barrenness, and that, in Sabine fashion, a crowd of women must be captured. Hence the conscience of a patriarchal tribe presents a bundle of contradictory precepts. In dealing with his own family, it says that a man must be kind, truthful, honest, self-sacrificing; in dealing with the family of others, it says that he must be cruel, deceitful, selfish, thievish, murderous. Inside a certain geographical boundary, his ethics are those of a Christian; outside, they are those of a savage.

An exception to this rule may seem to be furnished by the case of child-murder. To that practice primitive tribes are notoriously addicted; yet it might appear to be doomed by the primary law of tribal existence, since it might seem calculated to destroy that sanctity which surrounded all the tribal relations. But if we examine the subject by the light of the latest researches, we find that the exception is only apparent. It is the law of self-preservation which, in the first instance, decrees the destruction of infant life, and it is the same law which, in the end, gives infant life a sacred character. So long as tribes wander about, at war with each other, and hard-pressed to escape starvation, they are strongly tempted to commit systematic infanticide, unless they believe that the children will, on reaching maturity, increase the family strength. The males present that prospect; and, as a rule, the males are spared. But the females hold out no such hope. Throughout life they are a burden to the nomadic and warlike clans; and

therefore many of the female children are sacrificed. In time, however, two things serve to destroy the cruel practice,—first, the law of blood-feud; and, secondly, the security of settled life. No sept can long withstand attack, unless each member accounts himself the guardian of all the others. Accordingly, the law of blood-feud is recognised by every primitive people. To avenge the death of any clansman who falls by the hand of an enemy is a sacred obligation, which each of his brethren strives to fulfil, and which descends from father to son, until the blood of the victim is wiped out in the blood of the slayer or the slayer's kinsmen. The practice of commuting the guilt of blood by a fine, of which Tacitus speaks in describing the Germans, and of which the Norse laws present such signal records, belongs to a later stage of society. Now, as Mr. McLennan has shown,¹ the pitiless resolve to exact life for life, even at the distance of the third and fourth generation, helps to root out infanticide. For, curiously enough, the necessities of primitive marriage make one tribe the avenger of the infant blood shed in the other. The custom of destroying female children obliges the septs to go beyond their tents for wives; and the only way to get wives is to steal them. The rape of the Sabines, therefore, typifies the rough method of primitive courtship. Thus a score of clans may all be at war with each other, and yet be all knit together by the tie of blood. That tie, however, only strengthens the feud, since it is represented by women who have been carried off by force; and there is a constant effort to make up for the loss of one woman by the capture of another. Still, as infanticide has originally destroyed the balance of the sexes, woman-stealing cannot afford a wife for each man. Hence, revolting as the fact may seem, the original practice is for a woman to have several husbands. That arrangement leads to a most important consequence. It renders the relationship between father and children so difficult to trace, that in practice no such relationship can be recognised, and the parenthood must be traced through the mother alone. But the mother belongs to another tribe. Hence the children are the wards of that tribe which, if they are slain, holds itself bound to avenge their death. Consequently, the man who kills a female child knows that he may thus bring on himself or his family the undying wrath of the infant's kinsmen; so that the practice of infanticide, by sending men to hostile tents for wives, calls into being a race of executioners who punish infanticide with death. At first that fact may not suffice to stay the slayer's arm, because he is tempted by the prospect of immediate relief from a heavy burden, while he is deterred only by

¹ *Primitive Marriage*, p. 262.

the fear of distant punishment ; and when the present and the future come into competition before the eye of the savage, he instinctively chooses the present. In time, however, infanticide brings so much bloodshed, that the very law of self-preservation by which it was originally produced helps to pronounce its doom. Men see that the price of strangling an infant may be the destruction of the tribe. When they see that, they hold the practice to be wrong. When they see it vividly, they hold the practice to be one of those iniquities for which there is no pardon. Still, so hard is it for one tribe to know who has slain its infant wards in another, that the price of child-murder can be but fitfully exacted. Therefore, while life is nomadic, the law of self-preservation has not sufficient strength to cause the utter extermination of the custom ; and, only when men reach a settled state, and when tribal safety no longer calls for the sacrifice of children, does the parental instinct get free play, and is the sacredness of infant life recognised.¹

So far, we have been dealing only with the Statics of primitive society. But we must also trace the effect of the Dynamics. Side by side with a Statical works a Dynamical law. In union with the instinct of self-preservation, acts the instinct of accumulation ; the instinct which prompts us to increase the amount of our possessions, whether moral, mental, or physical ; the instinct which, in a thousand forms, is represented by our love of power. That instinct is never absent, either from the savage or the civilized man ; and it brings us at once to the efforts of each to better his material condition. Those efforts, in their primary as well as in their later form, may be roughly summed up under the name of scientific discovery. Even in the infancy of the race much was done to make the forces of Nature the servants of our kind. The man who first lighted a fire, who first made a bow and arrow, who first learned to swim, who first hollowed a canoe, did precisely the same kind of service that has since been done by our Watts and Arkwrights. And a crowd of savage Watts and Arkwrights must have lived. Now, each of those discoverers helps to change the condition of his fellows, to bring them into near relations with each other, to enlarge the boundary which each seeks to guard from harm, to increase the number of people in whom each has an interest, and thus to give the moral wants of each a new development. With the progress of the race come new means of quickening mental activity, and hence a greater number of

¹ We do not mean to say that this result always happens. The case of China proves that it does not. The exceptions, indeed, are only apparent ; but to trace the subsidiary causes of divergence from the general law would demand a separate dissertation.

Watts and Arkwrights. Accordingly, the boundary of human interests enlarges at a quicker and quicker rate every year. Already we find it impossible to compute what science has done to bind nations together, and perhaps the achievements of the future in this direction may dwarf our mightiest conception of progress.

Next in order of development after the scientific agency comes the agency of formal speech or literature. The necessity for union under a leader brings the call for gifts of persuasion or the exercise of eloquence. Hence the first literature of a people always takes the form of popular harangues. Addressed to men whose range of ideas is small, whose reasoning powers are undeveloped, and whose chief guide is feeling, those harangues are appeals to such instincts as the love of life, the love of tribal safety, the love of power, and the love of victory. Coming from men who must speak as if for life or death, they are appeals of the most impassioned character. Expressed in language which is essentially imitative, which is stiffened by no abstract doctrines, and sobered by no conflicting ideas, they wear the garb of poetry. Thus, in obedience to a law of speech, they rise into rhythm. Hence their cadences, their measured beat and flow, give them a hold on the savage memory. Snatches of the rhetorical outbursts become the songs of the people; and, lodged in the mind of barbaric Homers, those songs are welded together, are attuned to a finer music, and are kindled into a brighter flame. They are sung in the tents of the people, until they become the Bible of the tribe. Heard by other families, the hero and the scene of the fight are appropriated, and, year by year, the ballad rings over a wider and wider field. One by one the sharp local features disappear, until the hero gains a mythic stature, his sway acquires grander bounds, and the people who followed him to victory become in number like unto the sands on the sea-shore; so that from every watch-fire goes up the incense of poetic worship to the representative of a mighty past, in which a thousand tribes claim a share, as the golden age when their fathers fought with the strength of gods, and their mothers wore the beauty of divinity.¹ As the provincial note of the songs thus dies away, and as they appeal more to the feelings which are common to the whole race, they become a common heritage of septs that were

¹ The subject of the origin of poetry, to which we make these brief allusions, is a rich and unworked mine of instruction for the moralist; but it could be adequately treated only in a separate essay. Much light has been thrown on the subject by Coleridge and Carlyle, and still more by Professor Maasson. Macaulay discusses the subject in the preface to the *Lays of Ancient Rome*, but he misses the all-important point, the connexion between emotional speech and rhythm.

once deadly foes, and they tend to unite those families by the bond of a common sympathy. So is it, at a later stage of society, even with thoughts which have not the advantage of an artistic garb. At first they have a local tone. They are meant to strike down some local wrong, or uphold some local right. But in time the provincial note is hushed, and the influence of the thinker's words is seen in altered sympathies, which prompt men to claim kinship with each other. So is it also with religions. They also are at first local; but men outgrow the original ideas, and at length the great underlying principles break through the provincial covering, and help to bring unity of feeling. Thus every song, every thought, every religious creed helps to unite society with the cement of sympathy. How society is brought under the influence of those forces we have now to see.

The effect produced by science and literature forms so trite a subject, that we have passed it by with the briefest notice. It is more important to mark the change that takes place in man's condition through the disintegration of the tribes. That disintegration means the severance of the individual from the tribal life. At first a man has hardly any personal rights. He has no private property. He is not free to leave his brethren without their consent. He cannot take a wife without their permission; and, if he does marry, his wife is not exclusively his own. Even his children belong to the tribe as well as to himself, and, for the good of the tribe, they may be enslaved or put to death. Nay, his very life is not his own, and it may be sacrificed as a peace-offering to the angry gods that have sent a drought upon the herbage, or smitten the cattle with death. But, sooner or later, a change of social conditions brings relief to the individual. As the tribes increase in number and in size, they have less room to roam about, and they tend toward a settled life. As they become settled, they look for other means of livelihood besides the tending of cattle. As they find those means, and turn craftsmen as well as herdsmen, the septs grow more dependent on each other; because a market is needed for the surplus wares. As that market is obtained, the individual members gain a new independence; for when a man sells the things that he himself has made, he forms a bond of interest with the buyer, and naturally thinks himself more entitled to the price than his neighbour who has given him no help. In time this idea saps the notion that the goods of the tribe should be held in common, and gives rise to the institution of private property. When that institution strikes its roots, even in the feeblest fashion, the family ties which bound the sept together are speedily severed; the tie between buyer and

seller is added to that of blood; and tribes which can minister to each other's wants are knit in the bonds of a new unity. Once begun, the process goes on with ever quickening speed. The desire for private gain, that is, for individual power, strengthens the more it is fed, and, in a few generations, serves to unite the wandering families of a whole country under the rule of a few chieftains. The movement is powerfully aided by war. War gives birth to alliances which cannot be easily severed; and when those unions are seen to be a source of new strength, they instantly tend to grow in magnitude; so that a few centuries may serve to hammer a nation into existence out of the loose materials originally furnished by a multitude of wandering families. Quicker and quicker becomes the process, until it is checked by the barrier of race, or language, or religion, or climate, or distance, or impassable mountain frontiers. But in time that obstacle is also broken down, as men grow better able to cope with the antagonistic force of natural or artificial agencies; and civilisation is only the history of the effacing process.

Thus the relations which exist between human beings have a constant tendency to widen. That is, the number of people in whose welfare we have an interest ever tends to increase. Self-preservation, therefore, is ever bidding men give a corresponding stretch to moral precepts. In time, they no longer think it right to kill or steal in places which were once the scenes of their forays; because the inhabitants of those places are now their companions in arms, or their customers in the market. Thus, as one tribe after another is added to the number of their allies or their neighbours, as the scattered community swells into the city, as the city swells into the nation, as the nation forms ties of friendship with adjacent countries, and as all the countries of the earth acquire common interests, the primitive decalogue gains a wider geographical sweep. First, the command was, Thou shalt kill no one who lives in your own tents; next, Thou shalt kill no one who lives in your own valley; next, Thou shalt kill no one who speaks the same language, worships the same gods, and dwells in the same land as yourself; and finally the lapse of ages brings the precept, Thou shalt kill no one who has not forfeited his life by committing murder, by striving to take your life, or by entering the lists of battle against your country. That is the length to which Modern Civilisation has reached. Modern Civilisation does not say that it is wrong to kill; what it condemns is the killing of certain men. But the most benighted barbarism says the same thing. The difference between the two stages of society does not lie in the enunciation of the command, 'Thou shalt

not kill : ' that command is common to both ; the superiority of the later stage comes from the grander sweep which the command receives. The savage applies it only within a narrow circle, because thus only can he guard from destruction the hut, the canoe, the fishing-grounds, the herbage, the flocks, the wife, and the children that form his highest idea of earthly good. The civilized man applies it over all the earth, save when self-defence calls for the suspension of its force ; because thus only can he guard that religion, that wealth, that political and family life which form the highest idea of earthly good to him. So is it also with the practice of taking away men's property. Civilisation does not call that practice wrong ; civilisation calls it wrong only in certain cases. We continue to despoil the felon and the belligerent ; nor does the savage do more. He as well as we knows the difference between stealing a thing and taking it ; he as well as we holds that it is right to rob none but enemies. The difference between his case and ours is, that he is at war with all the world, while we are not ; and hence that, in self-defence, he pilfers whatever he can seize beyond his own village. That is his way of waging war. At worst, he is only a King William of Prussia on a small scale, and the cow that he drives off under questionable circumstances is only his Schlesvig-Holstein, which he has seized as a 'reprisal' for past injuries, or to guard against 'remote eventualities.' If he had a Bismarck to write his despatches, he could, when arraigned by the neighbouring Powers on the charge of having stolen the said cow, make a capital defence. He could say that the cow was partly his, because she had once taken a mouthful of his grass ; or that the owner had milked her too often ; or that she had solicited his intervention by winking hard when he passed ; or that he was sadly in want of cream ; or that his wife was passionately fond of the under-cut ; or that he was bound to despoil the Philistines in order to keep the Philistines from despoiling him. Now-a-days, we steal cows in droves, and when the Powers ask for explanations, we put those excuses into diplomatic language.

We might cite a host of instances, all showing that the tendency of progress is to kill the local type of virtue by altering the conditions of life, by knitting man in new relations, and thus creating new bonds of sympathy. We have space to give but one other example. If there is any virtue which is specially modern, we might suppose it to be philanthropy. We sometimes speak as if we had invented that virtue. And the idea is correct, so far as it relates to the scale of our charity. But, in truth, we have invented philanthropy only in the sense that we have invented induction ; we have built it into some-

thing like a system, and given it new applications. Philanthropy, or the duty of helping each other, may be summed up under the politic axiom of Drummond, that 'property has its duties as well as its rights;' but within certain limits, that axiom has always been practised. It has always been practised up to the point defined by the law of self-preservation. The difference between the past and the present is, that the law of self-preservation no longer impels us to stand with drawn sword against all comers, and hold every man to be an enemy who is not connected with us by family or by national ties. On the contrary, it impels us to grant help on every side; because thus only can we keep the hand of decay from that religion and that feeling of humanity which are amongst our most cherished possessions. So we send the gospel to distant savages; we pay with our wealth and our blood for the redemption of the slave; and we relieve the miserable whether they merit help or not. But in the times of the Heptarchy, our ancestors could no more have done such things with safety than we could with safety send a supply of revolvers to a gang of Fenian rebels. A Saxon John Howard was a physical and a metaphysical impossibility. You might as well talk of a Patagonian Laplace or a Tasmanian Kant.

We have next to note, that human relations are not only ever widening, but ever growing in complexity and number. To get a vivid idea of the change which thus comes over ethical systems, we must cast a glance at the natural world, and mark the ascending scale of variations in animal and vegetable types. Mr. Darwin has made us all familiar with the theory of Natural Selection, by which he strives to account for the development of the lowest into the highest forms of life. Whether he succeeds or not is a question that has already been discussed with much fulness of detail in these pages, and the sufficiency of Mr. Darwin's theory has been contested;¹ but, for the purpose in hand, we need not re-open the discussion, since it is sufficient to know that, within certain limits, Natural Selection is at work, and that, to some extent, it does alter existing varieties. Sooner or later, Nature does put to death the more feeble works of her hand, and the process of extermination goes on in every clime, until it leaves a race that can exist with ease. Thus, to take a familiar example, a hardy breed of horses live under conditions that would kill a weaker set. Nature is ever weeding out the less robust animals; killing them before they reach maturity, or destroying their puny young. Now and again she brings together a pair of horses wondrously adapted for a peculiar range of circumstances; those creatures transmit their special qualities to their

¹ *North British Review* for June 1867, Art. 'Origin of Species.'

offspring ; and that offspring starts with such a fund of strength as to remain in a few generations the victors on the battlefield of existence. Thus we get a new variety. A second set of influences may produce another variety, equally strong, but endowed with a fresh set of qualities. From those two varieties comes a third, uniting the good points of both ; and the upward process may go on, until as strong a breed is produced as the circumstances of climate and soil will foster. If those circumstances are changed, if the heat becomes greater or less, and the food more plentiful or more scarce, the altered conditions kill old types, and encourage the growth of new. Whether this process of transformation is boundless, or speedily stops at a hard impassable line ; whether it can create new varieties, but not new species ; and whether, after a time, the type reverts to the original form, so that every trace of the links that went between is ultimately lost,—these are questions which our present purpose does not require us to debate ; since the way in which moral codes acquire complexity and majesty is sufficiently illustrated, if, even within narrow limits, there is such a process as Natural Selection.

In the moral relations of man we see the operation of the law. Every tribe has a character of its own, sharply distinct from that of every other ; and the difference is partly the result of outward, and partly of inward forces. The herbage for its flocks may be abundant or scanty, the wells few or many, the beasts of prey fierce or tame, the neighbouring families hostile or friendly. Or it may depend for its food upon the chase, upon the patience with which it tracks animals too swift to be outrun, upon the courage with which it faces beasts of prey, and upon the cunning with which it entraps creatures that shun the abodes of man. Or again, it may live on the sea-coast, with a barren reach of country inland, and be forced to seek its food upon the waters. All these modes of life develop peculiar types of character. Men become lazy or industrious, courageous or timid, so robust that they can endure days of fasting and unceasing toil, so effeminate that a few weeks' hardship will strike them down. If a man cannot withstand the trials of his position, Nature puts him, or his children, or his children's children, to death. She constantly clears away her failures, and keeps only those beings who can live with ease under the conditions she has prescribed. Natural Selection, therefore, is constantly at work among men as well as among animals : the weaker are constantly trampled down in the struggle for existence ; their place is taken by those who possess the precise set of qualities demanded by outward circumstances ; and thus distinct types are everywhere created, remarkable for courage, for chivalrous daring, for patience, for

obedience to authority, for contempt of death. Each of those qualities in turn is divided into varieties, which have been determined by the character of the conditions that gave them birth. From the pastoral life springs one type of courage, from the life of the hunter springs another, from the life of the fisherman a third, and so on throughout the sections that make up the narrow circle of primitive existence.

So much for outward influences. But social intercourse brings into play inward influences too. Every tribe contains some men who tower above their fellows in reasoning power, cunning, sagacity, eloquence, wit, bravery, strength of will, and all the other gifts of a leader. Those savage Alexanders and Cæsars and Luthers soon stamp their own character upon the soft nature of their fellows. A tribe is made remarkable for daring, for wealth, for skill in handicrafts, for gifts of persuasion, for the songs it sings, for the legends it keeps green in memory; so that it comes to have as distinct an individuality as a modern nation, and, were the wandering families of a pastoral country to pass before us in procession, we should have a panoramic view of moral and intellectual types.

While, however, each is strongly marked, the scale of differences is not wide; the combination of notes has a savage simplicity; the intonations of morality lack that compass which results from civilisation. And if we take a very familiar, not to say a very vulgar instance from the natural world, we shall see the cause of that barrenness. Breeders have remarked, says Mr. Darwin, that the sheep which belong to poor people can never be improved, because they are in small lots, and can thus present at any one time no great diversity of character. Hence, as a rule, they can furnish few specimens of rare excellence, and thus few progenitors for a high breed. But if the whole country be searched for fine specimens, and if the best be used for breeding purposes, we get new varieties, rich in qualities inherited from strong ancestors, and communicated by the myriad influences of climate and soil. Now, precisely the same principle holds good with respect to the virtues of savage tribes. Since the septs live apart, each is largely dependent for fresh strength and richness of character on the high individual natures that are born within its own tents; and since such natures appear only at long intervals, each family is scantily furnished with the means of improvement, and can never go beyond a narrow range of expansion so long as it lives alone. But in time it ceases to live alone. In time, as we have already said, it joins itself to others, which form fresh unions with ever quickening rapidity, until the tribal atoms are beaten into a nation. One effect of this process is that, generation after generation, men are exposed to

richer and richer moral influences. Each family brings its peculiar virtues to the common stock, each barter one quality for another, or rather each adds to its native qualities a series which it has hitherto lacked. One brings courage, another patience, a third endurance, a fourth humanity, a fifth chivalry, a sixth tenderness, a seventh large ideas of justice, and so on throughout the gamut of simple virtues. When the representatives of those qualities meet day by day, when they intermarry, and when they fight by each other's side, they mutually transfer their individual virtues; one moral type is grafted on another, and the offshoot is grafted on a fresh stem until new types arise. Thus the same man comes to display both endurance and humanity, both chivalry and justice, or both high-souled tenderness and daring. Nay, the same man comes to manifest all those qualities. His ancestors were naturally as well-meaning as he; but they had no such ideas of goodness; they never fancied that the whole duty of man was not summed up in such commands as these,—Be brave; be tender to your brethren; be ruthless to your enemies. The circumstances of their life had forced no others into existence. They had been taught no others. They had seen no living example of the beauty and the majesty which others might wear. But when a crowd of people exemplify by their whole existence the benign influence of a new set of qualities, which have been written on their hearts by the experience of unremembered generations, they find a host of imitators, converts, disciples; so that the seeds of the new morality are speedily sown throughout society.

On the other hand, when the separate tribes meet there is a decline as well as an advance. For each tribe has bad as well as good qualities peculiar to itself, and both sets are brought to the common stock. In the family where the evil grows it may do little harm, because the conditions of life may not call for the constant exercise of the virtue to which it forms a reflex. One's self may be so sheltered from attack that it has seldom to brave death, and can reach its immediate ends by cunning. In that case cunning becomes its special virtue, and courage seems foolhardiness. Mix a few such classes with a few others whom necessity has taught to defy peril, and there is a conflicting action; the courageous tend to spread the idea that cunning is contemptible, and the cunning to spread the idea that courage is merely the rashness of grown children. If surrounding conditions make the existence of such a people dependent on bravery, then indeed the cunning will be silenced, and all the members will become fearless. But if, on the contrary, those conditions put a premium on cunning, then the Iago-like type of character will ultimately prevail; for Nature will so work as to stamp out courage or cunning, according to the

necessities of the case. In either event, however, both influences will work for a time, unless the way be barred by some tremendous social or physical doom. So long as men live in small clusters such a doom manifestly awaits certain sins. Since the habitual commission of those sins would bring destruction to the tribe, they are branded with everlasting infamy, and the strength of tribal loyalty is sufficient to keep the sept free from deadly iniquities. But when one class is joined to another, so as to form a little nation, the special sins are no longer so immediately fatal to the commonwealth. Hence they are not linked beforehand with the ancient penalties of dreadful wrath; fathers do not tell their sons that he who lifts his hand against his brother's life or honour is accursed; and sons cease to fear the execrations of their kinsfolk, and the death by stoning or by fire. Each admits, of course, that the community could not exist were all the members to give their passions free play. But each adds that he is not the whole community, that his self-denial cannot keep others guiltless, and that his individual sins cannot do much harm. Thus the work of ruin may go on from generation to generation, until men are reckless of consequences, and the very idea of social duty is dead. Thus vice may flourish until cities become Sodoms, fit only to perish in the Lake of Fire.

And they do perish in the Lake of Fire. A great deal of nonsense has doubtless been talked about the vengeance which Nature exacts from the wrongdoer, and it is presumptuous to say that in this life punishment always follows guilt. So far as individual men are concerned, the ways of Nature are often inscrutable, and God is verily a God that hideth himself. Still, history says clearly enough, that in the long-run wickedness brings weakness, and weakness brings death. It seems as if in the moral, no less than in the physical world, force were indestructible; as if an act of wrongdoing were a distinct forth-putting of energy in the direction of ruin; and as if systematic iniquity must entail a heritage of death on some one—not perhaps on him who is guilty, but on those that fill his place. Sooner or later wickedness does exhaust the energy on which it lives, and, when it competes with stronger qualities, Natural Selection smites it down in favour of the vigorous moral type. Thus it is that Nature is constantly clearing the ground for those who live in accordance with her laws; thus it is that low moral types are constantly making room for high.

Is there then no limit to the improvement which results from that great law? Is the future to be purely a time of advancement? Is there to be no break in the line of progress like the chasms that darkened the old-world life; and is one fair civilisation to develop so naturally out of another that we

shall be unable to mark the dividing line? Many thoughtful men are not sanguine enough to give an affirmative reply. In Modern Civilisation they do not see so fair a plant as to call for Philistine shoutings of joy. On the contrary, they point to signs of blight which may be the token that the civilisation of Europe, like the civilisation of Assyria and Egypt, is pregnant with the seeds of its own decay. And they ask us what grounds we have for our certainty, that between the present time and the next great era, there may not be 'a parenthesis of darkness,' on which the future may look back with such feelings as those with which we view the gloom of the middle ages. That question is more easily put than answered; but, without venturing to offer a complete reply, we may indicate the play of forces that, after working tremendous havoc among existing institutions, seem destined to bring forth a rich moral future.

The disintegration of society into units seems to be rapidly reaching its farthest limits, and civilized countries to be already agitated by a returning current, which, without destroying individual action, may yet bring some such oneness to the community of nations as that which was presented by each of the ancient tribes. But the old unity was narrow, because the range of possessions was small; the new unity will be rich and wide, because the new possessions will include everything that the heroism, and the piety, and the intellect, and the affection of millenniums have heaped up. The tribesmen had to guard only their petty herds and their petty traditions; and, living in the midst of perpetual war, they aimed at the unity of isolation. We shall aim at the unity of all-embracing sympathy, because the great law of self-preservation now gives the rein to those instincts that bid us seek a market in every land, and make all men sharers in the good of our institutions, our literature, and our religious faith. And those instincts seem destined to change the face of the earth. The day may come when petty geographical divisions shall disappear, when distinctions of race shall no longer sow enmity, when religion shall no longer breed strife, and when war between two nations shall seem as suicidal as war between two adjacent cities. Tribal loyalty was good in its time, and patriotism is good in ours; but the day may come when patriotism shall be as antiquated as tribal loyalty itself. Between this day and that may lie thousands of years of ruthless extermination; and nothing else, indeed, can give us such a change. As natural and artificial boundaries grow weak, peoples will come more and more into competition with each other, and, year by year, Natural Selection will operate with more remorseless rigour. In the long-run, everything that cannot flourish under the new conditions will die; every local type will tend to disappear. Thus

will it be with language. In language there is a principle of vitality, either vigorous or weak; already a hundred languages have been killed by competition with less feeble tongues; and some day every language on earth will be put on trial, and preserved or killed by Natural Selection. Thus will it be with philosophies, and ethical systems, and religions; whatever part of them is merely local will die. Thus will it also be with race.

We English are stamping out the aborigines of America, New Zealand, and Australia, nor can any power on earth avert their speedy extinction. When the inferior races are cleared away, the superior races will come into competition with each other, and engage in a combat none the less bloody because it will be waged amid no din of battle, and because it is the forces of Nature that will heap up the slain. Thus race after race will silently disappear; for it is written on the tablets of history that the strong shall inherit the earth.

Not that all local distinctions can be blotted out. Strength is a relative term; the language which is strong for one purpose may be weak for another, and that which is adapted for one set of circumstances may not suit a second. Races that are all-powerful in some places do not flourish in others. Nor, when we see how quickly local distinctions spring up, can we expect that the utmost combination of races and languages shall ever obliterate the local types of each. Still there is a constant and ever-quickenening tendency towards that result. The tendency is to kill the local type of everything, and to replace it by a higher variety; that is, by a variety related in a greater number of ways to the best types on earth. Hence the tendency is to clear away old causes of strife, and ally men by the ties of brotherhood. Therefore the tendency is to give ethical maxims a wider and wider sweep, and the history of the whole future promises, despite a hundred breaks in the chain of progression, to be the record of the process by which men's ideas of duty grew in dignity and range.

So far we have traced the moral effects of the Statical and the Dynamical laws of society on the one hand, and the law of Natural Selection on the other. We may seem, however, to have passed by one powerful agency,—direct teaching. What influence has been exerted by the formal teachers of morals? That question divides itself into two,—first, What power is exercised by those who teach dogmatically? and, secondly, What power is put forth by those who rely on reasoning? The primitive moralists are all dogmatists. Formal reasoning is a plant of late growth, and the first offshoot of a savage soil is poetry. A primitive people want, above all things, a belief in a person, not in a system. They want a man whom they can trust, whom they can follow, who can think for them,

and fight for them : a man who can give tangible proofs of his power to do something. Hence the first moralists are also leaders of the people. They are poets and captains too. Now, if we keep in view the limits imposed on society by the law of self-preservation, and if we look at the features of primitive poetry, we shall be able to measure the amount of foreign instruction which the tribes received from the early moralists. It is clear that the septs embraced no doctrines hostile to those which, in obedience to the law of self-preservation, grew up in their own minds ; because, had they done so, they would have taken the surest means of breaking the tribal tie, and the rapture of that bond signified death. It is equally clear that no such doctrines were taught ; because all ballad poetry is barren of innovating truth. Ballad poetry never speculates, never sets forth new views of duty. It is content to echo existing doctrines. Its ethical teaching is simply the floating ideas of the age, put into artistic form, and sung in melodious verse. A primitive moralist, therefore, is a rhetorician rather than a thinker. He may indeed wield enormous power for the moment ; still he is not a disturbing cause in the series of ethical progressions ; he quickens the growth of society, but he does not cast it into new forms ; and hence, in dealing with the changes that moral systems undergo, we need make no allowance for social aberrations on his account.

After the poetical or emotional period comes a time when men's minds are sufficiently sharpened for the play of dialectic, when argument is used in place of command, and when discussion becomes an instrument of change. How far, then, is that instrument a disturbing cause in the path of moral advancement ? We believe that its power in this respect is less than people generally imagine. Indirectly, the question has recently been discussed in a brilliant and able book, Mr. Lecky's *History of Rationalism*. In tracing the development of opinion, Mr. Lecky points out a fact which every student of philosophy must have noticed, the fact that arguments against religious persecution, against a belief in witchcraft, against the infallibility of the Pope, against commercial protectionism, are in one age powerless, and in the next omnipotent. Centuries ago, the reasons against all those things were, so far as words went, stated as clearly and as cogently as they are now. When the fires of persecution were at their hottest, thinkers were arguing that religious intolerance was irrational and wicked. When the Church was burning witches to death, thinkers were writing books to show the absurdity of the belief that old women could hold communion with the Evil One, ride upon a broomstick, or smite the objects of their wrath with sickness. Yet the logic of tolerance and common sense

had no effect. Men burned witches as remorselessly as ever, and put heretics to death with the firmest conviction that they were doing the will of God. Nor can we attribute their obstinacy to the fact that they did not know what the thinkers were saying. Many of the worst persecutors and the most superstitious devotees were among the most accomplished men of their time; skilled in logic, versed in science, well acquainted with the arguments used to save the witch and the heretic from the death of fire. Yet they were deaf to reasoning which now seems so obvious as hardly to demand statement; and the logic which we think flawless appeared to them so full of holes that they fancied the man who used it must be either a villain or a fool.

It is clear, therefore, that argument, by itself, is but a feeble weapon; and we shall readily mark the source of its weakness, if we take a series of opinions, and see how they are rooted in our nature. Try to explain how you came to believe in apostolical succession, in the goodness of Toryism or of Liberalism, in the virtues of the British Constitution, in the civilizing power of the House of Lords, in the statesmanship of Mr. Disraeli, in the logic of Mr. Lowe, in the fitness of the Gothic architecture for places of religious worship, in Episcopacy or Presbyterianism as a form of Church-government, and the chances are that you find yourself in a thick mist. If you are skilled in reasoning and a master of statement, you can easily show why you *ought*, or think you ought, to believe in any of those things; but why you do believe is another question. The more subtly you analyse each opinion, the more vividly you see that each has struck its roots in every part of your being; that affection, dislike, and sympathy, as well as reasoning, can claim it as their offspring; that the circumstances of your life, your early training, the books you read, and the companions you meet with, have all done much to give it shape; and that, even when you thought you were basing it upon all the facts within your ken, you were really basing it upon a few facts, (chosen) in obedience to an unconscious bias, which was the expression of your whole life. Suppose, however, that you are challenged to defend one of your most deeply planted convictions—the conviction, say, that women should have the suffrage. You put forward the best reasons you can muster. Well, an acute dialectician, a Cranborne or a Lowe, takes up each argument in turn, and shows that it is untenable. You cannot refute him; he is clearly the master in logical fence. Still you are not convinced. What he has refuted is not your arguments, but your statements. His scythe-like logic has cut away only the words, not the thing itself. With all your skill in mental analysis, and all your power of expression,

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you have given only an outline of the arguments which have brought conviction to your own mind, and each of those arguments has a context, which can never be wholly expressed, and which is due to all the influences that you have undergone through life. That context is linked to every part of your nature. So deep does it go, that even when a man starts with what looks like an elementary proposition, he is really laying bare the last link in a long chain of inferences. Another man may start with the same proposition, and yet, so different is the context in his case, that he means something totally different. Hence logic is usually powerless to root out a man's cherished convictions; it does not reach the centre; it misses the mark because the mark is never seen.

We are thus able to measure the tenacity with which a nation holds to its moral opinions despite the results of criticism. No analysis, however keen, will mark the myriad points at which those opinions strike their roots. And even if that could be done in one age, the work would have to begin again in the next; the grounds on which any opinion is believed being identical in no two successive generations. Hence the arguments which convince us that witchcraft is a delusion, and that religious persecution is wrong, could not have convinced an ordinary man four centuries ago. Nay, paradoxical as the statement may seem, they ought not to have convinced him; for in themselves they were not so strong as they are now. In themselves, we repeat, they were not arguments, but statements of arguments, and behind them lay a hidden context which took for granted a myriad of propositions. But those propositions had not been proved to the satisfaction of the people; on the contrary, they seemed monstrous untruths. To us they seem truisms, because we have come under a host of influences that never acted on our forefathers; and hence the argument which was addressed to the sixteenth century in favour of religious toleration, though verbally identical with that which is addressed to the nineteenth, is essentially different. In the sixteenth century, you might have said that the faggot could not convert a man to a belief in transubstantiation; that some people could not help becoming Calvinists, any more than others could help becoming Buddhists; that you had no right to dictate the religious creed which each individual should profess; that the attempt to uproot error might result in the uprooting of truth; and that, if false, heresy would perish from the sheer want of vital strength. But those arguments could not bring conviction. Each of them is the result of intellectual processes that have been conducted for ages; and each of them furnishes room for a lifetime of argument. Nay, even if each were sufficient

to silence the persecutor, he would still rest stubbornly on the fact, that if he did not take the most ruthless means to stop the spread of heresy, the Church would no longer retain her old dominion. But the Church was the most valued of old-world possessions. She had no competitor. Science had not distracted the people from religion. Political life had not furnished a new source of activity. Gigantic trade had not arisen to enlist men's time and sympathies. Speculative philosophy had not sown distrust in the theology of tradition. Heaven was a living verity, hell an awful reality. Every occupation of his life was linked with thoughts of supernatural beings, who had been sent from on high to reward him, to punish him, to lead him back when he should go astray. Deaden or destroy in the peasant's mind the belief that he was on trial before heaven, that the Church was his guide, and that the Judgment Day should assign him a place among the blessed for ever, or doom him to burn everlastingly with the damned in hell, and you took away the half of his existence. Hence to him heresy seemed some such crime as the most wicked of murders seems to us. He was quite prepared to applaud the decision of the Inquisitor that the heretic should die. And the Inquisitor himself, as the representative of the whole clergy, dealt out terrible vengeance to the heretic, because he felt that the heretic was striving to rob the world of every blessedness—of religious comfort in this life, of eternal felicity in the next.

We are not denying, of course, that argumentative discussion does much to change the world's convictions. We have already shown the effect of Casuistry, in which that form of discussion plays a large part. And we admit that, in the long-run, it has a powerful effect, by constantly presenting truths in certain lights, and by prompting men to think in a certain groove. Thus it helps in some measure to create what has been felicitously called a new 'climate of opinion.' And it is specially powerful when it takes the form of speculative teaching. That teaching draws attention away from practical questions, and awakens less prejudice than direct attacks on existing doctrines or institutions. A man who is firmly convinced that transubstantiation is a reality may study the speculations of Berkeley; may then conclude that we have no reason to believe in the existence of the outward world; may next hold that substance, as opposed to accidents, is an unmeaning term; and hence may afterwards find, or think he finds, that the theory thus firmly lodged in his mind cuts at the root of the sacerdotal doctrine. Conversion often happens in this way. A plausible defence, indeed, might be offered for the idea that the metaphysicians rule the earth. The truth is, however, that argu-

ment by itself is feeble, and that in the case both of intellectual and moral opinions, the grand source of change is the development of social conditions from the simple to the complex; a development mainly caused by the two instincts of which we have traced the operation,—the instinct of self-preservation and the instinct of accumulation; a development quickened, but not distorted, by the influence either of dogmatic or argumentative teaching; a development corrected at every turn, and kept from giving permanence to low moral types, by the law of Natural Selection.

We may be charged with taking no account of two other sources of moral advancement, in the revelations of Moses and of Christ. The answer is that, in so far as each lawgiver went with the current of his age, the ethical problem will best be solved by watching the current itself; and that, in so far as each worked by supernatural means, the question is beyond the domain of science, and does not come within the scope of our discussion.

We may also be charged with impugning the immutability of moral truth, since we have shown that ethical systems change from age to age. The answer is, that we have given the highest proof of the immutability of Moral truth, by showing that the change is only a development; that from the infancy of man the highest virtues of civilisation were practised; that they were practised on a narrow scale merely because such a scale was imposed by the necessities of existence; and that the future will never change their essential character, but only give them a grander sweep. As well might you impugn the immutability of the principles of logic, on the ground that induction led Thales to one result and Faraday to another. It is the circumstances of their respective ages that brought Thales and Faraday to different opinions; not the logic which each applied. So is it with moral truth. Moral truth is immutable, but the circumstances of the age determine the nature and range of its application.

Gathering together, then, the scattered threads of the argument, we note, first, that the combined influence of the Statical and the Dynamical laws of society breaks down the provincial barriers which separate family from family, tribe from tribe, and nation from nation; secondly, that the change gives affection, generosity, self-sacrifice, and every other feeling of our nature a freer range; thirdly, that moral types are thereby developed which have a fitness for all times and all places; fourthly, that other types are produced, which, being essentially local, are essentially weak; fifthly, that Natural Selection severs the two varieties, and smites the weaker with death; sixthly, that science, literature, and direct moral teaching, go hand in hand

with those agencies, but are not disturbing causes ; and finally, that the Natural History of Morals is the history of social conditions.

We have hurried over the vast field so quickly that we have been able only to scratch the surface. Our purpose has been to give merely a rough and rapid outline of the great task that still awaits the moralist. The ground is, to a large extent, virgin, and it offers a bounteous harvest to the strong hand that shall guide the ploughshare of thought and learning through the rich subsoil.

It is no bare prospect, no dead mechanic past, that we unveil, but a past majestic with the sequence of ordered law, and working through seeming confusion, and unceasing strife, and the din of angry voices, to that ' far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves.' To the eye of the Moralist, the history of the race, with its restless life, its sins, its sorrows, its heroisms, its records of destruction, its immortal legacies of beauty, its faiths and its scepticisms, its Sodoms and its Babylons, its Jerusalems and its Romes, opens up some such stupendous world of progression as the inscriptions on the rocks summon before the eye of the geologist. Away into the boundless distance sweeps the mysterious swelling sea of mountain and plain, laying bare at intervals some slow deposit, on which is written the history of dead and living moralities ; of simple types, hardly organized as yet, that from the world of civilisation have for ever passed away ; of more complex types that struggled with death for ages before they perished ; and finally, of the richly-organized types that came into being when life had gathered a myriad complexity, and that fight with each other for existence in this teeming, many-peopled, many-sounding age. Everywhere Nature strews her path with dead heroisms, and dead nobilities, and sin, and suffering, and mysterious doom.

' From scarped cliff and quarried stone

She cries, " A thousand types are gone." '

The earth is a moral graveyard. The very dust is the ashes of the dead. The soil in which our virtues grow is the *débris* of a buried world, that sinned, and suffered, and did ignoble deeds, and lived heroic life, and watered the seed-fields of the future with its tears and its blood. And our virtues and vices will, in turn, be but fossils which the eye of science shall curiously scan, and they will finally crumble into dust, from which the moral harvests of the future shall spring ; and the world that shall draw its moral life from our ashes will also in time form but one tiny layer of dead bones in the never-ending strata of existence ; and thus shall it be throughout the weary generations of men.

- ART. V.—1. *Report of the Commissioners appointed to Inquire into the Recruiting for the Army*, 1867.
2. *Notes on the Military Forces of the Kingdom*, 1867.
3. *On the Expediency of the General Introduction of the Military Drill and Naval Exercises in the School Stages of the Elementary Schools ; and of employing Soldiers on Civil Work in time of Peace.* By EDWIN CHADWICK, C.B., Correspondent of the Institute of France. 1867.
4. *Statistical, Sanitary, and Medical Reports, Army Medical Department*, vol. vii., 1867.
5. *Memorandum on the Prussian Army in relation to the Campaign of 1866.* By Lieut.-Colonel REILLY, C.B., Royal Horse Artillery.
6. *Was wollen wir ? Armee-Reorganisation oder Armee-Desorganisation ? Vierte Auflage.* München, 1867.
7. *Organisation Militaire. Exposé de M. Staempfli, Ancien Membre du Conseil Fédéral et Ancien Chef du Département Militaire Suisse.* 1866.
8. *Das Leben der französischen Officiere und Soldaten.* Darmstadt und Leipzig, 1867.
9. *De la Démocratie en Amérique.* Par ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE. 14me Edition, tome iii., 1865.
10. *L'Ouvrier de Huit Ans.* Par JULES SIMON. Paris, 1867.
11. *L'Armée Française en 1867.* [GENERAL TROCHU.] Douzième Edition. Paris, 1867.
12. *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1867.

'We have arrived,' observes General Trochu, in one of the ablest and most interesting of the many essays on Military Organization which the war of last year has produced, 'at one of those periods of transition in the existence of armies, which mark the end of certain systems employed in the wars of the past for the inauguration of others to be employed in the wars of the present. It is the merit and the fortune of Prussia in 1866, as formerly in the time of the great Frederick, to have foreseen this evolution of the art of war, to have studied its conditions attentively during a long peace, to have discovered them for the most part, and to have opportunely and resolutely applied them.'¹ We cite the observation, not merely for the importance in itself of the double conviction of high military authority in France, that military systems have arrived at a period of transition, and that Prussia has correctly apprehended its conditions, but because the passage raises inquiries

¹ *L'Armée Française en 1867.*

respecting the causes, objects, and tendencies of the vast armies of the Continent, which it did not fall within the purpose of General Trochu to treat of, though they are inquiries of the first importance to the people of this country, to many of whom the 'period of transition in the existence of armies' in prospect, has long been a period of general disarmament. The questions which General Trochu discusses, are, indeed, far from being military questions only. To his credit as a man and a citizen, as well as a soldier, he looks at an army not as a mere instrument of victory, but as a powerful social agent for the improvement or the corruption of a nation. Every year, he urges, an army withdraws from different parts of the body of society, and every year it returns to it a number of citizens,—*'Une redoutable question se présente, sont-ils dans l'ordre moral, sont-ils dans l'ordre physique, améliorés ou dénaturés ?'* 'Public spirit, public morality, public health, the power of the race to increase, the gradual elevation or degradation of the life of the nation in some of its most important conditions,—such is the immense theme which, for fifty years, has agitated legislation on recruiting for the army.' We too, in this country, are deeply interested in the moral and social effects of different military systems, as well as in their efficiency for war; but the theme which they present to our minds is yet vaster. Why do these mighty armaments exist? Do they threaten war? Are they all aggressive or defensive alike? Is England safe in her present military system? Even an unreformed Parliament, full of promotion by purchase, could it have realized 'the period of transition in the existence of armies' at which we have arrived, might have been moved to repentance by the powerful voices which have but preached in the wilderness, Army Reform. Nor will the return of a reformed Parliament suffice of itself to insure the sort of army reform that is needed. The sort which eminent Parliamentary Reformers have advocated before now has been army extinction.

So many indeed are the reasons for believing that war must finally disappear before commerce and civilisation, that not only is the question of the probability of war always discussed by practical men in this country with reference to some passing cloud in the political sky, but powerful speculative thinkers, both here and on the Continent, have found in the very institution of the standing armies of modern Europe an evidence of the cessation of warfare. Montesquieu, it is true, in a passage cited by M. Jules Simon, lamented, a century and a quarter ago, that a new plague was spreading over Europe, disordering its sovereigns so as to lead to the maintenance of inordinate numbers of troops. 'As soon as one State increases its forces, the others at once increase theirs, so that nothing is

got by it but general ruin. Every monarch keeps upon foot all the armies he could if nations were in danger of extermination ; and the name of peace is given to an effort of all against all. We are thus poor amid the riches and commerce of the whole world.' Yet Montesquieu reckoned the proportion of soldiers to the population of Europe at one in a hundred ; and Adam Smith, nearly half a century later, said it was commonly computed that no greater proportion of men could be employed as soldiers by any civilized State without ruin, while now the Government of France is endeavouring to raise an army of more than 1,200,000, out of a nation of 48,000,000, that is, to make available as soldiers nearly a thirtieth of the whole population. This one fact might stagger those who believe with M. Comte (of whom the late Mr. Buckle was on this point an eminent disciple), that the tendency of the economy of modern Europe to put an end to war was shown in the establishment of permanent armies, as feudalism declined ; whereby they argue (and argue with a truth which, in our opinion, militates against the conclusion drawn from the argument) that the majority of the inhabitants of each State were weaned from the practice of arms. We are of those who think, on the one hand, that the tendency of true civilisation is to substitute armed nations, as in Germany and Switzerland, for standing armies such as those of Russia and France ; and, on the other hand, that the institution of standing armies, so far from tending to abolish war, created it—created it, that is to say, in the modern sense of hostilities on a vast scale, waged by immense forces, and protracted often for several years. The feudal militia was a defensive institution, by its structure wholly incapacitated for other than petty hostilities, by its interests at home indisposed for long or distant campaigns, and under no obligation to undertake them in the interests of a monarch. It is a remarkable example of the error of looking at only one side of the shield, that powerful reasoners could regard as pacific institutions, the rise at the same time of military monarchies, and of a special class devoted to warfare, by their interests bound to it, placed at the disposal of a single chief who wielded the resources of a whole nation, and who was enabled by the very existence of such a class, monopolizing all military knowledge and discipline, to defy the wishes of the great body of his subjects for peace. The men of peace were disarmed, while the men of war were armed with the deadliest weapons. The mere establishment of permanent armies placed forces adequate and disposed to great wars upon foot, but they did much more to create such wars by placing at their head the very person who suffers least by the interruption of peace, who feels

none of the privations of a campaign, and need incur none of its dangers, even if he takes the field in person ; who can stop the war if he tires of it, who has all the pride and ambition generated by immense power and supreme rank,—a rank, moreover, which, among his few equals in other nations, is proportionate not to the wealth and prosperity of the nations under his own control, disposing them to peace, but to his own military power and success. Lord Bacon, no mean authority in matters of kingcraft, treating of ‘the true greatness of kingdoms,’ and meaning literally the greatness of *kingdoms* as contradistinguished from nations, has authoritatively pronounced: ‘In all experience you shall find but three things that prepare and dispose a State for war: the ambition of governors, a state of soldiers prepared, and the hard means to live of many subjects.’ Nor is it an immaterial consideration that the establishment of the great military monarchies of modern Europe, with professional armies at their command, involved the cessation of the only attempt that has ever been made towards a general tribunal for the pacific adjustment of international disputes—the one beneficent use of the stupendous spiritual tyranny of the Papacy. There are, we believe, two preliminary steps requisite to terminate war,—in the establishment of free institutions, and the substitution of national militias for standing armies ; but the danger of war can never disappear altogether until the civilized world has a common legislature, and a common tribunal for international affairs ;¹ and the autocrat who wields the whole power of one nation cannot enter a congress on equal terms with the mere deputy of another nation ; he cannot legislate for either national or international interests on purely national or international grounds, apart from both personal and dynastic concerns. So opposite to national interests for peace are the interests of personal government, that after showing how popular institutions disincline for war by the prosperity they create, and the intelligence they arouse, M. de Tocqueville lays it down as the first maxim in the science of tyranny, that the shortest and surest method of destroying political liberty in a nation is to make war. For that is the way to establish a standing army.

From the foregoing considerations alone, it may be asserted to follow that Europe is not done with armies or with war ; but

¹ We must take leave, without entering upon an irrelevant discussion, to enter a protest against the doctrine that the domestic independence of nations is incompatible, under any form of government, with an effective international legislature or tribunal,—a doctrine which rests upon reasoning supported by authority which we highly respect, but rests nevertheless, we presume to assert, upon a juridical fallacy.

there are other conditions of its present situation which tend to make the dangers of war more imminent and alarming, and armies larger than ever, even in the most peacefully disposed States that mean to maintain their independence. M. de Tocqueville points out as two of those conditions—first, that nations are becoming more alike, more equally armed, and versed in the same military practices, so that particular troops, like the Swiss, lose their old national superiority; the force of numbers prevails; and *la raison déterminante de la victoire étant le nombre, il en résulte que chaque peuple doit tendre de tous ses efforts à amener le plus d'hommes possible sur le champ de bataille.* Another reason given by this political prophet is, in effect, that the centralization of power has centralized national life; the enemy who strikes at the capital of a country now strikes at its heart, rendering prolonged struggles on the part of its other members impossible; whence it becomes indispensable to have a vast organized force at hand to resist attack from the first. To these circumstances may be added another very obvious one, that the increased proximity of States, and the power of concentrating large forces suddenly upon a given point, together with the tremendous weapons invented by modern art, make the danger of swift destruction to an unprepared nation such as can scarce be exaggerated. Those eminent writers who, like Mr. Buckle, have seen in improvements of the means of locomotion and of arms only persuasives of peace, have looked again only at the white side of the shield. It rests, in fact, upon no doubtful authority, that the Prussian army would have marched straight upon Paris had the Luxembourg difference led to a rupture, and that the knowledge of this in France is one cause both of the present feeling towards Germany, and of the increase of levies and the hastening of armaments.

In days when such dangers as have just been referred to were less imminent and less formidable, M. de Tocqueville concluded as an indubitable proposition, that the days of the independence of all small States, that is to say, States unable to bring vast forces into the field, were numbered. But if States are measured by their military forces, if their independence depends upon such a condition, in what condition is England? *L'infanterie Anglaise est la plus redoutable de l'Europe, heureusement il n'y en a pas beaucoup.* Such was the apophthegm of Marshal Bugeaud, founded upon his Peninsular experience, and General Trochu endorses it. Nor are we disposed lightly to abandon the belief, notwithstanding the force of De Tocqueville's reflection on the increasing similarity of nations in military, as in other respects, that the United Kingdom possesses, in its varied elements of race, and its invigorating clime, the

potential materials of more powerful and indomitable troops than any other country in Europe. As a matter of fact, however, the number of our regular troops is small to the point of comparative impotence, and both quantity and quality are declining. Even the Commissioners who reported last year in the old official spirit of making things smooth on behalf of established institutions, could not but admit :—

‘The evidence given before us, and the returns, all tend to show that during the last two years the number of recruits raised for the army has not been sufficient to supply the demand. It appears to us that the mode of raising recruits is not calculated to develop the military resources of the country satisfactorily, or to obtain a sufficient number from that class of the population which in former years used to enter the service, and which it would be most desirable again to attract to its ranks.’¹

The first witness examined, Colonel Graham, Inspecting Field-Officer of the London District, in answer to a question whether the recruits were obtained chiefly from the country, as formerly, replied, ‘I never see what I used to see, namely, the chawbacon fellow in a smock-frock. Anybody walking to Blackfriars Bridge, or other parts of London where great public works are going on, would at once perceive the difference between the men there employed and the men who are enlisted.’ Another witness stated, ‘I do not think that the soldier of the present day is in stature or physical development equal to the class of recruits enlisted before 1854, nor are the present men superior in point of intelligence, notwithstanding the many additional advantages during the last twenty years.’ This witness added, ‘One of the present difficulties in recruiting is caused by the immense emigrations from Ireland, where I witnessed some years ago the greatest enthusiasm among farmers’ sons, and the peasantry generally, for the army. I have never seen any such enthusiasm among any class in this country, where wages are usually higher. So good a class are not obtained in England as the majority of those raised in Ireland used to be.’

Ireland used to furnish nearly one-third of the soldiers of the British army; but the proportion of Scotch recruits too is falling off, and the deficit can only be nominally supplied by descending to a much lower class of the English population for recruits, who, moreover, can by no means be counted on to serve. Of the recruits obtained in the seven years, 1859-1865,

¹ Report of the Commissioners appointed to Inquire into the Recruiting for the Army, 1867.

nearly 50,000, that is to say, an entire English army, *deserted*,¹ while in the year 1865 alone, upwards of 68,000 soldiers were 'admitted into hospital,' out of a total strength of 73,000. Under all these circumstances, we think we may take the necessity for a radical reorganization of the British military system as demonstrated. It is indisputable that we find ourselves, with the largest surface of empire open to attack at the greatest number of points, approaching closer each year to the vast and increasing armies of the great Continental Powers, with not only small but diminishing and deteriorating forces on our side. Cries have been consequently heard from our Press from time to time for disarmament, especially on the part of the two great States nearest to us; but apart from the fact that great armies are rather the effects than the causes of the situation of Europe, we could ill spare the very two armies chiefly complained of, notwithstanding the uneasiness they occasion; and the reforms we may wish to introduce especially into one of them. Were both those armies annihilated to-morrow, a Czar would reign from Behring Strait to the English Channel, and England could hardly pre-

¹ Report of the Commissioners appointed to Inquire into the Recruiting for the Army, 1867, Appendix K 8:—

RETURN of DESERTERS advertised in the *Police Gazette*, showing those who absconded previously to Attestation, those who absconded between Attestation and final Approval, and those who passed into the Ranks.

Year.	Absconded Recruits, being Desertions after Enlistment, but previously to Attestation.	Desertions after Enlistment between Attestation and final approval.	Total Desertions after Enlistment, and who did not pass into the Ranks.	Desertions of Men after passing into the Ranks.	Total.
1859,	2,482	2,516	4,998	6,330	11,328
1860,	1,766	1,891	3,657	6,867	10,524
1861,	709	642	1,351	5,084	6,435
1862,	354	177	531	3,448	3,979
1863,	559	208	767	3,727	4,494
1864,	817	369	1,186	3,805	4,991
1865,	954	375	1,329	4,287	5,616
	7,641	6,178	13,819	33,548	47,367*

* Out of this number 34 non-commissioned officers and 254 privates are stated to have deserted, taking with them stolen property.

serve her independence by decoupling her forces. We have reason to regard the troops of Prussia, and even of France, as police who protect us unpaid; at the same time that we must also regard them as evidences of the imminent danger of general war, for the chances of which we are, in the eyes of other nations, ludicrously, and by our own almost unanimous confession, lamentably unprepared. It is true that there are some who trust to non-intervention to keep England out of all future conflicts; but would Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Italy, or Turkey, be secured by crying non-intervention? And why England more so, save in so far as she is more powerful to enforce non-intervention in her affairs on the part of other States? The desire of the citizens of a peaceful commercial nation to enter a regular army is nevertheless far from being stimulated by the prospect of danger; and students of De Tocqueville will remember his confident prediction that, in the face of the growing necessity on the one hand for larger armies to maintain national independence, and of the increasing dislike of commercial populations for military life on the other, all nations must abandon the system of voluntary enlistment for that of compulsory service in arms. He was speaking, however, of the bare conditions of self-preservation, strictly considered; and we entertain little doubt that he would have answered that a double military system, retaining the voluntary element, is necessary for Great Britain, so long as she has an Indian and a Colonial Empire, in addition to her own insular territory, to defend. On this point we shall have again to remark; the point which demands our immediate attention is that there are very different systems of compulsory military service in Europe, differing in their cost, their moral and social effects, their efficiency for national preservation and aggressive war respectively, and their tendency to foster a free and patriotic spirit, or a spirit of tame submission to tyranny at home and of domination over neighbours abroad.

The present system of conscription for the regular army in France, with a long period of service, has been sometimes erroneously ascribed to the French Revolution. It is, on the contrary, significant that the inventor of conscription in its modern shape (for compulsory service of some sort, *e.g.*, impressment in England, is an old institution or practice in most countries) was the autocrat Peter the Great, the founder of a policy of territorial aggrandizement which, unless Russia emerges, with unparalleled rapidity, from the condition of a military empire, must inevitably drown the world in blood once more. The French Revolution, on the contrary, was a national

revolt against the whole system, of which a standing army is the body, and tyranny the soul; the leaders of the Revolution vehemently proclaimed that standing armies are the weapons of despotism, and that there is no obstacle to both tyranny and aggressive wars like placing the sword in the hands of those whose urgent interest it is never to draw it save in defence of their country.¹ Assailed from without, however, a country without training either in arms or in political liberty, became the recruiting ground of a military chief; and that military system was founded, which military authorities, such as General Trochu, condemn almost as emphatically as social economists, such as M. Jules Simon. The distinctive characteristics of the French system, in contrast with the Prussian, are, *first*, that only a proportion, a very large proportion indeed, of the able-bodied youths of the French population attaining the military age is drawn for the army by ballot; *secondly*, that substitution is allowed in the case of those who can pay for a substitute; and, *thirdly*, that the conscript's period of service in the active army in France is twice as long as in Prussia. These distinctive characteristics make the French soldiery a separate class, and military service a special trade; whereas, in Prussia there is a national army in which every man's service is rendered as a duty to his country. The number of conscripts drawn yearly in France has hitherto varied from 60,000 to 100,000, the legal period of service being seven years.² Henceforward, if the last Government plan is carried out, the number of conscripts will be largely increased, and the period of service will be six years; the additional levy forming a reserve, in barracks during a part of each year. These changes will but add to the burden of the system, without altering either its political character, or its military and civil results. General Trochu, who throughout his pages speaks as the exponent not only of his own convictions, but also of the principles of Marshal Bugeaud, pronounces, without qualification, against those conditions which make a professional soldiery of the French army, and separate it morally and socially from the nation. The efficiency of any army has, he says, two main conditions, a motive power and a mechanism, a soul and a body. The one is the spirit which animates the individual members; the other,

¹ 'Les armées perpétuelles n'ont été, ne sont, et ne seront pas bonnes,' was Mirabeau's cry, 'qu'à établir l'autorité arbitraire, et la maintenir. La corruption, la vénalité préparent les chaînes d'un peuple libre, mais c'est, et c'est seulement la puissance légionnaire qui les rive. Le peuple a droit d'avoir, et de porter les armes pour la défense commune. Quand il en perd l'habitude, il se trouve bientôt quelque ambitieux qui met tout en œuvre pour en profiter. Une milice bien réglée est la défense convenable, naturelle et sûre, d'un gouvernement libre. Point de mercenaires.'

² In practice, usually five or six years.

its organization as a whole; and of these he attaches most importance to the former. But what are the feelings in which he finds the true motive power or soul of an army?—Not in the habits of discipline, the supposed *esprit de corps*, the self-interest of a veteran soldiery, but in the fresh patriotism of the citizen, the natural sentiments of the man, and the *élan* of youth. The passages in which he speaks on this subject are a study not only in military art, but in mental philosophy. In popular education, both in England and France, the true soldier is the ‘old soldier,’ whose heart, such as it is, is supposed to be in his profession. Far different is General Trochu’s estimate of the worth of such soldiers, considered even merely as soldiers. From the day, he maintains, that the soldier looks on his regiment as his home, and military life as his career, the best ingredients in the true soldierly spirit begin to forsake him,—patriotic devotion, chivalrous ardour, and the natural affections of the human heart:—

‘A ce moment il aliène volontairement sa liberté, non pas momentanément, mais pour l’avenir, et on peut dire pour toujours, car la continuation du service militaire va le rendre radicalement impropre à l’exercice de sa profession manuelle, surtout au travail des champs, en même temps qu’il deviendra de plus en plus étranger à la famille. En sorte que le service et le régiment devront désormais et définitivement lui tenir lieu de tout. De là, inévitablement, une certaine altération de *ces sentiments naturels au cœur de l’homme*, et un abandon à peu près complet de ce que j’ai appelé *les passions inhérentes à sa condition de citoyen*.’¹

Look, on the other hand, at the picture of the true soldier, with the martial training of one, but not without the sentiments and qualities belonging to youth and a peaceful home and profession:—

‘Non, mon vieux soldat est un jeune homme. Il a dans l’ordre moral comme dans l’ordre physique, tous les ressorts de la jeunesse, et il en a les croyances et les illusions. Il est plein de force, et il est plein d’honneur. Il n’entend pas donner au pays un jour au delà des années qu’il lui doit au termes de la loi, car des devoirs antérieurs et supérieurs le rappellent dans la famille. Mais ces années, il les lui donne sans restriction ni calcul.’

Adam Smith, who has not in this instance displayed his customary sagacity, traces the successive fall of Carthage and Rome to the irresistible superiority of a standing army, constantly disciplined in arms, over a militia in which ‘the civil predominated over the military character.’ General Trochu, on the contrary, refers to the military history of Carthage and Rome, as exemplifying one invariable truth—the superiority of

¹ The italics are General Trochu’s.

a national over a mere professional army. In this he has the testimony of almost every good historian on his side; and so opposite is his theory to that of Adam Smith, who attributed the victories of Hannibal to long discipline in the school of actual war, that he ventures the maxim, that 'it is peace, properly turned to account, that makes good armies; it is war, especially prolonged war, that disorganizes them.' M. Cochut adds, to a similar notion on his own part, the evidence of Colonel Guérin as to other evils resulting from the prolongation of military service beyond the period requisite to master the exercises of the soldier:—

'Ce qui vieillit le soldat, trop rapidement peut-être, c'est la guerre. "Nous sommes convaincus," a dit le Colonel Guérin, dans son mémorable rapport, "que quand on a passé sous les drapeaux le temps nécessaire pour se former aux armes, on a plus à perdre qu'à gagner en continuant plus longtemps la vie de garnison, vie de sujétion, mais peu laborieuse, qui fait plutôt naître des goûts d'oisiveté, qu'elle ne prépare aux fatigues et aux privations de la guerre. On n'est plus vieux soldat après sept ans de garnison plutôt qu'avec trois." C'est un vieux et brave soldat qui parlait ainsi.'

But if on the mere ground of military efficiency, the long service in the French army is open to such question, what is the judgment we must pronounce when its consequences, economic, moral, physical, and political, are added to the scale? Looking, indeed, at the mere pecuniary cost at which the French troops figure in the accounts of the State, it might be pronounced a cheap system. M. Jules Simon estimates the cost of an army of 400,000 men, for example, at 360,000,000 francs (£14,400,000), and the Count de Casabianca, in a later estimate, places the cost of nearly half a million of French troops at very little more; whereas we can hardly maintain more than quarter of the latter number of soldiers for such a sum. But the French ballot (while it lets the class of idle youth whom military service might utilise escape by substitution) falls indiscriminately on the whole mass whose means are unequal to purchase their ransom, and so hammers into mere soldiers a multitude which must include much of the highest industrial genius and intellectual power in the country. To the real cost of the French army we must add, then, not only every shilling above a soldier's pay which each actual soldier could have earned in a civil occupation, but also the lost value of all the indirect and distant results of invention and special productive capacity. Had Watt been forced to spend seven years as a soldier in barracks, what would the cost of that one soldier have been to his country, and to mankind? Nor does the cost of the French

¹ *Revue des Deux Mondes*, February 1, 1867.

conscription stop when we have added to it the loss of all the men of superior industrial or intellectual power it spoils for their natural pursuits. It spoils, more or less, the greater number of the men it lays hold of. Taking every year from 60,000 to 100,000 of the flower of the youth of the population, it returns them at the end of six or seven years, if at all, unfitted for the occupation from which they were torn, with barrack habits of idleness and dissipation, and, probably, an impaired constitution. They may now at length marry; and 'old soldiers' of this sort, along with the part of the male civil population which was exempted from the ballot for infirmity or other physical defects—in other words, drunkenness and disease, along with debility and deformity—become in large measure the parents of the next generation. Put a young peasant or mechanic into the army, says General Trochu, for a short time, and he returns home a better man and a better citizen, stronger, smarter, with more enthusiasm for his country, still in the suppleness of youth, and able to bend over the plough, or to resume the tools of the artisan. Keep him in the army for double the time, and he becomes both too rusty and too lazy for his old trade:—'*S'il abandonne l'armée, il va grossir dans les grandes villes le groupe des déclassées; s'il entre dans la vétéranse, il s'y achève; s'il est admis aux Invalides,—je ne le suivrai pas jusque-là.*' General Lamoricière has pronounced, in an official report, a similar opinion with respect to the inaptitude for civil occupations resulting from a septennial military service, and its tendency to swell the population of the towns with an unproductive class, of whom many were born to be hardy and industrious peasants.¹ Curran translated in jest the saying, *Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*, into 'It takes seven years to make an attorney;' but a faithful paraphrase in earnest might be, 'It takes seven years to make a *vieux soldat*;' that is to say, in the popular sense of an old soldier, not in General Trochu's. And the artificial and unhealthy concentration of the French population in towns is demonstrably traceable, in great measure, to this vice in the military system.² When we add that the French army, while less efficient for defence than a truly national force, is far more easily employed in aggressive war, for which it is by its constitution disposed, we have, we believe, said enough to establish the urgent necessity in the interests of both Europe at large and France itself, of that change in its military system, which M. Jules Simon so strenuously invokes—

* Precisely because we are keenly alive to the necessity of reducing

¹ *L'Ouvrier de Huit Ans.* Par Jules Simon, p. 53.

² *Ibid.*

standing armies, we invoke every measure calculated to make an impugnable defence of the National Guard. Such a force, incapable of aggression, invincible if attacked, is the symbol of peace, while a standing army, the symbol and incarnation of war, is a menace even to the very people which exhausts and ruins itself in maintaining it.'

If a further example of the true character and objects of a vast standing army were needed, we have but to glance at the military system of Russia. The period of service for which the conscript is drawn there, twenty years, is the longest in Europe; and the army is thus more totally separated from the nation than any other in Europe.¹ This military system, it is instructive to remember, was instituted as the principal machinery of a despotic usurpation, which not only deprived the nobles of their ancient independence, but reduced the bulk of the population to servitude, establishing at the same time the study of foreign aggrandizement as a permanent and principal element in the policy of the empire. 'Whoever,' says Adam Smith (probably in unconscious admiration of his own admirable doctrine of the separation of occupations, which has however really no application to compulsory occupations), 'examines with attention the improvements which Peter the Great introduced into the Russian empire, will find that they almost all resolve themselves into the establishment of a well-regulated standing army. It is' (he very truly adds) 'this instrument which executes and maintains all his other regulations.' It is the instrument of a purely autocratic as opposed to national policy. No other country in Europe has a population so pacific, or a foreign policy so aggressive. In no other country is military service so detested; the peasantry regard it as penal servitude for life. And it is in perfect harmony with the fundamental principle of a system in which the soldier has in him nothing of the citizen, the army nothing national, that criminals under thirty years are condemned to the army, and wear its uniform as a badge of disgrace; while in Prussia the forfeiture of civil rights by crime entails the dishonour of exclusion from the military service due from the citizen. In spite of the difficulties in the present internal condition of the Russian empire, which we are told to regard as a guarantee of peace, nothing is more certain than that the greatest military activity on the part of the Government now exists; the percentage of conscription has been raised; improved methods of military education have been

¹ The greater part of the Russian population are subject to the regular conscription laws. The Cossacks of the Don furnish contingents under distinct regulations. The army is also recruited to a small extent by voluntary enlistment, and by military colonies. But these additional elements do not alter the character or the objects of the Russian military system.

introduced, and the whole of the active army will be armed with breech-loaders by the middle of next year. The nominal army will then exceed 1,400,000 men, capable, according to Russian authorities, of increase to 1,700,000. We do not, indeed, believe that one-fourth of the latter number of soldiers could be employed at one time for aggressive war in the present situation of the empire; but even now it has a most formidable army at its disposal—formidable for aggressive war, however, not for its mere number, great as that is, but because it is an imperial standing army, not a national one.¹

Between France and Russia, with their vast standing armies, lies Prussia or North Germany, with a mixed military system, combining a standing army with a national militia. Under the present arrangements, every youth physically equal to the standard, with unimportant exceptions, is bound by law to enter the ranks of the regular or active army on attaining his twentieth year. For the mass of recruits, the legal period of service is three years (in practice shortened to two and a half), but those who can pass an examination, or present sufficient academic certificates of education, are allowed to enter as volunteers, defraying all their own expenses (unless for arms and ammunition), and serving but for one year. With the qualifications just stated, every able-bodied Prussian serves in the ranks of the active army from his twentieth to his twenty-third year, then passing into the reserve for four years, liable to be called on to rejoin his regiment on emergency, or for a short period of annual exercise. From twenty-seven to thirty-two, he belongs to the 1st ban of the Landwehr, in which he is still liable to foreign service in time of war, and to periodical exercises in peace; from thirty-two to thirty-eight his place is in the 2d ban of Landwehr, only called out when the country is in extreme danger. From thirty-eight to fifty he belongs to the Landsturm or levy *en masse* of the population in case of invasion. Thus of all military systems in Europe which have any standing army, the Prussian is that in which the period of service in the standing army is shortest—so short that the civil necessarily predominates in it over the military character, while the remainder of the able-bodied population forms a true citizen army. The extension of this system throughout North Germany contemporaneously with rapid progress in the arts of both industry and war, presents a remarkable contradiction to

¹ Count Bismarck lately made some observations to the correspondent of an English journal respecting the situation and policy of Russia, which amount merely to the consolation that she will not enter upon a war for territorial aggrandizement until she is quite ready. It is a favourite maxim of Russian politicians, *Le monde appartient à qui sait attendre*.

the doctrine of Adam Smith, that two causes, namely, the progress of manufactures and improvement in the art of war, combine, as society advances, to make the soldier's a separate trade. We hope to show that, even in the Prussian army, the original period of service is excessive ; but it is at any rate long enough in the opinions of such authorities as Marshal Bugeaud and General Trochu, and the late war has established the character of the Prussian army as second to none, if not foremost in point of efficiency. Prior to its late victories, even those military authorities in France who thought most lightly of it as an engine of war, placed it in the first rank as regards the spirit that animates it. After quoting evidence on this point,¹ General Trochu adds that 'all military authorities, capable of impartiality, now acknowledge that the Prussian army has given proof at once of solidity and extraordinary celerity of movement.' Surgeon-Major Bostock, Scots Fusilier Guards, in his instructive report on the war in Bohemia, referring to the qualities displayed by the Prussian troops, observes :—

'To what is the excellent marching and power of endurance in an active army to be attributed ? I believe that it is entirely owing to the superior physique and suitable age and condition of every man composing the army. . . . I never saw a more thoroughly efficient body of men ; there was not a weedy young recruit, or a decrepit old man among them. A moment's consideration will show that this high state of efficiency, which was so tested in the late campaign, is due to the system of recruiting adopted in Prussia. The basis of it is to be found in the acknowledged principle, that it is the duty of every man to defend his country. No man enters the army as a trade, but at the age of twenty, when his frame is fully developed, every individual becomes liable to serve in the ranks. Here he learns his duty, and becomes in habit and feeling a disciplined soldier,' etc.²

Colonel Reilly, in his memorandum on the Prussian army, establishes by striking facts, it is true, that 'the Prussians overthrew a disaffected army.' This circumstance, however, only adds important negative evidence of the military value of the patriotism of a national army, and of the weakness of a standing army without it. Colonel Reilly, moreover, observes with respect to the Prussian service :—

'The position of the soldier is made an honourable one ; he is well instructed in the military school ; his physical powers are developed

¹ 'Le niveau moral est peut-être plus élevé dans l'armée prussienne que dans toutes les autres armées de l'Europe. Par sa composition, l'armée en Prusse est l'image fidèle de la nation.'—*Cours d'art Militaire* (1864) à l'*Ecole d'application de l'Artillerie et du Génie*, à Metz.

² Report on the Medical and Sanitary Services of the Prussian Army during the Campaign in Bohemia, 1866. Published in the last volume of Reports of the Army Medical Department.

by training, and at the end of his service of three years he returns to civil life a more useful subject. . . . The men are of great physical power, brave, intelligent, obedient, of great endurance, and patient under hardships. Sober without exception, they gained in the late war the confidence of the people in the countries they invaded by their orderly and forbearing conduct. They undoubtedly possess the highest qualities of soldiers.¹

An army composed of such materials as the Prussian certainly cannot be employed in war without immense loss and suffering both to the soldiers and the whole nation, the nature of which may be illustrated by reference to some actual instances within our knowledge. The chief cashier of a principal bank at Berlin was called out for active service in the late war, at the risk of losing his post, which must, indeed, have happened had the war been prolonged; in which event, moreover, the banker himself would probably have been ordered to join the army. From a town in Rhenish Prussia, a young physician was called out, to find on his return that another physician, exempt on account of age or less vigorous constitution, had taken up his practice.² A small shopkeeper, again, in Pomerania, had his two assistants taken in the first instance, then a substitute whom he had managed to procure, and lastly was called out himself, to find on his return that a rival had taken up his business, or that it had gone into the hands of the pedlars. The losses arising in this way are sometimes of such magnitude that special exemptions are granted by the Government; but these very exemptions illustrate the losses that must be sustained in the cases where they are not granted, as of course they very rarely are. A manufacturer of locomotive engines at Berlin, who employs 3000 hands, and had just completed his 2000th engine, was required to join the army. 'I am quite ready to go,' was his response, 'but I manage all my business myself, having neither partner nor manager. If I go, my works

¹ In referring to the reports of Colonel Reilly, and that of Surgeon-Major Bostock, we cannot forbear to note, with respect to them, and the analogous appointment of military attachés at foreign capitals, one, if only one, considerable mark of beginning to keep pace with the age in the military administration of this country. In 1853, a very able military writer complained, 'whilst all Continental Ministers of War deem it useful to send officers of all arms to attend and report upon foreign armies, our military chiefs do not deem it of the slightest importance to obtain information on such subjects, or to watch the progress made in military service, general or special, by Continental armies.'—*United Service Magazine*, December 1853.

² The liability of medical men to service in the Prussian army (so long as they belong to the *Landwehr*) entails peculiar hardship. The army being under-supplied with ill-paid military surgeons, the civil members of the profession are much required, and are the first to be called out in order to organize a system, and the last to return, having to attend the sick and wounded. Medical men are ill-used under all military systems.

must therefore be closed, and all the hands thrown out of employment. In the foregoing case, and also in that of an eminent sculptor, much employed by the Government, exemption was granted. A late able critic of the Prussian system, foreseeing such results as have just been exemplified, has objected to it:—

‘A Prussian army may be assembled on the frontiers, but however brilliant, expert, and well-disciplined, it is so constituted that it is scarcely available as a political machine. The life, the property, the industry, the intelligence, the influence of the country are in its ranks. *An army composed of such materials cannot be risked unless national existence is at stake.*’¹

That an army composed of such materials *can* be risked when national existence or national objects are at stake, the Prussian army has given recent proof; but that it is scarcely available as a mere political machine in the hands of a Government, is, we presume to assert, an advantage to Germany of the first order, more than compensating, even economically speaking, for the cost of such an army when contending for national existence. Giving, on the one hand, to every valid citizen the training and spirit of a true soldier, it is a pure national gain that, on the other hand, this system makes aggressive war unpopular with the bulk of both army and nation, and goes far to make it impossible.

‘War,’ in the words of M. de Laveleye, ‘unless undertaken in the defence of German soil, will never be popular in Prussia, because it affects every family; and the soldier who merely passes through a period of regimental duty does not make a trade or career of the service. Even after the astounding successes of last year, people said to me, “We don’t like war; look at our cities all in mourning.” In France, on the contrary, the sad consequences of battle scarcely affect any class, save one whose sorrow passes unseen.’

Gunpowder, in fact, was in such ill odour in Rhenish Prussia after the late war, that the usual shooting-matches this year were found to have lost their attraction. But we cannot regard it as otherwise than as a triumph of civilisation that the most civilized nation on the Continent should possess a military system which insures its security and frees it from degrading panics, while, at the same time, it makes war a calamity in the estimation of its very soldiers. The Prussian system may moreover claim to fulfil the conditions which, General Trochu emphatically pronounces, make an army a powerful instrument of public moral elevation:—

‘Une armée, qui si renouvelle ainsi périodiquement, et recevant dans son sein une portion notable de la meilleure population du pays, et qui, lui rendant en échange chaque année un contingent de soldats

¹ *Notes of a Traveller.* By Samuel Laing.

libérés, préparés comme je l'ai dit, rejette tous les dix ans dans la masse populaire, plus d'un million de bons citoyens, est *Un Puissant Instrument de Moralisation Publique.*'

We have, however, to consider whether the advantages of the Prussian system are not attained at excessive cost; and whether, by establishing a more purely national force, such as the Swiss, an army might not be constituted at much less expense, equally efficient for national defence, while even less available for aggressive war in the interests of a dynasty or a government than the Prussian. Estimated in the figures of a budget, the cost of the Prussian or German system doubtless appears very low. Colonel Reilly, in a table compiled from authentic sources, puts the cost of the active army of 212,172 Prussian soldiers, in 1866, at £6,545,944. Under the new federal budget, a regular army of 360,000 in time of peace (raisable to at least 900,000 in case of war) is estimated at a cost of less than £10,000,000. And against the loss incurred by the two and a half years' military service of the strength and skill of the industrial population, must be set off the benefit of increased strength and expertness which the men undoubtedly derive for many occupations. The young peasant, the servant, the hotel waiter, the future railway *employé*, the artisan, comes out of the ranks a smarter, more orderly, stronger, and in many other respects, better workman. But the military service postpones to a relatively very late period the productive use of the productive power of the country. The professional and wealthier classes, who can afford to serve as volunteers, are, indeed, we fully believe, all the better and nothing the worse of a year's service as soldiers; the more so, as they can generally secure being quartered during it in a town where they can pursue their studies to advantage. But the waste of skilled labour in the case of the classes below them is enormous. The future artisan or mechanic has not learned his business when he enters the army in his twentieth year, nor (unless in the case of a very few trades, such as shoemakers and tailors, who can work for the army) can he practise it until he leaves the regiment for the reserve; he has then still almost everything to learn, and the consequence is that he seldom actually begins business before twenty-five. But twenty-five years, or half the lifetime of the flower of the population, is thus unproductively spent. Even in the case of unskilled labourers and peasants, who can go to work from the day they leave barracks, a considerable loss is sustained. The withdrawal of the male peasantry forces women to labour in the fields; and it not unfrequently happens in various localities that the harvest is ill saved for want of hands. If all this cost must unavoidably be incurred to secure both a citizen army and national preserva-

tion, no more could be said than that no loss is too great to incur for such objects. But the truth is, that the army might be made much more national at much less cost, while retaining all its efficiency for the defence of the country.

Does it, in fact, take three years' drill, or two and a half, to teach a man the art of a soldier? That one year is found enough for the volunteers in Prussia, is a practical admission on the part of the Government that so much time is not required to train educated men. But is even one year necessary to discipline even an ordinary man? Speaking of British recruits, so experienced a General as Lord Hardinge declared,—‘The thoughtless boy enlists, the grown-up man will not. Give us a good stout man, and let us have him for *sixty days* to train, and *he will be as good a soldier as you can have.*’ The length of the soldier's service in the army in Prussia is not, in fact, determined solely by considerations of military efficiency.

The examples and traditions of long military service in the armies of the two great monarchies lying on the borders of the young kingdom, had their natural effect upon the mind of General Scharnhorst, when designing the present military system of his country, after its humiliation by Napoleon, and the limitation of the numbers of its army by that insolent conqueror to 40,000 soldiers; but Scharnhorst's main reason for fixing upon the period of three years for the military training of all the able-bodied youths, was to enable the Government to have a large and unexpected army ready at a moment's notice against a future invader. The same motive has necessarily remained in the mind of the Government ever since, in the presence of the standing armies of Austria, Prussia, and France, but the Prussian Government has also another motive. As already said, the Prussian army is not purely a national one; it represents in its constitution the conflicting elements in the political constitution of monarchy on one hand, and political liberty or national self-government on the other. It is no part of a monarch's policy that his soldiers should be available only for the accomplishment of national objects; it is, on the contrary, expedient for him to have always at command, at whatever cost to the nation, a mass of soldiers who have nothing else to do but to obey military orders.¹ The danger to national liberty and peace created by a

¹ In one of the most instructive essays on European politics ever published, M. de Laveleye observes: ‘Aussi longtemps que l'Allemagne se croira menacée, elle sera prête à tous les sacrifices d'hommes et d'argent nécessaires à sa défense; mais, quand, par quelque faveur céleste la paix sera assurée, elle voudra appliquer ses ressources aux travaux de l'industrie, alors le souverain qui d'un mot peut mettre en mouvement un million de baïonnettes, consentira-t-il à une diminution des défenses militaires? Sa volonté cédera-t-elle devant celle d'une assemblée de bourgeois, qui n'ont pour armes que

great standing army is, indeed, such that M. de Tocqueville, after demonstrating that popular institutions necessarily incline a nation to peace, observes that in the army there must always remain an element of despotism and aggression, against which he despairs of guarding by any species of military organization.¹

Against this danger, at least, the Swiss military system makes ample provision, while it saves the huge cost of a long deduction from the productive life of the manhood of the country in barracks. Every male citizen of Switzerland is bound to serve in the army in defence of his country, from the age of nineteen to forty-four. But the actual service in time of peace, during the recruit's first year, is but twenty-eight days for the infantry, and forty-two for the cavalry and artillery. During the subsequent period of military obligation, three days a year (or six days in each alternate year) of military exercises, with one day's rifle-shooting annually, and a few days in camp at some part of the whole period, from nineteen to forty-four, make up the entire deduction from peaceful pursuits for military purposes of the army of Switzerland. The infantry soldier's whole service makes from 100 to 110 days, the cavalry soldier's about 170. Strong testimony is borne to the efficiency of this system. Speaking from the amplest official reference, and with a patriotic purpose, which would incline him to attempt a reform rather than a concealment of the defects of the army of his country, M. Staempfli pronounces :—

‘(1.) *La technique des armées.*—Bonnes armes et bon matériel de guerre. A cet égard la Suisse est aussi avancée que quelque armée permanente que ce soit. (2.) *Habileté dans les armes.*—Habileté dans le maniement des armes, précision du tir, de l'artillerie et des armes portatives, combat à la baïonnette, manœuvres et combat en masse ou d'homme à homme, à l'arme blanche. Sous ce rapport, la Suisse n'est pas en arrière non plus. (3.) *Discipline.*—La discipline est aussi bonne que celle des armées permanentes. Cette discipline n'est, du reste, pas l'effet de la vie de caserne, elle a sa source dans le sentiment inné du devoir et de la subordination.’

leur droit et leur parole?’—*Revue des Deux Mondes*, November 1, 1867. This passage indicates a real future danger to the liberties of Germany; but we think M. de Laveleye overstates it in counting the bayonets of the Landwehr on the side of the autocracy in a struggle with the nation. They are, on the contrary, in our opinion, to be depended on as the arms of liberty.

¹ ‘Je pense, pour ma part, qu'un esprit inquiet et turbulent est un mal inhérent à la constitution même des armées démocratiques, et qu'on doit renoncer à le guérir. Il ne faut pas que les législateurs des démocraties se flattent de trouver une organisation militaire qui ait par elle-même la force de calmer et de contenir les gens de guerre; ils s'épuiseront en vains efforts avant d'y attendre. Ce n'est pas dans l'armée qu'on peut rencontrer le remède aux vices de l'armée, mais dans le pays.’

This panegyric is corroborated by many foreign witnesses.¹ We have already quoted the statement of Lord Hardinge, that sixty days' drill will make of a good stout man as good a soldier for a regular army as can be had ; but the Swiss system demands only twenty-eight days in the first year, and subsequently the small number mentioned. Lord Hardinge doubtless meant to keep his six-weeks' soldier,—not to let him go back to civil business as soon as he had learned the business of a soldier. But the Swiss system, in the first place, is only intended to produce a defensive militia for a small territory ; and, in the second, it has for its base a preliminary military training at school, which, if carried out in the manner Mr. Chadwick proposes for Great Britain, throws back from the productive to the unproductive period of life the acquisition of military discipline and art, and at the same time affords the amplest time, even if years instead of months be requisite, to acquire them.

For the defence of a vast empire, such as that of Great Britain, a standing army, in addition to a national militia, is an obvious necessity, and moreover, a standing army recruited by voluntary enlistment. The immense distance of several of the regions the British soldier must serve in, and the bare cost of moving troops backwards and forwards, render the service necessarily both one of some length, and one which the citizens of a free country could not be compelled to perform. A sufficient army indeed for any great country, even if its territory lay together and compact, in place of being dispersed over both hemispheres, would require a permanent nucleus and support. Nevertheless, Adam Smith (his conviction of the superiority of a standing army over a militia notwithstanding) considered national training in military exercises not only an important part of national education, which it is the duty of the State to supervise and enforce, but also an important addition to the means of national defence.

'Even,' he argued, 'though the martial spirit of the people were of no use towards the defence of the society, yet to prevent that sort of mental mutilation, deformity, and wretchedness which cowardice necessarily involves in it, from spreading through the great body of the people, would still deserve the most serious attention of Government. . . . But the security of every society must always depend, more or less, upon the martial spirit of the people. In the present times, indeed, that martial spirit, alone and unsupported by a well-disciplined standing army, could not perhaps be sufficient for the defence and security

¹ See, for example, *L'Ouvrier de Huit Ans*, p. 54, and *Exposé de M. F. Fouscault, ancien Capitaine d'état Major de l'armée Belge, Annales de l'Association Internationale*, 1866.

of any society. But where every citizen had the spirit of a soldier, a smaller standing army would surely be requisite.’¹

Had this great social philosopher, who, even at his own epoch, thought the training of the whole nation to arms not only morally and intellectually useful, but necessary to the security of society, besides being a means of diminishing the cost of a standing army, lived to see Great Britain ruling all India on the one hand (not to speak of other dependencies), and on the other hand in close proximity with the present enormous armaments of Continental Europe, while the difficulty of obtaining recruits yearly increases with the increasing demands of civil employment both at home and abroad, we fear he might have almost despaired of the safety of a country whose Government has been so slow to profit either by his own instructions, or by the evidence of their own senses of the magnitude and imminence of the danger. Whatever may be the evils of the military system of France, it has at least the merit both of not trusting the defence of the country to the dregs of the nation, and of rendering the sudden conquest of the country almost impossible. Does the military system of Great Britain possess these merits? ‘Up to the date of the last great war’ (with Russia), the Commissioners on Recruiting observe, ‘it may be said that we were content to exist from hand to mouth, with no forecast of the future.’ Does our national existence rest at this moment upon any securer or more provident foundation? Let military authority answer (and we need hardly say how careful military authority is in this country not to be extreme to mark that which is done amiss): ‘The evidence given before the Recruiting Commission,’ says Colonel Reilly, ‘can leave no doubt in the minds of those hitherto unconvinced of the fact, that our present recruiting system is a failure. Neither do we get the number of men we desire, nor is the quality of those we do get improved. The evidence is conclusive as to the classes from which recruits come, and the motives which induce them to enlist. The officer in charge of the recruiting of the London district says, “The men are chiefly recruited in public-houses;” and being asked by the President, “And those of the lowest description?” replies, “I will go so far as that.”’² A member of the Commission, Major-General Lord William Paulet, said in evidence before it, ‘I am afraid it is drink, and being hard-up, which leads a great many of them to enlist.’ Is it surprising that a large proportion of the insignificant army thus composed rapidly disappears by desertion and disease? Our

¹ *Wealth of Nations*, Book v. chap. i.—Education of Youth.

² *Notes on the Military Forces of the Kingdom*, p. 42.

army administrators look for soldiers in the lowest public-houses, to catch them they 'pick a particular sort of man to go on the recruiting service, a jovial sort of fellow, who is fond of drink, and who goes about.'¹ Of the Prussian army, on the contrary, Surgeon-Major Bostock reports:—'Drunkenness, that frequent source of sickness in the English army, is almost unknown, and the Prussian soldier, passing a few years only in the ranks, never loses sight of his home, to which he hopes to return with an unblemished character and an unimpaired constitution.' The danger of the British system, moreover, constantly increases from two causes, well described by Mr. Chadwick. On the one hand,—

'The quality of the supply from recruiting is being reduced in the moral qualities of sobriety, steadiness, and intelligence, whilst they ought to be considerably increased; for all who are conversant with the new implements of war agree, that for their efficient use, an increased amount of intelligence and steadiness in the ranks is needed.'

On the other hand, 'Every year there departs from these shores a body of able-bodied men, equal to a large army, as emigrants, one year upwards of 200,000 men; we have, again, engaged in the extension of the means of internal communication a force equal to an army of between one and two hundred thousand men as navvies, and another army of upwards of 100,000 men is engaged in working the new railways. The statistics of the rate of increase of our exports may be referred to as indicating the rate of increase for the demand for labour in manufactories.'

To compete with these new demands of the age, the British army offers the soldiers the personal control over four or five pence a day, along with food, lodging, and uniform, in return for which he must serve in any climate for twelve years, he must remain single, as a general rule, or, if permitted to marry, must consort with his wife under conditions of barbarous indecency and discomfort.

'Such are the means,' says Colonel Reilly, of the British Recruiting System, 'by which we endeavour to fill the ranks of our army; it cannot be a matter of surprise that those means have failed.' He adds, 'Any scheme proposed as a substitute must, to succeed, be founded on a *national* basis. A barrier of prejudice exists between the mass of the population and the army, which prevents the youth of the country joining the ranks. That barrier may be removed by raising the military spirit of the population, by teaching all classes that it is not only their duty but their interest to join in the defence of the country, and so, in different degrees, making the whole male population capable of bearing arms available for that purpose, with little cost to the nation, or inconvenience to the individual.'²

¹ Evidence of Major-General Lord W. Paulet—Recruiting Commissioners.

² Notes on the Military Forces of the Kingdom, p. 42.

Accordingly, adopting the scheme of Lord Castlereagh against invasion during the great war with France, Colonel Reilly proposes, in the first place, that 'all males capable of bearing arms shall be *trained men*, raised as proposed by Lord Castlereagh.' Concurring to the fullest with the proposal to train, so far as practicable, the whole able-bodied male population to arms, we do so by no means for the mere purpose of making it a feeder to the regular army; though, coupled with radical reforms of the systems of recruiting and promotion, it would certainly tend to secure a supply of the best soldiers. But it is, as constituting in itself the materials of a powerful national force for the defence of the country, auxiliary to the standing army, and lightening the demands on it, and again, as elevating and strengthening the nation itself, that we think a general military training chiefly desirable. Mr. Chadwick has the great merit of having proposed a system by which this general training may be begun and carried to a considerable extent, in the simplest manner, almost without cost, and free from the practical difficulties that might seem to oppose the introduction of compulsory military discipline and duties into a country with a migratory population, unaccustomed to Government interference in the disposal of their time:—

'The principle of the chief measure which I have to propose is an old one, involved in the old practice of the kingdom, when every local community, every parish and burgh, was required to exercise the whole male population, beginning with the very young, in military exercises and the use of the bow. I propose to change the commencement of military exercises from the productive adult to the non-productive juvenile, or to the earliest of the school stages; and to provide that in all elementary schools throughout the kingdom aided by the State, the boys shall be trained in the military exercises and appropriate gymnastics. I may support this proposition by the evidence of the results obtained by long and practical experience in different parts of the country, and by the testimony of intelligent non-commissioned officers who have been engaged in training recruits. These officers all agree that the earlier they begin this training, the better they succeed; that they do in childhood what is difficult to do at a more advanced age, and what they cannot do at all with many men in the adult stages. In the infantile stage we have the tender twig; in the juvenile stage we have to straighten the crooked stick; and in the adult stage we have often to reform the gnarled oak.

'In the district schools where it has been applied—I particularly allude to the Children's Institution at Stepney, where the military and naval drill have long been combined with great advantage,—and where they are left to themselves to choose this occupation, full 60 per cent. volunteer for the royal service; about one-half of the 60 per cent. for the army, and one-half for the navy. It is common for the trained

lad, when he joins the army, to be asked by the non-commissioned officer, who observes his ready movement, "From what regiment he has come?" and when he says that he has been in no regiment at all, to be told bluntly that he is a deserter; it not being in the corporal's conception that good drill can have been acquired except in a regiment.

'As to the expense of each species of drill, the services of one drill-master, that of a pensioner, are usually found to suffice for as many as 500 boys. It takes about three months to finish a lad off well in the rudimentary military drill, at a rate of a penny per week, or a shilling per head for three months' training.

'Assuming that the exercises given in the school stage are made general and thorough, amongst the whole of the population in the school store, whatsoever may be the military arrangement superinduced, the extension of the militia ballot, or a positive conscription for the adult stages, it will be of advantage to have the drill and exercises carried out as thoroughly as possible, and completed as a foundation for them in the school stages. Further, by this early training, we get a population which may be readily put in line for any defensive purposes.'¹

With respect to the civil, in addition to the military advantages of the adoption of the plan, Mr. Chadwick adds:—

'In connexion with the subject, it is proper to direct attention to the experience of the special value of military and naval exercises for the physical training of the population for civil industrial occupations, even if we were to suppose that the British people were to enjoy perpetual peace in the colonies, and in their contact with barbarous nations, as well as at home. It is proved that these exercises give a much-needed physical as well as moral training—a training which adds to their productive power and value for all sorts of civil service. I have obtained the conclusive evidence of large employers of labour, that four drilled labourers are equal in efficiency for ordinary labour to five that are undrilled. It is naval and military drill, the practice of moving together, pulling together, lifting together, develop the capacity for united action, which is as important for civil as it is for military service, and which goes far to make up the gain in efficiency already achieved. To these gains is to be added the important gain from the sanitary element—the prolonged duration of the improved working ability from increased health and strength. In the civil and economic aspect of the question, it may be perceived that if we get by the labour of three the produce of five, we get an important surplus produce to compensate the capitalist or the consumer of produce for the increase of wages, which, in the future of our labour market, must necessarily be maintained. But there are moral as well as intellectual advantages proved to be derived from the early physical training of

¹ *On the Expediency of the General Introduction of the Military Drill and Naval Exercises in the School Stages, etc.* By Edwin Chadwick, C.B.

children. The physical exercise in the military drill is a *visible* moral exercise in all that is implied in the term *discipline*, namely, duty, obedience, order, self-restraint, punctuality, and patience.¹

We are confident that every member of the present Volunteer force can attest the truth of all that Mr. Chadwick advances with respect to the tendency of military exercise in the company of numbers, and under command, to correct the peculiar physical, intellectual, and moral defects of individuals, to communicate readiness, sharpness, presence of mind, temper, public spirit, and the power both to obey and to command in proper place. Nor can there be a reasonable doubt that a universal training of the British youth would add not only to the num-

¹ From a mass of similar evidence in support of the above conclusions, we extract the following from 'Communications from Edwin Chadwick, Esq., C.B., respecting Half-Time and Military and Naval Drill, pursuant to an Address of the House of Lords. Education Commission, 1861 :—

(1.) Mr. Aubin, the superintendent of the Central London District School, comprising 880 children from 91 parishes of the City of London Union, besides those of the East London Union, St. Saviour's, and St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, states, that he has been in the business of school-training and tuition upwards of thirty years, and has had upwards of 15,000 children under his charge.—[*Read to Mr. Aubin the account given by Mr Moseley of the effect of the mixed industrial and school teaching of Limehouse, and questions put thereon.*]

'How far are the results here stated by the school teacher as arising from the naval and military drill and the mixed industrial and school teaching coincident with your own experience?—I do not know the particular school or the school teacher, but the results stated are entirely in accordance with my own experience. I am, however, for one day's school, and one day's industrial training, as the most eligible course according to my experience. As to the increased value of the labour produced by the naval and military drill there cannot be a second opinion, that is to say, looking only to the training of the pupil for civil life, and irrespective of any military service. We find that the drill produces a great effect on the discipline of the school. Without the drill, I do not see how large numbers could be kept in orderly action as we now keep them.

'Have there been any sanitary effects produced by the reduced school teaching and the drill combined with industrial training?—I am unprepared with statistical data, nor can I separate the effects produced by the exercise from those produced by increased space and ventilation; but I know that the improvement in the health of the children from the whole is considerable. The deaths of these children of very poor parents, coming in of very poor condition, and with complaints belonging to that condition, do not average more than 2 per cent. per annum.'

(2.) The Rev. Isaac Holmes, B.A., the chaplain and head-master of the Liverpool Industrial Schools at Kirkdale—"Half-time schools."

'What has been the extent of your experience in school teaching?—Twenty-four years and a half.

'Is this the only school in which the drill has been brought under your experience, whether the naval or the military drill?—The only school.

'What, from your experience, is your view of the expediency of introducing either or both as part of a systematized course of gymnastics in

bers and the efficiency, not only of recruits for the regular army, but still more of the Volunteer Force,—a force which is at present little more than an ineffectual demonstration of public conviction that our regular military system leaves the country simply defenceless by land. We propose, therefore, in the first place, that the military training of boys shall form henceforward by law, not only a compulsory part of education in all existing schools in the United Kingdom, but a prominent part of that compulsory national education which our rulers at last perceive to be indispensable; and, secondly, that this military training of boys shall be followed by a compulsory system of military exercises during a few days in each year, for all able-bodied males between the ages of sixteen and forty-six.

popular education?—I certainly would recommend both one and the other, for the whole management of the children whilst in school, and for its general bearing upon them in after life. We find that it tends considerably to sharpen the intellect, to promote habits of attention and obedience, as well as to improve their physical condition. It is clear to me that it has a beneficial effect upon them in civil life, as well as being, of course, a good preparation for the service of the country. The boys are passionately fond of the naval drill.

‘Present: Edward C. Tuffnell, Esq.’

‘(3.) Mr. William Smith, superintendent of the Surrey District School.

‘You have had experience of the effect of the military drill on the mental and bodily training of young children in this establishment?—Yes; but the effect of the military drill was most shown by the effect of its discontinuance.

‘In what way was it shown?—In 1857 the drill-master was dismissed by the guardians, with a view of reducing the expenditure. The immediate effect of the discontinuance of the drill was to make the school quite another place. I am sure that within six months we lost about £200, in the extra wear and tear of clothing torn and damaged in mischievous acts and wild play, in the breakage of utensils from mischief, and damage done to the different buildings, the breakage of windows, the pulling up of gratings, and the spoiling of walls. A spirit of insubordination prevailed amongst the boys during the whole of the time of the cessation of the drill. In the workshop they were insubordinate, and I was constantly called upon by the industrial teachers, the master shoemaker, and the master tailor, to coerce boys who were quite impudent, and who would not obey readily. The moral tone of the school seemed to have fled from the boys, and their whole behaviour was altered, as displayed in the dormitories as well as in the yards.

‘During this time were the religious services and exercises and the internal discipline of the school maintained as before?—They were maintained as before; the business of the school was kept up as before, but the order was by no means so good. I was not only called in to correct the boys in the workshop but in the school, and I was under the disagreeable necessity of reverting to corporal punishment, and of dismissing one incorrigible boy entirely. The chaplain joined with me and the schoolmasters in urging the restoration of the drill.

‘The drill having been restored, has order been restored?—Yes, excellent order.’

No general training of the population, however, be it ever so efficient, would enable it to take the field against a large Continental army, without a complete reorganization of the regular army; both because the organization of a national militia, to enable it to act as a whole, must come from and be based upon the organization of the regular army, and because an efficient regular force is the indispensable base of a large army of irregular troops.

In his memorandum on the Prussian army Colonel Reilly pronounces—

‘Our real military difficulty is in obtaining men for the ranks of the army; but the men are in the country, and notwithstanding the high rate of wages there are large numbers to be obtained if we enlist under a good system. To what then can be attributed the want of success of our recruiting department in obtaining men for the ranks? No doubt greatly to the fault of the recruiting system itself, a system which is an opprobrium to the army, and a great scandal to the country. The manner in which recruiting parties are required to act in order to obtain recruits is demoralizing to all parties. There is abundant proof that more respectable men are expelled from the army by these practices than are enlisted by them.’

We agree with Colonel Reilly, that the difficulty of getting men for the ranks, of the quality and quantity requisite, is the most patent defect of our regular army, and one which is at the seat of all its other failures and vices; but it is so because it involves a radical vice, which pervades the system throughout, from the summit to the base. Is it not in itself, apart from all other evidence of flagrant incompetence, a demonstration of the incorrigible ineptitude of the present organization of the army in its higher branches and throughout its administration, that in spite of every warning a system of procuring soldiers should have been maintained until now, which is in the admission of the best officers ‘an opprobrium to the army, a great scandal to the country, demoralizing to all parties,’ and one by which ‘more respectable men are repelled than are enlisted?’ General Trochu affirms that ‘armies are, alike in their virtues and their faults, the faithful representatives of the nations from which they proceed.’ It would be a truer proposition that they are the faithful representatives of the Governments from which they proceed,—of their tendency to develop virtue or vice in the lower ranks, and ability and energy or indolence and incapacity in the higher ranks. The low pot-house recruit, whom ‘drink and being hard-up’ lead to the net, and ‘the jovial sort of fellow, fond of drink,’ who catches him in it, are doubtless representative men; but it is of the British

military system, not of the British nation, they are the true representatives; they represent the effects as well of interest and purchase upon posts of administration and command, as of the sort of inducements offered at the lowest step of the ladder. They represent the fundamental principle that promotion is not for merit in the British army; that its higher posts are assigned to money and social rank; and its lowest to those who have neither, and who are therefore systematically treated as inferior animals, be their real superiority over those above them what it may. A conscription can obtain good soldiers without rewarding their merits; yet even in France it is deemed politic to nurture the soldier's traditional maxim, 'Tout soldat français porte au fond de sa giberne un bâton de maréchal de France.' Such exalted success, as General Trochu observes, the soldiers well know, can fall to the lot only of a few favourites of fortune; but its occasional occurrence represents a general principle which governs to a great extent both the less exalted promotion, and the sentiments of the French soldiery.¹ In General Trochu's words, 'Chacun a cet aphorisme présent à la pensée, et s'en fait application dans la proportion de ses visées et de sa position, du grade le plus humble au grade le plus élevé.' In the last Circular respecting recruiting in this country, the great inducement offered to enter the ranks of the army (in return for an obligation to military service in all climates for twelve years) is food, lodging, outer clothing, and 'a weekly sum, quite at the soldier's own disposal, of 2s. 6d. a day.' Is it possible that the War Department is still in ignorance that 'a good stout man,' though an unskilled labourer, may have, as a navvy, in America, five or six shillings a day or more, 'quite at his own disposal,' without any contract not to better himself elsewhere for twelve years, or any obligation to remain single during all those years, or to remain always a servant instead of becoming a master in his turn? Have those who undertake the military administration of the country yet to learn the truth which penetrated even Sir Archibald Alison's understanding? Carnot, he says, deemed it impossible that an army commanded by officers chosen exclusively from a limited class of society should long sustain a conflict with one led by men chosen with discernment from the inferior ranks. Such commanders as Turenne and Condé seemed to him too rare to be calculated upon with any degree of certainty from a particular class, while the mine of talent that lay hid in the lower stages of society presented inexhaustible resources. 'This principle,' he adds,

¹ Promotion from the ranks happens much more frequently in the French army than several English writers and speakers seem to believe.

‘being founded on the eternal laws of nature, is of universal application ; and when once armies have been organized, and thoroughly disciplined upon this footing, they never can be successfully resisted but by troops in whom the same military virtues have been developed. Supposing the abilities of the higher orders of society to be equal to those of an equal number in the inferior, it is impossible that they can ever produce as great a mass of talent as will emerge on a free competition from the numerous ranks of these humbler competitors. A hundred thousand men can never produce as many energetic characters as ten millions.’ What sort of characters our military system is constructed to attract from the millions, the statistics of desertion, punishment, and disease may bear witness. These notwithstanding, however, a bill actually made some progress in the last session of Parliament, to compel criminals to serve in the British army as in the Russian ; and thereby to make it disgraceful for the meanest citizen to be even related to a soldier. The principle of the bill had the support of some who profess to be more than slightly tinctured with those elements of political economy which teach that to attach disgrace to an occupation is the infallible means of buying even the worst services dearly, and that, on the contrary, to surround it with credit and incitements to hope, is the certain method of obtaining the best services at the lowest price. The application of these economic principles in their application to the organization of an army is most obvious. Offer extraordinary distinction to extraordinary merit in the soldier, and extraordinary merit will be attracted into the ranks, and the qualities even of the ordinary soldier will be high. To open the paths of promotion fully and unreservedly to the whole army is indeed the necessary and logical consequence of recruiting by voluntary enlistment in a country where the principle of economic liberty pervades civil life,—where every man may choose his occupation and make the most of his powers. In Prussia, it is true, the soldier has no chance of becoming an officer, but he has no choice whether he will enter the army or not ; he enters it only for a third or fourth of the period the British soldier is bound to ; he bears no heavier burden than many of his social superiors ; he sees them beside him in the ranks ; they reflect credit upon him ; and he knows that he will leave the service a better and not a broken man. The promotion of officers in the Prussian army, moreover, though reflecting the false and non-national principle which, as we have said, is mixed with that of a true national army in the system, is conducted with the strictest regard to efficiency and merit in the officer, while the duties of a Prussian officer are so

constant and severe, and so poorly paid, that national ambition would in no case be largely turned in a military direction. Colonel Reilly observes that we may find a valuable lesson for our own guidance in the Prussian rule that a retired soldier of good conduct has the first claim to a vacant post in the civil department :—

‘ Might it not,’ he asks, ‘ be fairly claimed for the officers and men of our army, that its administration, civil and military, should be carried on by them? Might not the clerks and other high officials in the various offices, in fact all *employés*, in our military departments, store departments, and arsenals all over the world, be supplied from officers and men who have served their country? Such a measure would go far to give popularity to the profession, whilst a large sum of money would be saved to the country, and its work would be not less well done.’

We entertain no doubt that there is a great number of offices connected with the civil side of army administration, for which military service, under proper conditions, is an excellent preparation; but we are equally convinced that there is also a number for which it is not so; and that it would be a mistaken economy of pensions to make retiring allowances of the latter. The test to be applied in all cases is the test of fitness for the actual post, not the policy of rewarding services in some other post. General Trochu has furnished some admirable suggestions upon this point in his chapters on Army Administration, from which we quote the following general application of the principles he lays down :—

‘ Or, jamais on ne s’est plus écarté de ces principes qu’en enserrant étroitement dans une même hiérarchie, celle des armes, deux ordres de fonctionnaires entre lesquels devait subsister une ligne de démarcation nécessaire, indiquée par la diversité de leurs attributions et de leurs carrières; de fonctionnaires qui devaient rester civils, pour garder la part d’indépendance spéciale dont ils ont besoin, sauf à être assujettis à certaines règles d’obéissance générale, ou plutôt à certaines convenances que comporte expressément le régime des armées permanentes.’

The right to reward for past services, like the right to promotion for superior merit, is in no case, it should be borne in mind, founded on a right in the individual, who ought conscientiously, in whatever post he is placed, to do his best; it is founded on the right of the public to obtain the best services, and the ablest and most energetic servants in the market. And if this fundamental right, which lies at the root of all sound political administration, were adopted as a guide to the organization of the British army, there would be no diffi-

culty in its application, nor any necessity to eke out the neglect of it in the distribution of military honours and emoluments by rewarding military services with civil employments for which military services are no training.

The one great principle of organization which ought to govern at once the concentration, co-ordination, and subordination of the various departments essential to an army, and the appointment to every post in them, is that principle of efficiency and fitness, without reference to any other claim or consideration whatever, whether professional or social, which is the accepted principle of organization in civil life. And the application of this principle in military organization involves not only the abolition of the gross anomaly of promotion by purchase in this branch of the public service, but the close of the artificial gulf between the commissioned and the non-commissioned officers. The distinction between the two ranks should be one of degree, not of kind, and the rise of the capable sergeant to the rank of ensign or lieutenant should be as natural as the rise of the private to that of corporal or sergeant. It is the establishment of the existing artificial distinction in kind which leads to the treatment of the soldier as a sort of serf or inferior animal, and a system of recruiting which repels decent men from the ranks instead of attracting them.

The question of promotion, however, cannot be properly discussed by itself, and all true principles of organization converge to the same point. Although the civil employments connected with the administration of the army ought, as already said, to be filled with reference to the special efficiency of the *employés*, and not to military services, yet the closest connexion should be maintained between the army and civil society. Each should be constantly recruiting each other with new elements of strength and efficiency; the army receiving continually fresh youth from the ranks of the people, and continually returning to them hardy and disciplined manhood, thus becoming what General Trochu emphatically describes as '*un puissant instrument de moralisation publique.*' But for this purpose, as he urges, the soldier's service must be short; his contract, instead of binding him for twelve years, should not extend beyond three or four. Were such short service in the army combined, as it ought to be, with a general training of the boys of all classes in the country to arms, it would, irrespective of the chance of promotion, attract and utilize the hot blood of the most adventurous youths, and restore them in a short time better fitted by discipline for the sober employments of civil life. The gain accruing thus both to the efficiency of the army, and to the productive power of the nation at large, would largely

overbalance the increased cost of movement attending the early return of soldiers from remote stations. The great shortening of the duration of service would at the same time obviate the evils attending the present long restraint upon marriage. The service of non-commissioned officers, as well as of privates, ought to terminate early in life, and, as a general rule, re-engagements after thirty, instead of being encouraged, should be forbidden. Of the importance of such a regulation, even in a mere sanitary point of view, we have ample proof in the statistics of military life, on which the last report from the Army Medical Department observes:—‘As pointed out in former Reports, the results illustrate the deteriorating effect of military service’ (that is to say, evidently of *long* military service), ‘for while under thirty the mortality is lower than among the male civil population at the same ages, above that age it is higher, and increases with the advance of years in a much more rapid rate than in civil life.’ But we should not even limit the general rule of short service to soldiers and non-commissioned officers; and we may claim for this extension of the rule the authority of the principles which General Trochu lays down in the following passage:—

‘Si les soldats, jeunes encore, comptent quelques années—en France deux à quatre—de pratique et d’expérience professionnelles, ils ont dans la guerre le maximum de solidité et de durée qu’ils puissent offrir. Les sous-officiers, et autres grades subalternes formant les cadres, peuvent être plus âgés—*mais pas beaucoup plus*—et il est d’un haut intérêt que troupes et cadres soient périodiquement renouvelés, partiellement, avec mesure, de telle sorte que l’esprit de l’ensemble et la tradition soient conservés par un petit nombre de vieux soldats, *sous la condition d’un rajeunissement continu de la masse*. Cette loi est générale et s’applique aux corps d’officiers comme à la troupe. Du sous-lieutenant au colonel, comme dans la troupe et dans la hiérarchie inférieure, les renouvellements périodiques partiels et le rajeunissement continu convenablement pondéré sont obligatoires à peine d’énervation.’

The increased vigour of the army would not, however, be the only benefit resulting from the adoption of a general rule (not a universal one, for the reason given by General Trochu above) of short engagements, without re-engagement, with regard to both the ranks of the army and the inferior officers; it would also remove the clog to promotion arising, as General Trochu describes with reference to the French army, from an excessive period of obligatory service to begin with, aggravated by re-engagements:—

‘Il faut ajouter l’envieillessement et l’alourdissement des cadres qui doivent représenter dans les troupes deux forces de premier ordre,

l'éducation et l'impulsion. Les sous-officiers en grand nombre se rengagent en vue de la prime, s'usant dans le rang, obstinant la voie, et raréfiant l'avancement au point de tuer l'émulation. Plusieurs se perpétuent dans chacun de nos régiments, attendant le bénéfice de la pension de retraite, acquise à présent à vingt-cinq années de service.'

The application of short service to all armies would, it is worth observing, remove the possible danger to the peace of the civilized world which M. de Tocqueville points to as one more than probable, from the discontent at their position of a large class of non-commissioned officers looking to no other career than the army :—

' Cette classe des sous-officiers, qui avant le siècle présent, n'avait point encore paru dans l'histoire, est appelé désormais, je pense, à y jouer un rôle. De même que l'officier, le sous-officier a rompu dans sa pensée tous les liens qui l'attachent à la société civile ; de même que lui, il a fait de l'état militaire sa carrière, et plus que lui peut-être, il a dirigé de ce seul côté ses désirs ; mais il n'a pas encore atteint comme l'officier au point élevé et solide où il lui soit loisible de s'arrêter et de respirer à l'aise, en attendant qu'il puisse monter plus haut. Par la nature même de ses fonctions qui ne saurait changer, le sous-officier est condamné à mener une existence obscure, étroite, malaisée et précaire. Il ne voit encore de l'état militaire que les périls. Il n'en connaît que les périls. Le sous-officier veut donc la guerre, il la veut toujours et à tout prix, et si l'on lui refuse la guerre, il désire les révolutions qui suspendent l'autorité des règles, et au milieu desquelles il espère, à la faveur de la confusion et des passions politiques, chasser son officier et en prendre la place ; et il n'est pas impossible qu'il les fasse naître, parce qu'il exerce une grande influence sur les soldats par la communauté d'origine et d'habitudes, bien qu'il en diffère beaucoup par les passions et les désirs. On aurait tort de croire que ces dispositions diverses, de l'officier, des sous-officiers et des soldats tinssent à un temps ou à un pays. Elles se feront voir à toutes les époques, et chez toutes les nations démocratiques. Dans toute armée démocratique, ce sera toujours le sous-officier qui représentera le moins l'esprit pacifique et régulier du pays, et le soldat qui le représentera le mieux.

We see no reason why the corporal, the sergeant, or even the lieutenant or captain, should break his connexion entirely with civil life ; nor would he do so if still vigorous and young, and if the early termination of military service were the general rule, save with those who rise to higher commands by proofs of superior intellectual ability. In Prussia it is an understood thing that an officer twice passed over for the rank of major, on account of failure to pass the severe examination prescribed, or other shortcoming, retires from the service. In order, however, to sustain the continual flux and reflux between the civil

population and the army, which such a general rule of short service in the latter would create, as well as to increase without cost the inducements to enter it, military men of all ranks ought to be not only permitted but encouraged to undertake any other employment not inconsistent with the due performance of their military duties. Thus, to recur to the example of Prussia, the medical officers attached to the Prussian army are allowed to engage in private practice; and we learn from Surgeon-Major Bostock's Report, that all the senior surgeons of the guard corps at Berlin do so extensively. In the French army, on the contrary, it is a matter of complaint, as Mr. Chadwick states, 'that the rule by which an officer who engages in civil work quits the service, deprives the army of the best talents, leaving them only the tail of the competition; and the like principle is no doubt applicable to the ranks.' Mr. Chadwick adds the following interesting information respecting the Swedish army:—

'From an officer in the Swedish army I have obtained particulars as to the system about letting out of soldiers for civil labours in peace. In the cities, especially the sea-ports, the guard-house is an office for letting out men for civil work of all kinds. If a ship suddenly arrives, and the men are wanted to get out the cargo, the owner or the captain sends to the guard-house for the number he requires, and the men get extra pay for it. Loads of wood are received, and the soldiers are engaged to cut it up. If a merchant has extra copying work to be done, he can send to the guard-house for men to do it. The Government offices, too, where formed, get men from the ranks as extra copyists. When dinners or festivals are going on, soldiers are sent for who can be recommended as waiters. Cavalry-men are at times engaged as extra drivers, and to take care of horses. There is always a good supply of spademen from the ranks, and a great force of both men and officers are sent to do military work, as porters, ticket-takers, station-masters, and railway managers. Three-fourths of the force are in one way or other engaged in miscellaneous services to their own satisfaction and profit, as well as to that of the State and private employers.'

While, however, short service in the army, with liberty while in it to engage in civil occupations, ought, in our judgment, to be the general rule for the army below the rank of field-officer, the higher commands require a different rule, not only because, as General Trochu contends, age and experience are necessary; with rare exceptions of extraordinary genius, to familiarize the mind of a commander with the character of the complex living instrument he wields, but because the intellectual qualities and attainments required in the higher posts are such as to make them the proper subject of a special scientific profession. It is highly characteristic of the administration of our

own army, that, while its regulations and practice improperly tend to make an exclusive military class of the soldiers and inferior officers,—to sever them from both present and future civil occupations,—they make the service not a profession in the true sense of the word in its higher offices, where professional devotion and special intellectual attainments are really needed. Of this, one example is that an officer of the scientific branches of the army rarely obtains a principal command; the reason being that the class who have long engrossed the principal commands, and established the rules and practices with respect to promotion, are a class by no means given to intellectual studies, or commonly found in branches of the service which require them. The contempt for science shows itself again in the treatment of the medical profession, the members of which, encountering all the dangers and hardships of war, and at the same time requiring superior intellectual endowments, ought, as a matter of good economy as well as of justice, to be liberally compensated with honours and rank as well as adequate pay.

We must not close our remarks on the re-organization of the army without some reference to the plan which Colonel Reilly ably advocates of establishing, as in Prussia, a local connexion between districts and particular corps of all arms:—

‘ The line regiment of the county, its reserve battalions, the militia regiment and the volunteers, thus mutually supporting, would form a body bound together by close connexion and professional ties. The whole of the forces, regulars, yeomanry, militia, etc., in every military district, should be combined in a division, under a proper staff. Occasions should be taken when the whole might be exercised together. Every one in the county would feel his own credit and honour involved in those of the regiment of his county. Young men fond of adventure could join the regiment. At home or abroad they would feel they were honouring themselves by volunteering for such duties. That they were going amongst neighbours and friends would be an additional inducement to do so.’

That such an arrangement would have its tendency to increase the supply of recruits, to raise the patriotic spirit and temper of the people of each district, and to promote the movement between the army and the civil community which we have advocated (and which the general training of the youth of the country to arms would still further promote), we incline to believe. To diffuse and maintain a general spirit of high patriotism through the people in the times that are coming, requires, however, more than mere military measures and reforms. The system which General Scharnhorst introduced into Prussia would have had little success, if unaccompanied by the measures

by which Stein and Hardenberg elevated the condition of the great body of the people, and bound their affection to their country.

‘At the commencement of the nineteenth century,’ says the writer of a recent and instructive essay, ‘the population (of Prussia) was so little attached to existing institutions that they fell to pieces on the first attack of the invaders. . . . What gave the victory to Prussia in 1866 was not a mere mechanical invention, but the force of her social institutions, and not least, of her reformed land legislation. Sixty years ago her agricultural population was divided into two hostile classes,—one class exclusively representing property and exercising dominion, the other submissive without respect. The Prussian statesmen of that day had the courage to be just and wise, setting a noble example, which has been followed throughout nearly the whole of Germany. Their successors have reaped the advantage of their policy.’¹

Great Britain ought, in like manner, to be able to say to every class of her citizens, *Spartam sortitus es, hanc orna*. To the measures necessary to that end, no less than to military reforms, the maxim of General Trochu applies: ‘*C’est la paix, utilisée comme il convient, qui fait des bonnes armées.*’ Great Britain has at this moment only too many citizens who in war would be a formidable enemy within her gates.

¹ *Prussia and Ireland.* By Henry Dix Hutton.

[NOTE.—While this article is passing through the press, we observe that a new Bill for the Reorganization of the Army has been laid before the French Legislature, in which it is proposed that the conscript’s period of service in the Active army should be five years, with four years more in the Reserve; but this change, if finally adopted, will not alter the system substantially, or remove the objections to it urged in this paper.]

ART. VI.—*Fecundity, Fertility, and Sterility.* By Dr. MATTHEWS DUNCAN. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1867.

THE book which we are about to review is not a medical work, but a treatise on statistics referring to the topics named in the title. These statistics have been compiled and arranged with much care, and are handled by the author with acuteness and without prejudice. The book may therefore be read with pleasure and advantage by all who take an interest in the physical laws affecting the natural history of man and his social welfare. The title may perhaps repel some over-squeamish readers, but there is nothing coarse in the book, and we attribute to false shame, rather than to modesty, the feeling which would banish from discussion all facts connected with the birth of children. Many of these facts men, and women too, ought to know, and we are heartily glad to find a work containing much information without unpleasant medical details.

The statistician, economist, physiologist, and doctor are allowed to feel an interest in the fertility and fecundity of the human race; but may not simple men and women consider what family they may probably have, and what risk of death awaits the woman at each successive childbirth? Few subjects can more affect their welfare, but after perusal of Dr. Duncan's book we perceive that few subjects have received less attention, and he will be the first to admit that the information he has gleaned is incomplete, though he has spared no pains in analysing the limited number of facts observed and recorded.

The main data used by him are obtained from the Register of Births in Edinburgh and Glasgow in the year 1855. He seems to know all about 16,301 wives whose children were registered in that year, and very properly regrets that an alteration in the schedule to be filled up by mothers prevented his and our acquiring equally complete information about those same and other wives in subsequent years. It is poor consolation to think that the alteration must have been agreeable to sixteen thousand and odd wives, for, seeing how very much has been extracted from the registration in one year, and how very much remains unknown, we do wish the 1855 form had been retained, troublesome though it was. If women, as child-bearers, suffer remediable hardships, they must furnish the data by which the grievances may be proved. The suffering attending pregnancy and childbirth is so great, and affects so many persons, that great value must be set on statistics showing the circumstances under which least suffering is entailed and least risk run, and women may fairly be compelled to give the information which is required

for their own good. Much folly has been talked about the rights of women, but those who most oppose the assumption by women of the parts now played by men should in consistency grant wives the right to bear and rear children with the least possible risk and labour. Who will dare to say that this condition obtains?

Dr. Duncan's book contains much information as to the risk entailed by marriage; but this information is still incomplete. The rough comparisons usually made between the deaths among single and married women of the same age tell us nothing, for married women belong to what an insurance company calls a class of selected lives. A presumption exists that men will on the whole choose healthy, well-to-do women, rejecting the sickly, deformed, poverty-stricken, and vicious, whose deaths cannot fairly be set off against those of the bride in childbirth. Even from the full registration of 1855, Dr. Duncan can extract nothing as to the additional risk supposed to be entailed by rapid child-bearing. It is probable that some interval between successive children entails less risk than any other, and, if so, this interval should be known.

We may, indeed, be told that if we had the knowledge we crave we could not use it, but must let nature take its course. Let us know the facts before giving a decision on this point. We do not let nature take its course even now, but throw impediments in the way of excessive production by the civil obligations imposed by marriage laws, and these obligations are sanctioned by the highest morality. Let us first learn the facts accurately, and we may then consider how far they are or may be under our control.

Dr. Duncan gives some of the facts on which our reasoning must be based; for instance, his tables conclusively show the great rapidity with which young married women will probably bear children. Let us defer further consideration of the moral aspect of the question, and examine critically the facts he lays before us. The meaning of the terms 'fecundity' and 'fertility' must be first explained.

The fertility of a woman, or of a mass of women, is measured by the number of children born to that woman, or mass of women. We may speak of the past fertility, the future fertility, or the fertility during a given period of a mass of women; these several fertilities will be measured by the number of children born to the women during the periods named. We may speak of the fertility of all the women in a given population, of the wives only, or of the mothers only; the same number may measure the fertility in the three cases, but the mean fertility of women, wives, and mothers will differ, inasmuch as the number by

which the total fertility must be divided will differ in the three cases. The quality is in every case measurable, and may, therefore, be the subject of exact knowledge. When a woman is called fertile, we mean that she has children; a very fertile woman has many children. Dr. Duncan further uses the term 'persistently fertile' to express the fact that the women in particular tables have had children during the year in which the statistics as to their families have been collected; he also uses the words 'intensely fertile' occasionally, to express the fact that a given mass of women have a great many children per annum, or in a given time.

The fecundity of women is measured by the same number as would measure the intensity of their fertility, or by the number of children they bear per annum; and it would perhaps be better to avoid the expression of intense fertility altogether, even when applied to a mass of women, some of whom may be sterile, or not subject to the conditions necessary for child-bearing. In one sense, women who are capable of bearing children might be termed fecund, but Dr. Duncan's measurements of fecundity are necessarily drawn from those women only who are subject to the conditions required for child-bearing. The woman of unit fertility is the woman who has or will have one child. The woman of unit fecundity might be defined as the woman who, subject to the necessary conditions, has or will have one child per annum. The above definitions are not quite the same as those given by Dr. Duncan, but they approach very closely to those given by Professor Tait, who has contributed a very valuable section to Dr. Duncan's work. Professor Tait says, 'By fecundity at a given age, we mean the probability that, during the lapse of one year of married life at that age, pregnancy producing a living child will ensue.' This definition will correspond with that given above, if in one average year of married life be included the average number of months of pregnancy; but there would be a difference of nine months between the ages at which fecundity as defined by Professor Tait and by us would be identical. We think the new definition preferable, because Dr. Duncan's tables give the ages at childbirth, not those at pregnancy. Of course, our definition would frequently give a fraction, such as 0.56 of a child per annum, as a measure of fecundity of each one of a given group of women. Those who find this idea difficult to grasp may think of fecundity, as inversely proportional to the interval of time between successive children:—the woman who has a child once in two years is twice as fecund as she who has a child once in four years; the fecundity of the first is 0.5; of the second, 0.25.

'By fertility at any age,' says Professor Tait, 'we mean the number of children which a married woman of that age is likely to have during the rest of her life, or some numerical multiple of it.' This is what we should call the probable future fertility of the woman at that age.

Having now cleared the way of the obstructions which an imperfect comprehension of the words would throw in our path, we will state a general law of great importance which Professor Tait has derived from Dr. Duncan's tables :—

'Fecundity at various ages is proportional to the number of years a woman's age is under 50.'

This implies, for instance, that if at 20 a woman has a child once a year, at 40 the interval separating successive children would probably be three years, because the difference between 20 and 50 is three times as great as the difference between 40 and 50.

Strictly speaking, the law has been proved for a mass of women only, and would be more correctly stated as follows :—The average number of children per annum born to a mass of women of any one age is proportional to the difference between that age and 50 ; or, more shortly, The fecundity of masses of women is proportional to the difference between their age and 50. The accordance between observed figures and figures calculated by this law is wonderfully close. In order to prove its perfect applicability to individual cases, it would be necessary to verify it for large groups of women, each group including only women married at the same age ; but we think there is every probability that the law does apply to individual women as well as to the mass. That some law exists for individuals is clear, or so very simple a law for the mass would be unintelligible ; and it is certainly most probable, that the simple result should depend on the addition of equally simple parts. We often find a complex result depending on the co-existence of a few simple elements. It is very rare to find a very simple result derived from complex elements ; now the law of decrease of fecundity discovered by Professor Tait is the very simplest possible in form, and he therefore has stated it as applicable to individuals, though proved for a mass only.

According to this view, women are not likely to have children at constant intervals of time, but these intervals will probably increase with increasing age. Calculating the probable fecundity at 17 of an average woman from the data before us, we find that she will, if fertile, probably have her first child at about $18\frac{1}{2}$ years of age, and successive children at the ages of $19\frac{1}{2}$, $21\frac{1}{2}$, 23, $24\frac{1}{2}$, $26\frac{1}{2}$, $28\frac{1}{2}$, 31, 34, and 38 ; so that the interval between successive children will gradually increase from about eighteen

months to four years. In making this calculation we have modified the law, as above stated, by making the fecundity proportional to the difference between the age at each child, and 43 instead of 50; for Tait further shows, by Dr. Duncan's tables, the curious result, that the advent of sterility is hastened by early marriage: thus a woman married at 17 will probably be sterile at 43, and, if married at 30, sterility will be delayed till 48½.

This fact modifies the application of the general law to particular cases, but does not alter the simple form of the law.

The fecundity of various individuals varies of course within very wide limits, but Tait's formulæ allow us easily to calculate the number of children a woman may expect when we know how many she has had, and her age at marriage. The example is given of a woman who, married at 20, has already five children at the age of 30. She will probably have four more. The proof is as follows:—If fecundity is proportional to the number of years a woman's age is under 50, fertility at that age is proportional to the square of the same number. This is Tait's second law, which follows as a direct consequence from his first law, and from the definitions of fertility and fecundity. Now $(50-20)^2=900$, proportional to the fertility at 20; $(50-30)^2=400$, proportional to the future fertility at 30; the past fertility at 30 must have been proportional to 500, the difference between 900 and 400; so that as 500 represents five children, the remaining fertility of 400 must represent four children—*Q. E. D.* (Strictly, 46 should have been the limiting age in this case.)

It is very curious to observe, that while the proportional fecundity and fertility are thus known with considerable exactitude, the average fertility and fecundity of women is most imperfectly determined. Positively, some statistics about the poor in St. George's-in-the-East seem the only data by which any estimate of those most important numbers can be guessed at, and these statistics refer to only about eighty mothers whose cases are applicable to our object. We want to know how many children a woman married at 15-19 is likely to have, if she and her husband both live together till the woman is past 50. It seems marvellous, that with the vast machinery of registration now at work, Dr. Duncan and Professor Tait should be driven to use data obtained from a single parish by a committee of the Statistical Society. But so it is. Once we know the average number of children a woman married at 17 may expect if she remain married till 50, Tait's law will allow us to distribute those children, and tell her at what intervals the children will probably follow one another. Conversely, if we knew the inter-

vals at which children do succeed one another at given ages, and the age of the mother when married, we could calculate the total probable fertility of the woman; but none of these data are to be had for any considerable mass of women. Even the average interval between marriage and the birth of a first child is not known with any accuracy. In the Table XXXVIII. given by Dr. Duncan, he fails to show a true average for this interval. He has there treated all children born within two years of marriage as born at an average of twelve months after marriage, and, in calculating his average, has lengthened this interval only in proportion to the number of children born in subsequent years; but this calculation gives no true average, for, as the bulk is born within two years, the whole average will be far more affected by the average number of months elapsing between marriage and childbirth during these two years than by any other figures. In saying this we do not blame Dr. Duncan. He had no data on which to ground a true calculation.

Tait's law shows that the youngest women capable of bearing children are the most fecund; but it does not necessarily follow that older women, newly married, should not be more fecund than their friends of equal age who have been longer married. The initial fecundity of newly married women may always be higher than that of women of equal age who have already borne children; and statistics lend some support to this view, but do not show the law of the decrease of initial fecundity.

The reader has now as complete a view of the consequences of Tait's formulæ as space will allow us to give. Let us examine Dr. Duncan's conclusions from the same facts. He has honestly given his own conclusions, and seems even to have refrained from comparing them with the deductions from Professor Tait's theory. We have never read a book in which less effort was made to twist facts to suit views. Our only criticism is, that the consonance between the facts and the theory has occasionally been lost sight of.

Dr. Duncan first shows, by several tables, that the comparative fertility per annum of the whole population increases gradually from the commencement of the child-bearing period of life until about the age of 30 years, and that then it still more gradually declines, being greater in the decade of years following the climax than in the preceding decade. Next comes the table showing comparative fecundity of the whole mass of wives in our population at different ages, on which table the mathematical law is based. The comparison in the table, which we here extract, is made between wives at a given age and mothers at a given age:—

TABLE VII.—Showing the Comparative Fecundity at different Ages of the whole Wives in Edinburgh and Glasgow in 1855.

AGES, . . .	15-19.	20-24.	25-29.	30-34.	35-39.	40-44.	45-49.
Wives, . . .	756	8,874	14,622	14,579	11,871	10,506	7,537
Wives-Mothers,	378	3,709	5,065	3,872	2,421	845	96
Proportion of latter to former is 1 in . .	2.0	2.4	2.9	3.7	4.9	12.4	78.5
Or, percentage,	50.00	41.79	34.64	26.56	20.39	8.04	1.27

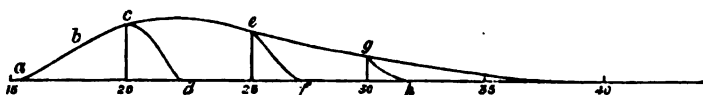
As one year would include too small a number to give a fair average, the wives and mothers are grouped in lustres of five years—15-19, 20-24, 25-30, etc.

Some of the wives in each lustre must have been married for so short a time that their children can only appear in the next lustre. We do not, therefore, get from the table a measure of the probability that a wife at each age will have a child within one year. Moreover, the fecundity of the 15-19 lustre will, more than any other, be affected by this circumstance, for whereas the 20-24 period includes many mothers married at 19, the 15-19 period includes no mothers married at 14, the beginning of the 15-19 period must be a mere blank, not because no women at that age are fecund, but because they have had no time to prove their fecundity. In the 20-24 period, on the contrary, children are counted who may be born the day after a woman is 20, she having been married in the previous lustre. Notwithstanding this disadvantage, half the wives between 15-19 were mothers, whereas only 42 per cent. of the wives between 20-24 were mothers. A better measure of the fecundity of different ages would be obtained by comparing the wives of 15-19 with the mothers at 16-20; the only perfect measure would be obtained by observing the average interval between marriage and a first child, and between successive children at each age. Dr. Duncan could not obtain all these facts, but his conclusion is well established, 'that the fecundity of the mass of wives in our population is greatest at the commencement of the child-bearing period of life, and after that period gradually diminishes.'

The tables also show 'that the fecundity of the whole wives

in our population, included within the child-bearing period of life, is, before 30 years of age is reached, more than twice as great as it is after that period.' So far Dr. Duncan and Professor Tait agree, but Dr. Duncan next says, 'A different law governs individuals—their fecundity is greatest from twenty to twenty-five.' He explains this by saying, that though less fecund, they are more fertile as a mass. This last is an intelligible and apparently true proposition if understood to mean that fewer young wives bear children, but those who do bear, bear more rapidly; but we think Dr. Duncan fails to establish the proposition, that fecundity as we have defined it is for individuals greatest between 20 and 25—a conclusion which is entirely at variance with Tait's first law. Dr. Duncan has been led to his conclusion by tables purporting to show the initial fecundity of women at different ages. In these tables for a given year, the number of wives of given ages are compared with the number of mothers of the same ages, who have been only one and two years married; thus, in 1855, 700 wives were married between the ages of fifteen and nineteen, and in the same year 306 women of the same ages became mothers within two years of their marriage.

It will at once be evident that this table does not give the number of women married at 15-19 who have children within two years of their marriage; but it is this information we require to compare the fecundity of the 15-19 lustre with the fecundity of the 20-24 lustre. The overflow which slightly falsified the Comparative Fertility table, wholly falsifies the Initial Fecundity table. This can be made more clear by the use of a simple diagram:—



Let the ages of mothers be represented by even divisions on a horizontal line; let vertical heights be drawn corresponding to the number of children born to mothers at each age within two years of marriage; then, if the curve *a b c e g* 40 bounds all these vertical heights, the area between the curve and the horizontal line will represent the total fertility of women at all ages in first-born children produced within two years of marriage. The curve will rise from nothing to a maximum between 20 and 25, because more women are married between 20 and 25 than at any other period of five years. The area between the horizontal line and the curve *a b c d*, will represent the number of children born to wives married at 15-19 within two years of

marriage, some of these being produced when the wives are nearly 22; the area $c e f d$ will represent the number born to women married at 20-24; the area $e g h f$ will correspond to women married at 25-30. These areas will afford a fair comparison of the relative initial fecundity at each age, when the whole fertility has been divided by the number of wives married at each age; they will then show the percentage of children born within two years to wives married at each age. The areas bounded by straight vertical lines, as $20 c e 25$, do not give this information; they do indeed tell us how many children were born to mothers between 20 and 25, but some of these mothers were married at 18 and 19, and, again, some of the wives married at 23 and 24 will have children within two years of their marriage, which are not included in the area $20 c e 25$. This area does give the total fertility of wives between 20-25 in children born within two years of marriage, but it does not give the fecundity, because the number by which the fertility should be divided is undetermined. It will be seen that the 20-25 area, thus bounded, begins high and ends high; losing one triangular portion at the end which belongs to it by rights, but gaining more than an equivalent at the beginning; that the 15-19 period loses the large triangular part at the end, but gains no compensation at the beginning, not through any fault of the 15-19 wives, who are very fecund, but because girls at 13-14 are not fertile at all.

The error due to this cause increases the longer we make the period after marriage within which the children are counted. Thus Table x., which has misled Dr. Duncan, seems to show, with a two-year limit, that the initial fecundity of the younger women is less than half that of the elder, whereas Table ix., with a one-year limit, seems to show that the younger are only 25 per cent. less fecund. Both conclusions are clearly erroneous. Dr. Duncan's explanation of the apparent discrepancy as to the fecundity of the mass and of individuals, is, therefore, not required. If it had been true that within two years of marriage women at 15-19 were far more sterile than those at 20-24, in anything like the proportion indicated by the Table x. of initial fecundity, those who did bear children would have had to bear them about twice as rapidly at 15-19 as at 20-24. We need not discuss this hypothesis, which is unsupported, and indeed not suggested by Dr. Duncan. Tables drawn up to give the areas $a b c d$, $d c e f$, etc., prove conclusively that the women married at 15-19 have more children within two years of marriage than women married at 20-24.

Dr. Duncan, who has at heart the establishment of facts, irrespective of any theory, most kindly supplied these tables, which

we print with his permission. They seem most curiously and perfectly to confirm Tait's law of the increased fecundity with the diminution of age even to the low limit of 16. We should certainly have expected, from various analogies given by Dr. Duncan, that fecundity would not begin as a maximum; but the tables seem to prove that it does. Whether we take the number of children written under the heading of wives at 19 as indicating the fertility at 19, or at 20, or even 21, when a two-years' limit is given, depends on the definition of fecundity; but whatever rule be adopted in this respect simply shifts the whole row of figures, leaving undisturbed the fact that the younger women have far more children within a given time after marriage than the older ones, and this law holds good within a period extending from the earliest to the latest age of child-bearing.

Dr. Duncan must in no way be considered responsible for the deductions drawn from these new tables, which he kindly sent to a complete stranger. His views may be wholly at variance with those in this article, though, as we assume his facts to be correct, we imagine that any difference in the conclusions drawn can only arise from different meanings attached to the word 'fecundity.'

TABLE showing number of Children born within One Year and Two Years of Marriage to Wives married at various ages, grouped in periods of Five Years.

1. AGE AT MARRIAGE, . . .	15-19.	20-24.	25-29.	30-34.	35-39.	40-44.	45-49.	49-50.	Total.
2. Number of wives married per annum at ages in row 1,	700	1835	1120	402	205	110	46	29	4447
3. Number of children born within one year of marriage to wives married at above ages, ...	163	818	113	33	18	3	..	..	643
4. Ratio of row 2 to row 3, .	4·3	5·9	9·9	12·2	11·4	36·7	..	..	6·9
5. Corresponding percentage of children to mothers, . .	23·28	17·06	10·09	8·21	8·78	2·73	..	..	14·46
6. Number of children born within two years of marriage to wives married at above ages, ...	905	1628	523	164	47	4	1	..	3172
7. Ratio of row 2 to row 6, .	0·778	1·2	2·1	2·4	4·4	27	46	..	14
8. Corresponding percentage of children to wives, . . .	129·28	88·27	46·70	40·80	22·93	3·63	2·17	..	71·28

TABLE showing number of Children born within One Year and Two Years of Marriage to Wives married at 15-19, grouped in periods of Twelve Months.

1. AGE AT MARRIAGE, ...	15.	16.	17.	18.	19.
2. Number of wives married per annum at ages in row 1, . .	...	43	108	225	314
3. Number of children born under one year of marriage to wives married at above ages, . . .	2	7	31	56	67
4. Ratio of row 2 to row 3, . . .	...	*6.14	3.48	4.00	4.68
5. Corresponding percentage of children to mothers, ...	...	*16.3	28.7	24.9	21.3
6. Number of children born within two years of marriage to wives married at above ages, . . .	27	98	177	276	323
7. Ratio of row 2 to row 6, . . .	...	0.439	0.61	0.817	0.972
8. Corresponding percentage of children to wives, ...	...	228	164	122	103

Dr. Duncan shows, that when women are married at 15-19, they are more likely to be wholly sterile than when married at 20-24, unless indeed his conclusion is falsified by the absence of correction for twins; but allowing, as is probable, that his conclusion as to absolute sterility is correct, this fact affects a very small percentage of the younger women. A true measure of initial and subsequent fecundity, as defined in this article, can only be obtained from data showing the average interval at various ages between marriage and the birth of a first child, and between successive children. Dr. Duncan, in Tables XXXVIII. and XXXIX., gives probably the best information ever yet collected on this subject; but his average of seventeen months between marriage and the birth of a first child, as already explained, is to be received with caution. The true average could only be obtained from data giving information month by month, and these data are wanting. Table XXXIX. gives twenty months as the average interval between successive births (or more truly, as the author says, the average interval between marriage and the birth of the child divided by the number of children born).

* These figures, which seem to show small fecundity in women married at 16, are largely affected by immaturity.

This average, though far more carefully obtained than any preceding estimate, is not quite satisfactory. The table is formed by taking a mass of women who, up to 1855, have borne a given number, say six children, and ascertaining the average length of time which has passed between the marriage of the mothers and the birth of the last child. For mothers of six children this was 137 months. This time, divided by 6, gives 22·8, which may be roughly called the average interval between successive births. The table at first sight seems to show that the first, second, and third children follow one another very rapidly, as Tait's law would indicate, that for subsequent children a very constant period of about twenty-two months is observed; but that after the fourteenth child, births succeed one another with an alarming rapidity, at intervals falling at last to about eleven months, in apparent direct contradiction with Tait's law.

This, as pointed out by Dr. Duncan, is not the true meaning of the table, which simply shows that women who have 16 children or more have them very fast, which we might have guessed. These women of high fecundity, who also bear their 6th, 10th, 14th children very rapidly, bring down the average periods as above calculated for all these ages, and affect the average more and more, as the size of the families increases, for which the average is calculated. We should like to know the average time separating births for women who in all have two, three, ten, sixteen children; and again for each class the average time, separating the first from the second, the second from the third, and so forth. This Dr. Duncan cannot give us—by no fault of his. But though he is fully aware of the limited deduction to be drawn from his table, we think he should qualify slightly his conclusion drawn from it, that a wife who having had children has ceased for three years to exhibit fertility, will probably have no more children. If Tait's law be right, the average interval varies at each age, and varies so considerably, that whereas the probability of relative sterility may at 18-19 be decided within eighteen months, at 34-39 it may not be decided even within three years. Dr. Duncan himself indicates this conclusion, but does not, we think, insist upon it sufficiently. Again, the probability of the relative sterility of a woman of high fecundity would be much sooner determined than that of a woman of low fecundity. Dr. Duncan divides women in his tables into fertile and persistently fertile, the definition of the latter being simply women who have borne a child during the year in which the particular information in the given table was collected. The division is perfectly

rational, but the reader must not conceive that women really are of two kinds, one of which has a reasonable number of children, while the other is an awful being, specially liable to produce sixteen or nineteen children. The only true division appears to be that indicated by Tait's law—women of high, low, and intermediate degrees of fecundity; the woman of low fecundity breeds at greater intervals, and after a few children the probable interval becomes so great as practically to amount to probable sterility. Thus in the instance above given our average woman married at 17, though not sterile till 43, would probably not have a child after 38. The woman of high fecundity breeds at short intervals, and though these increase they do not pass the limiting age till a very numerous progeny has been born. This suggests an explanation of two curious results, which seem indicated by the tables. Women married late, who do have children, seem to have a higher fecundity than the average of married fertile women at the same age. May not this be explained by a supposition that at the later ages only women of high fecundity have children? and may not the same circumstance explain the curious fact, that women married late, who are fertile, continue to bear children later in life than the average of women married younger? The highly fecund will in all probability bear later. This would explain apparently all the observed results without any hypothesis involving a different law of decrease for initial and subsequent fecundities, or for the advent of sterility in women married at different ages.

The laws of fecundity and fertility are interesting in many ways. A true comparison of the fertility of different races can only be made when those laws are known. This is well shown by Professor Tait, who, as one result of the application of his formulæ, tells us that the absolute fertility of the mass of married women in England is only about eighty per cent. of that of Scotland,—a conclusion arrived at after the influence of the varying age at marriage has been eliminated in accordance with the law of decrease of fecundity. We hope that similar reasoning may be applied to some inferior races, who seem to be endowed with very high fecundity. We may then speculate on the number of years which would be required for the extinction of the superior race if the lower race were not happily deprived of some other qualities useful in the struggle for life, such as the power of producing food, attending to sanitary arrangements, and keeping the peace. Those who do not advocate the extinction of savages, as Mr. Roebuck was supposed to have done, should really reflect, that if we were ever to succeed in imparting but a small fraction more of some of those useful qualities to our savage competitors we should

infallibly be extinguished ourselves, owing to the high value of their F_1 , as Tait calls it. We cannot help believing that, if Professor Tait's figures are right, England must at no very distant time be peopled with the Scots race only. We are certain that, once born, a Scotsman is quite as able to take care of himself as an Englishman. If, in addition to this, the Scots wives are twenty-five per cent. more fertile, their children will necessarily form an increasing fraction of the whole population, and unless this whole population itself increases fast enough, the English element will vanish. A Darwinian might say that this is a providential arrangement for improving mankind, but we do not like to see this high fertility quality counting so heavily in the scale of merit.

The believer in Malthus may now calculate the age at which marriage may be allowed, after determining the number of children per marriage which he desires that the population should produce. If three children were allowed, women might marry at 30, without further restriction as to production; whereas, on the rough calculation adopted, according to Dr. Duncan, by Malthus himself, that women might produce once in two years till the age of 50, the Malthusian three-child marriage would have been necessarily delayed till the age of 44. Dr. Duncan's criticisms on the assumptions both of Malthus and his opponent Sadler are excellent, and show how roughly this great problem was treated by them. The contrast drawn by Malthus between the increase of corn and the increase of mankind is fallacious. Plants and men are limited in number by similar checks. Each perpetually wages a Darwinian struggle for existence, and the analogy between the struggles is perfect, but for the one fact, that man by the exercise of his will can impose a preventive check on his increase, whereas beasts and vegetables cannot. Nevertheless, the main doctrine, that if mankind bred as fast as possible, they would produce in fully populated countries more children than could be supported by the produce, remains quite unassailed. Hunger and want do impose a preventive check, but if these be the only efficient motives of abstinence, we may be certain that, as the average of human life is prolonged by sanitary and other improvements, so the living population will increase more and more rapidly, with hordes of wretched beings, barely able to maintain existence, and yet only restrained from further procreation by their misery. Can any prospect be worse than this? and are not Malthus and Mill right when they call upon us to exercise our privilege of free-will after more noble fashion, and to renounce our animal instincts in order to attain a higher ideal of life? Few dare to write and say it were well that married

men and women should voluntarily limit their families ; yet if it were established that by so doing poverty could even in some degree be banished, and the minds of men even a little raised, what duty could be more sacred than the restraint of self-indulgence with such an object ? Unfortunately, the case is by no means clear. In the first place, it is hard to determine what increase of population in a given country is admissible. Sardinia of old, with a large population, could feed other countries ; now it is stricken with great poverty when its population is very small. The island of Singapore, a few years since, supported a few savages ; it now bears a large and rich town. These facts do not contradict Malthus, but they do show that *a priori* it is impossible to fix on the proper ratio between so many square miles of earth and the desirable population. In the second place, even if we were to grant that in a given country, say England, the increase of population outstripped the increase of production so as necessarily to entail pauperism, this consideration could only influence the very class which it is desirable to multiply,—the moral, the prudent, and the well-to-do. The bad men would put themselves to no restraint for the sake of children, nor yet the thoughtless. As for the pauper, if sheer want does not restrain him, we see that prudence will not ; he has no pride, and cares not that his children should be paupers too ; it is only the man with a position who fears that his children should lose caste.

Well, then, how can Mr. Mill ask the rich, the well-educated, the moral classes to abstain from producing children, when they know that by so doing they will simply make way for the children of the ignorant and brutal ? Less cogent arguments are urged by some, who fear that without the sharp spur of want mankind would not work, and that as the population dwindled, rank after rank of the great army of mankind would fall out as stragglers, and so production too would dwindle, and poverty be, as now, master of the world.

Another argument is this :—Now the strong and able are selected, and thus, year by year perhaps, the race improves or does not fall off. If the conditions of life are so altered that the weak and foolish too can live and produce, the race will be gradually enfeebled. Some say this action is observed in France, and that while the population remains constant, the conscripts are feebler year by year. Good tending of children might, however, more than make amends for the diminished range of selection. Comfort may, perhaps, rival death as the improver of the human race ; but while all these more or less plausible and possibly true arguments can be urged against Malthus, no large class will on public grounds abstain from produci

children, especially while public opinion is adverse rather than favourable to restraint. In some other countries, indeed, marriage does not in public estimation imply a duty to bear the utmost possible number of children, but our author evidently feels himself on tender ground when he suggests that perhaps more than ten children may constitute an excessive family. This family of ten is a probable family when the bride is young, and both husband and wife live till she is 50. The average of families is not half ten, but this average includes late marriages, and all cases in which husband or wife dies. When a girl of 17 is married, she may expect nine or ten children. If she and her husband hope to escape with less, they are hoping for sterility or death.

Sickness is counted in computing the average; if man and woman retain their health, their children will in all probability exceed ten. It is worth while to consider the arguments as to whether our young couple are in duty bound to produce all these children. Those who answer yes must argue as follows: Abstinence on the part of the husband will tempt him to immorality, and on the part of the wife it implies a slothful reluctance to bear the burden of life; by refusing to bear children she is shirking a duty and hurrying her husband into temptation. Further, if husbands and wives come to think the limitation of children a desirable object, they will not be nice as to the means; and thus foul practices will be engendered and infanticide increase. These arguments are, we think, every one of them sound and in part true. The answers might be stated thus:—If men must be prepared for large families, they cannot afford to marry young. If not married, they are tempted while young, and the large unmarried population of young men nourishes the vast prostitution too well proved. Choose, then, between young marriages with subsequent abstinence, or late marriages with early abstinence. Will one system cause more temptation than the other? Next, our protagonist would deny that the reluctance of a woman to bear many children implied a reluctance to perform her duties. Is it not the duty of a mother to tend and educate her children, and can she perform this duty if her life alternates between the sickness of gestation and the occupation of nursing the last-born infant? Can women of the lower class thus occupied perform their household duties? Can women of the upper class preserve their mental culture? Next, he would argue that to acknowledge an object as desirable does not imply approval of all means by which to attain it. Paupers and lunatics are evils, but we do not sanction their murder; infanticide would decrease if the misery of large families decreased.

Several of these rival arguments turn on matters of fact which can be observed, such as the prevalence of infant mortality in countries in which public opinion approves or disapproves of a limitation to the size of families. We can hardly hope to determine by observation the relative mental and moral culture in large and small families, but statistics might be collected showing whether children born in rapid succession are as healthy as others; we suspect that their death-rate would be found sensibly above the average. But though statistics cannot do more than this, each father and mother may, in their own case, consider whether, while their children follow one another in rapid succession, they are well cared for and duly educated; a nurse is, at best, a poor substitute for a mother, and among the poor, the nurse is a little ignorant child. Women who believe that in bearing children year by year they are fulfilling a sacred though painful duty, may ask themselves whether they are performing their duty to the children already born.

It is probable that no general rule can be established, but that each case must be decided on its own merits. Neither the arguments of Malthus, nor any others, apparently justify us in calling on a healthy couple to limit the number of their children, when these will receive a fair education and such an outfit as will enable them to produce so much wealth by their labours as will probably insure them against want. It may well be doubted whether, for the sake of self-indulgence, a little more rest, a little more wealth, such a couple would be justified in placing a limit to the number of their children. But think of another and too frequent case. Think of a man and woman struggling with poverty, absolute or relative, with more children already than they know how to educate, to clothe, even to feed. Think of the woman, bowed with ill-health, peevish from petty trials; think of the children, each on its arrival regarded as a misfortune if not a curse, growing up unhealthy, ill-cared-for, dirty, ignorant, with no better prospect than to repeat the life of its wretched parents. Would these parents do wrong in refusing to be instrumental in multiplying a race of paupers? Between these two extremes may not each man and woman ask themselves the question, whether any duty obliges them to procreate children whose advent they will deplore.

Some may be shocked even at the question, regarding the births of children as the result of a special intervention of Providence. We shall not quarrel with these persons, remembering what are the faculties and possible destiny of each child born; but we cannot refuse to see that Providence will not send us children without some action on our part. There is no obliga-

tion binding on men and women to begin the begetting of children ; having begun, must they go on per force ? The argument as to interfering with Providence is quite disregarded now as to epidemics, and it is a little difficult to see the distinction between interference to prevent excessive deaths and excessive births. Indeed, if we do disturb the old balance by preventing a high death-rate, it seems almost incumbent on us to restore equilibrium by diminishing the birth-rate. It seems a strange doctrine that we with our privilege of free-will, with reason, with religion, for our guides, shall be debarred all choice in this matter, and reduced to a level with brute beasts, each species of which is limited by death and suffering alone ; we wholly disagree with those who indulge their senses and expect Providence to protect them from the consequences of their incontinence.

When parents observe that they produce diseased children, idiots, for instance, their duty clearly is to produce no more such wretched beings, burdens to the world and to themselves ; we may pity and pardon the infatuation leading unhappy parents to hope that perhaps the next child may bloom a fit object of pride as well as love ; but medical science in many cases can sanction no hope, and at best can only promise a chance that misery may be deferred ; disease may spare the child, but only to strike the full-grown man. General opinion already condemns marriages likely to result in such offspring as these ; but even after marriage, so soon as the eyes of the parents have been opened to the probable fate of their children, their duty clear.

Dr. Duncan does not enter into these questions, but his tables and Professor Tait's law seem to prove that, until now, the mass of the married population has exercised no restraint whatever on its procreative power.

It would be well if the honest opinion of women on these points could be obtained ; unfortunately, this opinion cannot well be obtained. It is the opinion of pure and able mothers that would have weight, but these women do not court publicity. We may suspect that few women bear more than three or four children except from necessity, or from a sense of duty, and of very painful duty ; but we get no public sign of such a feeling, except now and then from a wild cry of some poor woman, who mostly does her cause harm, as, when last year, *apropos* to women's votes for Members of Parliament, a complaint was made that the law did not recognise a rape by a husband on his wife. The idea was simply ludicrous ; not indeed that intolerable hardship, misery, may murder itself, may not result from the full exercise of a husband's rights, but because of the preposterous inadequacy of any conceivable law to meet such cases. The only remedy lies in the education of

public opinion, which, we imagine, is far from willing to allow a woman any exemption from total subjection to her husband in this matter. We do not feel certain that public opinion now wholly condemns even the man who, knowing that should his wife conceive again she will certainly die, nevertheless subjects her to the risk of conception. When she conceives and dies he has committed no legal murder, yet he has killed the woman he was most bound to cherish, and killed her to gratify his senses.

Much mischief is done by the veil thrown over the subjects we are treating. Young women of the better classes know really nothing of the suffering they may expect in marriage, beyond the fact that some of their friends die in childbirth. Novels do not, and ought not, to tell them of the weary months of pregnancy, with infinite petty, almost degrading ills, nor of the weary years of ill health passed by thousands who escape the risk of immediate death. Married women keep their counsel only too well. Young men are almost as ignorant as their young wives, who, at a moment when their imaginations are fired by all that romance and youth can promise, when their daily lives shine with a light darkened by no cloud of evil and mistrust, from this great happiness often pass suddenly to a state of bodily and mental degradation, of fretfulness, worry, and vexation. What wonder if the young woman fancies she has awakened from a happy dream to face a harsh reality? what wonder if she resents as a lie the romance of chivalry so lately told and heard in perfect faith? what wonder if the husband becomes repulsive, and the word of love a mockery?

The husband, in his turn, bewildered, ignorant, fears that a veil has fallen from his eyes, and that he now sees in the peevish, discontented woman before him the true form of the goddess he had worshipped. Would it not have been better for that young woman and man to have known what child-bearing meant? Possibly they would never have married. Better so, then. Better still, if, knowing the trials before them, they met them bravely, —she prepared to suffer, and he prepared, at the expense of self-denial, to spare her suffering. Some may fear that poetry and purity would vanish before knowledge; but love is no lie. Knowledge of vice may render love impossible, knowledge of pain will not render love less pure.

To return to our author: Dr. Duncan shows us that the risk run even by healthy women is enough to give us pause. He is chiefly occupied in comparing the mortality at various ages, and at the birth of successive children, and he proves 'that youth has less influence in producing mortality from parturition than age, or rather "elderliness,"' as he calls it; 'that the age of least mortality is near 25 years; and that on either side of

this age mortality gradually increases with the diminution or increase of age. He also shows that the percentage of mortality in first labours is about twice as great as that of the average of all subsequent labours. In four series of observations quoted by him, the mortality in first labours is 1 in 60, 74, 54, and 62 respectively; the mortality in subsequent labours 1 in 150, 123, 115, and 155; from data by Dr. Farr it appears that in England the average mortality in childbirth is 1 in 188. As the number of a woman's labours increases above nine, the risk of death following labour increases with the number. We can refer, but very briefly, to this part of the volume, in which special care has been taken to analyse the effects of puerperal fever, and of the duration of labour. The author does not make too high a claim in saying, that 'from the data thus given an actuary may calculate the answers to the most important questions in this topic. He can determine the fecundity of the female, or her chance of having offspring; her fertility in the number she is likely to have; the time when she will probably become relatively sterile; the risk of death in bearing her first child; the risk of death in the subsequent confinements.'

Some explanation is, however, desirable of the very discrepant results obtained when various classes are selected for observation. Thus Sir James Simpson states, in his address to the Public Health Section of the Social Science Congress at Belfast, as the result of Dr. Leon le Fort's semi-official investigations, that out of 934,781 parturient women delivered at their own homes, and often very wretched homes, 4405 died, or 1 in every 212; while out of 888,512 delivered in maternity hospitals, where every kind of professional care and comfort was bestowed upon them, 30,394 died, or 1 in every 29. Sir J. Simpson also states, from statistics published by Dr. Barnes, that out of 4000 women confined in the four chief maternity hospitals of London, 142 died, or 1 in every 28; while out of 18,383 confined at their own homes, as dispensary or out-patients in connexion with the hospitals of St. Thomas and Guy, 53 died, or 1 in 346. Dr. Duncan gives even worse death-rates than 1 in 28 from the register of a St. Petersburg hospital, but does not discuss the causes of the low death-rates occasionally observed, nor of the terrible hospital mortality. The difference is not due to puerperal fever alone.

It seems to be clearly established that between 15 and 30 the life of a married woman is much more precarious than that of an unmarried woman. To use Dr. Stark's words, quoted by Dr. Duncan:—

'Supposing married and unmarried were in equal numbers between 15 and 20 years of age, ten married would die for every seven unmarried; between 20 and 25, nine married would die for every eight unmarried women; above 30 the chances appear

to be in favour of married life. The high mortality attending the birth of first children explains the risk run by the younger women. Even after this the risk expressed by say 1 in 150 is no trifle, especially if it has to be frequently encountered. What would men say if 1 in 150 of the gentlemen travelling to business in the City were killed every two years by railway accidents, with wounded or maimed in proportion? We think they would shirk season-tickets, and feel very uncomfortable if forced by their wives to travel daily; they might possibly resent the argument that they were only doing their duty in earning daily bread for their wives and children in the country.'

We hope Dr. Duncan may be induced to collect statistics as to the mortality when labours are separated by various intervals. It is just possible, that if a husband knew that the risk to a woman he loved could be seriously diminished, he might practise a little self-denial.

Dr. Duncan gives valuable information as to the probable duration of pregnancy, for which we must refer readers to his work; it appears that Montgomery's term, which is much relied on, is too long by nearly a week; the older and more popular modes of calculation being the more correct. If so, Dr. Montgomery must have much misery of a minor kind to answer for; indeed, serious risk must often result from miscalculation. Dr. Duncan adheres to the doctrine that conception in the vast majority of cases can only take place during a period of about a week in each month, but he does not mention the researches which have established this fact. Much curious information is given as to the size and weight of new-born children, the frequency of twins, and the effect of age and previous child-bearing on fertility in twins. On the question of sterility, our author says:—'Of women between the ages of 15 and 41 inclusive there were married 4372; among wives of the same ages 3710 had first children, leaving 662¹ marriages sterile, or 1 in 6·6; in other words, 15 per cent. of all marriages between 15 and 44 years of age, as they occur in our population, are sterile.' 'Dr. West states that he found the general average of sterile marriages among the patients at St. Bartholomew's Hospital to be 1 sterile marriage in every 8·5,' but it appears that almost every woman married at 20-25 proves fertile. Our author's data did not apparently allow twin children to be distinguished from others, or we should have had, in Table LXVIII., an almost perfect measure of the sterility at each age. In this table we find that 7·3 per cent., 0, and 28 per cent. of all women, married respectively at 15-19, 20-25, 25-29, are absolutely sterile; of women married at 30-34, 35-39, 40-44, 45-49, the sterile are 37, 53, 91, and 96 per cent. respectively.

¹ We take the liberty of correcting an erratum in the passage we quote.

A mere list of the headings of chapters will show the very large number of problems which are connected with fertility, each problem having its own special importance. Thus we find chapters on 'The Fertility of the whole Marriages in a Population;' 'The Fertility of the whole Fertile Marriages in a Population at a given Time;' 'On the Annual Fertility of the Married Women of Child-bearing Age in a Population;' 'The Size of Families in a given Population at a given Time;' 'The Fertility of the whole Marriages in a Population that are Fertile at a given Time;' 'The Fertility of Fertile Marriages lasting during the whole Child-bearing Period of Life;' 'The Fertility of Persistently Fertile Marriages lasting during the whole Child-bearing Period of Life;' 'The Fertility of Persistently Fertile Wives at different Years of Married Life;' 'The Fertility of Fertile Wives at different Periods of Married Life;' 'The Degrees of Fertility of Wives Mothers of Families of different Numbers;' 'The Fertility of Wives Mothers Married at different Ages;' 'The Fertility of Persistently Fertile Wives of different Ages;' 'The Fertility of the Older Women;' 'The Contributions to the Adult Population by Marriages at different Ages;' and, finally, 'The Comparison of the Fertility and Fecundity of different Peoples.'

As might be expected, Dr. Duncan, having looked at the question from all these points of view, finds his predecessors at fault in all directions. The book is not at all prolix or dogmatic, for Dr. Duncan belongs to the very valuable class of authors who collect and digest facts, but refrain from the reflections which those facts suggest. We have been tempted to indulge in some speculations, and feel certain that all readers who can think will find new matter for consideration in the book. They will find nothing garbled, no concealment, no prejudice; but a large collection of interesting materials intelligently arranged. Professor Tait has ventured further than Dr. Duncan on the sea of speculation, and has suggested extremely simple laws, grouping vast numbers of apparently disconnected facts into two short sentences. We think the laws are proved for a mass of women, but further statistics are wanted before we can judge how far they can be applied to individual cases. Their author knows this well, and expresses some indignation at being deprived of the data by which to check and extend his curious formulæ, and we fully agree with the opinion expressed in the following passage: 'As in all questions of average, the value of our deductions in this matter is mainly dependent on the extent and accuracy of our data; and it is sad to think that the enormous Blue-Books which load our shelves contain so much painfully elaborated information which is of no use, and so little of those precious statistics which would at once be easy of acquirement and invaluable to physiologists.'

ART. VII.—ITALY IN 1867.

A WRITER who at this time addresses a body of readers in the United Kingdom upon the subject of Italy, has one great advantage over those who have to speak of most other countries. He has no need to build up any substruction. He may plunge *in medias res* without prefacing what he has got to say of the present or future, by any historical narrative.

If we except France, Italy is the one country with the recent history of which Englishmen of our day are pretty fairly acquainted. This period of comparatively extended knowledge of Italian affairs will not be of long continuance. The names of Calatafimi and Aspromonte will probably say as little to our children as those of La Granja or Vergara say to ourselves.

The generation which read Mr. Gladstone's Neapolitan Letters, or his great speech of April 11, 1862; the generation which remembered the shock that ran through London when the news of the death of Cavour was telegraphed from Turin; the generation which welcomed Garibaldi to the English shore, will soon pass away, and the attention of those who come after us will very possibly be fixed upon political dramas in other parts of the world as exciting as that which we have watched in the fair land 'which the Apennine divides and the sea and the Alps surround.'

The sensation age of modern Italy would seem, if the Fates have not in store for us some great surprises, to be, in spite of recent occurrences, drawing near its end; and if much of the romantic past is not to have been in vain, what we must hope for is a prosaic future. Till now the questions, which the friends of Italy have been asking, related chiefly to conspiracies and revolts, to the chances of battle, to the fidelity of armies, to the comparative strength of rival enthusiasms. The questions which we have now to ask relate to less exciting matters. They are two in number: Will Italy soon accomplish absolute unity? and, What place is she likely to take amongst the powers of Europe?

Till within the last few weeks most well-informed persons would, we believe, have replied to the first of these questions somewhat as follows:—The perfect quiet which has prevailed at Rome since the withdrawal of the French, shows that, however widespread may be the dissatisfaction with priestly rule, there is not, in the dominions which still remain to the Pope, that burning desire to overthrow it which must inevitably lead to revolution. For some years the Papal Government has seized every pretext to send across the frontier all those active and stirring spirits who usually take the lead in times of excitement. The number

of the Roman exiles is not accurately known even by the most acute and painstaking of the diplomatists who reside in the Eternal City. Undoubtedly, however, it is extremely large—large enough to amount to a small army. If we add to these the number of persons who are known to be detained in the political prisons, we arrive at a very considerable deduction from the plotting and fighting strength of the disaffected part of the population. No stranger can pass any time in Rome without discovering that he is surrounded by persons who are hostile to the Government; but then many of them are bound over in heavy recognisances to keep the peace. They or some of their connexions are dependent on the clergy, or they know themselves to be suspected, and are certain that the smallest overt act on their part would send them either out of Rome or into some such pleasant retreat as San Michele. The probability is that the present state of things 'will drag its slow length along' until either the election of a less impracticable Pope or some complication in European politics which may leave the temporal Papacy without an available defender, may enable Italy to step in and assert her natural rights.

The precipitancy of one generous but ill-advised man, and the subservience of Rattazzi to the section of politicians which that man represents, very nearly deranged these calculations, and threatened, for a moment, with a sudden and disastrous overthrow not only the hopes of Italy, but even accomplished facts.

That danger has for the time passed by, and the Roman question is left pretty much as it was six months ago, with, however, these modifications:—

First, All the world now sees what many, as we have said, saw before, that the *explosive* power of Roman disaffection is not very great.

Secondly, The extreme inconvenience of his obligations towards the Pope has been forced on the mind of the Emperor; and

Thirdly, Italy has been so deeply affronted, that unless she is to be thrown altogether into the arms of Prussia, the past must be atoned for by a much more speedy concession to her wishes than might before have been necessary.

The explanation of the conduct of the French Government seems to us simple enough. Hardly any one in Europe more cordially detests the temporal power of the Pope than does Napoleon III. His first step in public life was to engage in an insurrection against the government of priests. During the earlier stages of the late movement he seems to have been irresolute, and to have hoped that things would take such a turn as would make it unnecessary for him to interfere. Hence the

enigmatic answer to Nigra. Hence the inconsistent conduct of Prince Napoleon, who first fanned the fire at Florence, and then tried to extinguish it. As time went on, everything turned out worse and worse for the hopes of Italy, and for the secret wishes of her great protector. The successes of the Garibaldians were, to say the least, equivocal, and the attempted insurrection in Rome itself was an absurd failure. A sudden and overwhelming uprising on the Seven Hills—an extraordinary amount of energy and daring displayed by the King of Italy, might, it is just possible, have forced the not unwilling hand of the French Emperor. No happy accident came to his assistance. The Catholic party in France, always far stronger than Englishmen like to remember, was wild with excitement. The Nuncio threatened to demand his passports. The legislative session was just at hand. The whole affair had the appearance of a fiasco for the Imperial policy, and a new humiliation to France, still smarting from the disgrace of Mexico. There was nothing for it but to sacrifice Italy, and so the order went forth against her as it had once gone forth for her, '*frappez fort et frappez vite.*'

Victor Emmanuel has been very much blamed for giving way, and 'making the kowtow to France,' but the answer to that reproach is, that, unfortunately up to this moment, his position with reference to the Emperor has not been very materially different from that of a great Indian potentate, say the Nizam, to the Viceroy for the time being. No doubt he might have thrown himself into the arms of the *Reds*, and done his best to evoke the revolutionary spirit in France—and no doubt the Nizam, if enraged beyond bearing, could do similarly desperate and dangerous things—may, perhaps, one day do so; but the occasion, great as it was, was not great enough to play double or quits, when the probability was so very violent that the result would be double and *not* quits.

The circular of General Menabrea, who, be it remembered, has strong conservative leanings, seems to us very dignified and impressive, although we understand it has not been well received at Florence. Associated with him, as Minister of the Interior, is the Marquis Gualterio, an extremely able man, and exceptionally fortunate in being one of the very few Italian politicians in whom the more reasonable portion of the Roman ecclesiastics have anything like confidence. He knows minutely the state of parties in Rome, and that is a science by itself, not a very dignified one assuredly, but one eminently useful to the King's Government at this moment. If any one can work effectually at Rome, it will be he. The great difficulty in the way is the Pope himself. People fancy that the Pope *reigns*, while Anto-

nelli *rules*, but that is a mere delusion. All that has happened in recent years is attributable to the Pope personally. He, and he alone, is the mainspring of his own Government. He, and he alone, is responsible for the policy of resistance *à l'outrance*. The reasonable probability that another man so intolerably obstinate does not exist, even in the College of Cardinals, is, when combined with the hope that another might see the wisdom of retreating, at the very commencement of his reign, from a false position which was not of his own making, the ground on which many good observers have prophesied that a favourable change in the relations of Italy to the Head of the Church might be looked for after the next Conclave. We wish we could persuade ourselves that anything is to be hoped for the present from direct negotiations between Rome and Italy, even under the auspices of the man who contrived to live at Naples in perfect amity with a personage of such decided opinions as Cardinal Riariorio Sforza.

If the Emperor of the French would be only too happy to have his hand forced, in a creditable manner, the assembling of a conference is perhaps to be desired, although we can quite understand the dislike entertained by Ministers responsible for the policy of their respective countries, to entering upon negotiations without any definite basis. If the Emperor's dispositions are really such as we fancy, and if the conference could be assembled, it might result, if not in confining the sovereignty of the Pope to the Leonine City, which must, we think, be the ultimate solution of the present difficulty, at least in limiting the exercise of his sovereign rights to the city of Rome itself. It used to be urged against this plan, that it would be unfair to the Romans; but they have shown so little conduct or courage in recent events that no one need pause long to consider them. More difficult are the questions which would arise about the relations between the new Government and the ecclesiastical corporations which hold property in the Campagna; but if the more decisive plan cannot yet be adopted, the one suggested would at least be a step in advance. It is of course easy for highly impartial persons to say that Rome belongs to the whole world, and not to Italy. So, in a certain sense, it undoubtedly does; but the desire to possess Rome is a real political force in Italy, and it is not a political force elsewhere. Supposing even that a crusading spirit could be excited throughout the Catholic world in favour of the temporal power, the only result would be to light up the flames of religious strife throughout the globe; and few would, we think, have much doubt as to what would be the result of re-commencing the contest which was closed by the Peace of Westphalia.

The Pope will no doubt retain for some time to come his

position as a sovereign, with all the rights which it implies, and more especially with the right of representation at the courts of other sovereigns ; but if Italy is not to be once more broken up, she *must* have Rome. It is only to Rome that Turin, Naples, or Milan will permanently bow. The determination not to be satisfied till they have won it, is with the populations of these and other cities a fixed idea. What is gained then by demonstrating ever so clearly that Florence is in many respects better suited for a capital? Of course it is. No sensible man denies that ; although Florence is not itself pre-eminently suited for a capital ; but there are such things as national hallucinations over which reason can exert no power. A city, many parts of which are deadly for months in the year, with narrow irregular streets, and in the middle of a wilderness, is certainly not the capital which we should wish for Italy. The magic of the name is however irresistible, and must be considered as a fixed point, with reference to which other things must be settled. A writer in one of our best newspapers said the other day that Italy had no more need of Rome than Spain of Gibraltar. A more exquisitely infelicitous illustration could hardly have occurred to any one. What reasonable man, who knows anything about Spain, believes that Gibraltar can be *permanently* withheld from her? and what nation has over Rome rights at all comparable to those which England has over Gibraltar?—rights quite as good, in a mere bare legal sense, as Spain has over Majorca, or really, for that matter, over Madrid.

If Italy lives and grows strong we cannot doubt that Rome will fall before very long into her grasp. How this will happen we have not the remotest idea ; but it is easy to imagine half-a-dozen combinations which would fulfil her hopes ; and not easy to imagine any, consistent with her continuing to exist, which would baffle them for very long. To our first question then we think we may answer, Yes. If Italy is not once more broken up, as she might have been, if she had gone to war with France a few weeks ago, she will in all probability complete her unity before any very considerable time has elapsed. Of course, if the pamphlet bearing the title *Napoleon III. and Europe in 1867*, really emanates from an official source, and if the admirable sentiments, with regard to Germany, which that most remarkable paper contains, are allowed to mould the policy of France, Italy will lose one chance of a speedy fulfilment of her aspirations. No one, however, can doubt that the writer was speaking his own views about Germany, and merely echoing with regard to Italy the views which he thought would 'go down' with the French people. The appearance of this most noteworthy document may be an additional reason for not expecting, from a conference, much help towards the settlement

of the Roman question,—may be a good reason for believing that the emperor is *not* prepared just at present to allow his hand to be forced. Italy has, however, only to bide her time. *Fata viam invenient.*

If the prospects held out to Europe in this pamphlet can be realized, Italy, like all the other members of our political State-system, will gain so much that she may be well content to sacrifice even Rome for a while. Important as it is for us all, that her unity should be secured by the key-stone being placed in the arch, the completion of German unity, without a terrible war between Germany and France, is incomparably more important.

The second of our questions, although far wider than the first, is easier to answer, for the answer to it can be less affected by the chapter of accidents.

In attempting, however, to answer it, we are immediately struck by one unexpected fact. Hundreds of intelligent men traverse Italy every year, yet there exists no such thing as a book of travels through Italy which has any political value. There are good works on some few districts, of which M. Gallenga's *Country Life in Piedmont* is quite the best, and should be put in a class by itself. There are admirable specimens of the best kind of *tourist* writing, such as Gregorovius's charming sketches in *Figuren* and elsewhere, or Stahr's *Ein Jahr in Italien*, to say nothing of older books, like those of Forsyth or Stendhal. There are charming novels of Italian life in its various phases, like *Transformation*, or *Vincenzo*, or *Doctor Antonio*; there are poems like many of Browning's, which contain the very quintessence of Italy; but of books attempting to give a serious account of the political, social, and economical condition of the whole country, as the recent revolutions have made it, we know none. The misguided Briton, anxious to inform himself about modern Italy, would naturally turn to Mr. Weld's recent book on Florence, to Dean Alford's Letters, to Mr. Burgon's Letters, to the pages of Mr. Maguire, to Mrs. Gretton's *Englishwoman in Italy*, and other similar publications, as well as to the reports of our Consuls and Secretaries of Legation; but when he had examined them all, he would find that he had gained very little. Of historical information as to late events, there is of course abundance; but the books in which it is conveyed give us scanty helps towards forming any opinion with regard to the future. Over some regions there broods a darkness that may be felt. Where are we to go for recent information about Southern Italy? There is the amusing volume of Mr. Lear, now twenty years old, and there are works dealing with isolated questions, like the treatises of Marc Monnier on Brigandage and on the Camorra; but no one since the days of Keppel

Craven, or perhaps we ought to say of Swinburne, has gone, so to speak, seriously about the matter of a journey in Southern Italy.

Mr. Bunbury has pointed out that we have no work upon classical Italy at all corresponding to Leake's or Dodwell's books on Greece, and we are just as badly off for a description of the Italy of to-day, that shall be as good in its line. Surely this state of things ought not to continue. Surely it would be worth while for a London publisher to send some competent person, already well acquainted with the country, to spend a couple of years in it, and to write a real book of travels.

Having thus called the attention of our readers to the dearth of information on Italy of the kind required, in order fully to answer our second question, we shall proceed to answer it as well as we can, not without a hope that our deficiencies may incite others to engage in a task for which some of the numerous *Inglesi Italianati*, who are happily not now, as in Ascham's time, *diavoli incarnati*, have clearly special facilities.

The population of the kingdom of Italy is variously estimated by competent authorities. Mr. Brown, the author of an elaborate paper in the *Statistical Journal* for June 1866, estimates it at 22,386,000 on the first of January in that year; but we must now add the population of the Venetian provinces, which still belonged to Austria when that paper was published.

'The Roman provinces, and Venice alone,' says Mr. Brown, 'would add (2,976,218) very nearly three millions of inhabitants, and 35,672 square kilometres of territory, which, with the remainder, gives a total estimated territory of 333,768 square kilometres, and 26,633,000 inhabitants.'

The density of the population of Italy is only surpassed, in Europe, by that of England, the Netherlands, and Belgium; but it is very unequally distributed—Lombardy being the most thickly, and Sardinia the most thinly, peopled portion of Victor Emmanuel's dominions.

This large population, which has still about one-third of the territory on which it is placed to bring into cultivation, is extremely homogeneous; presenting, in this respect, a most remarkable contrast to the great empire with which it was so recently involved in long and desperate hostilities.

Homogeneous, however, as it is, there are numerous differences between the people of the mainland and the islands, of the North and of the South, to which the politician must give heed. The very fact of Italy's extending over nine degrees of latitude causes, in the nature of things, very considerable diversity of disposition between the dwellers in the extremities of the country, and the numerous geognostic contrasts of the

Peninsula give rise to all kinds of contrasts in the conditions of life. The dweller in the cold and lofty region which stretches to the south-east from the Lago di Celano dwells in a different world from his more fortunate neighbours in the bright Campanian bays ; and not only is the contrast between the skyey influences under which the Piedmontese of Alessandria and the Calabrian of Reggio live, extremely great, but the contrasts of Piedmont and of Calabria themselves are hardly less remarkable. It is with Italian character as it is with Italian dialects : there are no generic differences, but the specific differences are endless.

Nearly three thousand recorded years of active and stirring history have thrown into Italy unnumbered foreign elements. The forests of Germany, the steppes of Russia, and the Puszta of Hungary, not less than the shores of Greece, Asia Minor, and Spain, have poured their children into a land, which was so long the meeting-place of the world, without essentially varying the character of its inhabitants, but not without very considerably modifying it. The same may be said of the language, with regard to which the tendency of modern research seems ever more and more to lead us to the opinion that the speech which has become the modern Italian is more truly the sister than the daughter of the speech of Cicero and Cæsar.

The Italian statesman who ponders on the future of his country, may then, at starting, congratulate himself upon having to deal with these elements of strength and prosperity :—*First*, a large and increasing population. *Secondly*, a vast extent of productive land not yet brought into cultivation. *Thirdly*, unity amidst diversity, a people with a common thread of history, broken by none of those rifts which tend to increase as civilisation advances.

So far, then, the prospects of Italy are decidedly good. And next we come to ask what are its agricultural, industrial, and commercial resources for playing the part of a great State.

Italy is above all things an agricultural country. Let us then look first at its agriculture. On the whole, the Italian peasant cannot be said to be indolent. The conditions of open-air labour in his country are very different from those of ours ; and the tourist often allows himself to be misled into fancying that the Tuscan's or Lombard's industry is inferior in degree when it is only different in kind from that of the English labourer. In most districts, landed property is very much subdivided, and in most districts the character of the soil and of the climate are alike favourable to subdivision. Mr. Mill, quoting Chateauxvieux and Sismondi, draws a highly favourable picture of the métayer system in Tuscany, where land is held in larger masses than in nearly any other part of Italy, and, indeed, relies to a

great extent upon the data which he collects with regard to the working of that system in Tuscany, for the favourable estimate which he gives of it, in opposition to Arthur Young and others, who had studied it chiefly in France.

The things that are most wanted for the amelioration and extension of Italian agriculture are *security, salubrity, capital, and science.*

There are few parts of the country where the want of the first does not strike one most painfully. In vast regions of the Peninsula the population is huddled together in miserable little mountain towns, instead of living among the fields which it cultivates. The sort of life which is led there is amusingly described by M. About, and in many pages of Mr. Lear. Things are about at their worst in Sicily, where the husbandman has often to go miles and miles to his work.

Other large districts have the additional curse of malaria. The vast fields of the Roman Campagna, and of the Tuscan levels, are reaped by hardy peasants from the hills, who go forth as if to battle, and return with hardly fewer casualties. Pius VI. decreed that a large portion of the Agro Romano should be cultivated every year. Pius VII. went still further, and insisted that the proprietors of the estates near Rome should form a zone of cultivation round the city, and extend it year by year till the whole Campagna was covered. Succeeding Popes, and notably Pius IX., have allowed these good plans to be abandoned. M. About's remedy is a simple one, and at least worth trying. Break up, he cries, the huge unprofitable estates of the Campagna, mostly held in mortmain. Lease them to those same peasants who come down to cultivate them in the spring and autumn, and try whether by the extension of cultivation they will not soon cause malaria to vanish before them.

The scene of the first decade of Livy, which occupies so many unprofitable hours of studious English youth, belongs, according to the same authority, to one hundred and thirteen families, and sixty-four corporations. M. About's plan, if carried into effect, would, we fully believe, bring back human life to Veii and Fidenæ and Gabii, and all those world-famous villages. Similar measures would, as population increases, be effectual even in regions less favourably situated than that which one overlooks from the tower of the Capitol. The Pontine Marshes themselves are not more deadly now than was the Val di Chiana in the days of Dante.

Capital is hardly less necessary; but whence is it to come? The Italian, who has something to lose, hates speculation, and will rather live idle on a pittance than work for a fortune. Till recently the state of the country has not been such as to attract foreign wealth, nor has the experience of those English capi-

talists who have sunk money in Italy been hitherto very encouraging.

Alike in warring against fever and in improving agriculture the aid of science is much required by Italy. There are districts where the amount of produce sent to market per acre is enormous, and where the skill, that comes of experience, is very great, but then there are others of which the very reverse may be said. There are districts which cannot be cultivated for want of irrigation. There are districts where manure is hardly ever used. There are districts where, as in the Agro Romano, cultivation is 'a passing accident.' Whatever may be the merits of the *métayer* system in its effects on the happiness of the population, as compared with the system of paid labour, it is obvious that a very high state of general education is necessary for its efficient working, otherwise the views of comparatively enlightened landlords will be continually thwarted by the old-world ways of the cultivators.

There is in Murray's *Handbook for Southern Italy* an interesting sketch of the agriculture of the old Neapolitan provinces, with its three divisions into the *mountain* system, the *Campanian* system, and the system of the *Tavoliere*, a perusal of which will show the reader how much that favoured region has yet to learn.

Throughout Italy the cereals are, as elsewhere, the chief objects of cultivation. She imports a large part of the bread-stuffs which she consumes, but she also exports wheat to a considerable amount. Lupins and beans of many kinds are much grown, and form a considerable part of the food of the population. The fig is largely cultivated, so are the chestnut, the almond, the carouba, the orange, the lemon, and the manna-ash. The products of all these trees form a considerable element in the exports of Italy. Cotton has been tried in many parts of the south, and Mr. Dennis speaks very highly of the results obtained by its cultivation in Sicily. Liquorice-root and saffron are both exported in some quantities, and the growth of tobacco, if it were not checked by unwise legislation, might soon be very considerable. More important are the olive, the mulberry, and the vine. Oil is very largely exported from Liguria, and from Southern Italy. The silk-worm is produced in immense quantities in many districts, and the vine is at home almost everywhere. It is remarkable that during the last few years every one of these most important factors of national wealth has been attacked by widespread and mysterious diseases. More careful management will, there is no doubt, make them indefinitely more profitable. The oil-presses now used in the south are said to be little improved since Roman times. The growth of the mulberry was long checked in the Neapolitan provinces by

fiscal burdens, and it is only quite recently that anything like serious attention has been given to obtaining a high quality of wine for the foreign market. Already, however, some excellent growths have been produced. The White Falernian, which is sold by the Roman wine-merchants at three francs a bottle, and could, we have little doubt, be sold in England at a lower figure, is an excellent wine. So is one of the growths of Capri, and at least two varieties of Lachryma. Piedmont could furnish half-a-dozen wines, which would probably be liked better in this country than its delicate and agreeable grape cider, the White Asti. The wines of Tuscany have always seemed to us inferior to their reputation, but that may arise from accident. The Oretto, and other Sicilian wines, drunk near the spots where they are produced, are very good, and we have tasted in Rome a wine of Syracuse which was equal to the nectar of the gods. Marsala, the Sicilian product best known in England, has no claim to high rank among Sicilian wines, as they might be; but a powerful British colony reigns in the ancient Lilybæum, and their second-rate manufacture is naturally pushed into a prominence which it could hardly expect to sustain if soils more favourable to the growth of delicate wines were more largely put under vine cultivation, and managed on proper principles.

Although some progress has been made of late, a great deal has yet to be done before the rearing of stock is properly understood. M. About tells us, that in the Roman States permission was refused to found a society for the encouragement of agriculture, and that its promoters had to carry out their dangerous designs under pretext of contributing to a horticultural exhibition. Things are not so bad elsewhere, but the Neapolitan Government may be trusted to have blundered in this respect, as in all others; and in fact, the number of horned cattle in the provinces which were cursed by its rule, is far inferior to what it should be, while the breeding of horses, instead of being fostered, was long discouraged by a tax on their exportation.

Italy, like most countries of Southern Europe which have been long inhabited by civilized or semi-civilized man, has been in far too great a degree denuded of her forests, and a necessary condition of her attaining the highest agricultural development will be their replantation and scientific management. Thus only can a host of evils, which are common to her with her two sister peninsulas, be prevented or palliated.

In estimating the material resources of Italy, it is impossible to pass over the excellence of the spring and winter climate in many parts of the country. Already these natural advantages attract every year to her shores a large amount of foreign wealth, and diffuse civilisation through numerous regions which are very far removed from her intellectual and political centres.

San Remo, a writer in the *Spectator* once observed, will become the winter-garden of Europe, and we are much inclined to think that he is right; but there are a hundred other points which have probably also a great future. It must not be forgotten that, with the exception of Spezia (the *Lunai portus* of Ennius and Persius), and the immediate neighbourhood of Naples, hardly any of the places which were famous in classical times, for their climate, have yet been tried by the northerners. Taranto, for example, and the neighbourhood of the ancient Velia, which lies some twenty miles to the south of Pæstum, may one day have their chance.

Again, in her works of art, her libraries, her state and family archives, and in her historical recollections, Italy has, so to speak, a vast fixed capital, which is capable of being worked to a far greater extent than has ever been done yet. Till our own day an Italian tour was a privilege of the higher classes. Before long it will become, to the whole of the Transalpine middle class, a necessary incident of human life. The spread of education, the abolition of the ridiculous superstition which valued the classics only for their difficulty, thereby introducing into the domain of education what Bastiat has so well called *Sisyphism*, will enormously increase the real interest of the world, in the events of which the Mediterranean has been the theatre. Italy should prepare for this. At present her scholarship is beneath contempt. Many of her works of art are going to ruin. In the case of few of them is there that systematic care taken to smooth the path of the student and the traveller, which would pay so well. When she obtains Rome she might perhaps do worse than to turn the whole of the district cut off between the foot of the Capitol and the gates of St. Sebastian, St. Paul, and St. John, into a vast park, every corner of which should be examined with as much care as is now being expended on the Palatine, and in which every scrap of old masonry should be tended with the most religious care. Nor would it, we think, be unwise to convert the palace of the Senator on the Capitol into an institution where lectures on Latin literature, history, and art should be delivered by the ablest professors whom money could buy; or to bring the maximum of diplomatic pressure to bear upon the Pope to induce him to throw open the Vatican library and archives to students. We cannot think that even the cares of that terrible time can excuse M. Mazzini for not having done more in this direction while the Roman Republic was in life.

No part of the Italian territory is likely to gain more than Sicily from a due attention to the comfort of travellers. When the railway is finished from Naples to the toe of the boot, it will be a very easy matter to reach Messina, and the whole coast from Messina to Syracuse is a garden of delight. In the

good times that are coming, when real classical culture has superseded the laborious trifling which now wastes the time and enfeebles the intellect of our youth, we may be sure that this island, the records of which are so closely intertwined with so much that is affecting in the history, so much that is graceful in the mythology, so much that is charming in the poetry of the ancient world, will become a favourite place of relaxation for busy men who wish to recruit their energies for the struggles of an active and progressive society.

From a consideration of the riches above, we pass to those below the surface, but here the report must be less favourable. Italy is not rich in minerals. The sulphur of Sicily, the borax of Tuscany, marbles and alabaster, are her most remarkable products of this nature. In coal she is peculiarly unfortunate. This is, we need not say, a serious misfortune, and one that must be taken into consideration by every one who speculates upon her national future.

If we turn from coal to iron, another great factor of nineteenth-century prosperity, the position of Italy does not seem much more brilliant. Her iron production stands to that of Great Britain as 1 to 123, and the consumption of iron per head of population as 6·50 kilogrammes to 77; and although we gather from a report of a commission appointed by the Italian Government to inquire into the subject, which has been analysed for the Foreign Office by Mr. Herries, that by adopting proper measures the production of iron may be increased in Italy, yet there seems to be no hope that the increase will be anything very remarkable.

Italy has not yet shown any great capacity for manufacturing enterprise on a large scale, nor is there anything to lead us to suppose that she is likely ever to do so, so far as the commoner and coarser articles are concerned.

On the other hand, she has probably a very great future as a producer of art manufactures. Already the jewellers'-work of Rome, the mosaics of Florence, together with the manufacture of plaster-casts, bronzes, and other copies from the antique, must bring large profits. Very beautiful majolica has been of late years produced at Florence, although the once celebrated Faenza now sends forth from her still considerable establishments only coarse and common ware.

The glass manufacture of Venice is again flourishing, as every one who walks down St. James's Street may see, and, it is satisfactory to observe that many by no means likely places were represented this year in the Paris Exhibition.

Nearly four thousand Italian exhibitors sent articles to Paris, and the effort made by them can hardly be without good results in stimulating industry. We fully expect to see, when Italy is

once fairly launched, not only a greatly increased attention to art manufactures, but a revival in the higher branches of art, and an outburst of mechanical and engineering talent.

Italy is, in some respects, very favourably situated for the development of commercial activity, on a scale suitable to our age. Stretching out 'like a long pier' towards India, and the Eastern Archipelago, she forms part of a highway between the European and Asiatic possessions of England and the Netherlands, and will make both these countries subservient to her prosperity. Again, her extent of sea-board is so great as to afford quite exceptional facilities for rearing a maritime population, and establishing a vigorous coasting trade. Against this latter advantage, we must, however, set her comparative poverty in good harbours.

The day will no doubt come when flourishing communities will once more line the African shore, and when a far brisker trade, than it has yet known, will enliven the Mediterranean. Of this trade Italy, from her position, will certainly have the lion's share.

In 1864 there were 10,850 sailing vessels belonging to the Italian kingdom, with a tonnage of 664,000; 3900 belonged to Venetia and Istria, with a tonnage of 315,000. The Roman ports had only 200, with a tonnage of 4700. More than half the vessels set down as belonging to the kingdom were under forty tons, but in addition there were 6000 fishing-boats.

Since the Revolution, the number of vessels built has shown but little tendency to increase.

In 1860 were built	.	.	198 vessels.
„ 1861	„	.	216 „
„ 1862	„	.	215 „
„ 1863	„	.	215 „

There seems reason, however, to believe that the newer vessels are larger than those formerly built, which may explain the apparent want of elasticity in this trade.

As the eye glances along the shores of Italy, it falls upon very few points which seem destined to play an extraordinarily brilliant part in the commercial movement of the future. Genoa will probably rise again, though rather from her connexion with the West than with the East. She will have her fair share in the trade of the outer basin of the Mediterranean, and no doubt Torelli is right in supposing that the completion of the lines of isthmus transit in Central America will be useful to a port which has extended commercial relations on the Pacific sea-board. She has, however, it must not be forgotten, a powerful rival in the mighty Marseilles. Neither Leghorn, Civita Vecchia, nor Naples are so situated as to obtain a first-

rate commercial position. Palermo, Messina, and perhaps even Syracuse, have a good but not a great time coming. Venice has no chance whatever against Trieste, and even Fiume may, in the distant future, have a better right, as far as mercantile importance is concerned, to call herself the Queen of the Adriatic. Ancona will rise in proportion as civilisation begins to triumph in the eastern Peninsula and good government repairs the ravages of Papal rule, but Brindisi has, it would seem, a far greater probability of eminence than any one of her more famous sisters. The wheel has come full circle, and the *Journey to Brundisium* will soon become a familiar idea in many English homes. It was with a kind of start that we lately heard a friend speak of accompanying a relative, going to India, as far as that once famous seaport, which has so long passed out of the ordinary thoughts of all except its nearest neighbours. And yet in a very short time Brindisi will be for all practical purposes nearer to London than Aberdeen was a quarter of a century ago.

The coasting and transit trade of Italy both require to be aided by numerous railways—one system running lengthways through the Peninsula, the other crossing it, and tapping the rich plains on either side of the Apennines.

We gather from the *Statistical Tables relating to Foreign Countries*, laid before Parliament last year, some interesting details with regard to Italian commerce. In 1863, the best customer of Italy would seem to have been France, but England was not very far behind; and it must not be forgotten that many articles of merchandise, entered as exported to France, found their way to this country. Austria is also a large buyer in the Italian market, and it is believed that when the tariff reduction now proceeding in that country is brought to a close, the trade between the two old enemies will largely increase.

In 1863, Italy sent to England wine to the estimated value of 1,100,000 lire, vast quantities of sulphur, and large amounts of dye and tanning stuff, oranges, lemons, and olive-oil. Less considerable were the imports of rags, seed, liqueurs, chemicals, manna, soda, cheese, hides, brass, and copper, lead and common pottery, etc. etc.

Norway and Sweden took a great quantity of Italian marine salt, while Turkey bought rock salt and rice pretty largely.

South America imported, above all things, oranges, lemons, and rice. Spain, robbing the naked, received great consignments of charcoal and firewood. Russia, more especially marble.

From France, Italy received in 1863 imports to the estimated value of 285,409,211 lire.

From England, ... 216,277,120 „

From Switzerland, ... 100,830,228 „

Most of these imports were entered for home consumption. Indeed, nearly the whole of the two first mentioned were so entered. The imports from Russia, Holland, and Turkey were also considerable, though trifling compared with the above. Then come Tunis, Tripoli, South and Central America. The largest expenditure was for silk, colonial produce, corn, meal, flour, and cotton.

The immense development of the railway system in recent years has been one of the most active agents of Italian unity. You cannot have a war, even for a 'stolen bucket,' if the enemy lives at the next station; and Bologna and Modena forget their feuds, while the Florentine is content to let Capraja and Gorgona stay where nature placed them, unmoved by the hope of working woe to Pisa.

The great line of European communication which goes south-east from Turin, receives tributary streams from Genoa, Milan, and Venice. Running down on the Adriatic coast, it throws out a branch to Ravenna, making more accessible that 'place of old renown,' and, we hope, inducing more travellers to visit a city which is surpassed in interest by very few in Europe. Those who have felt the thrill of astonishment which is excited by seeing in San Vitale the mosaics of Justinian and Theodora, will be unwilling to lose any opportunity of urging others to share in the surprises which are afforded by this wondrous link between the old and the new, where dead names like Honorius and Galla Placidia, Odoacer, and Theodoric become at once living realities.

Leaving Castel Bolognese, the junction for Ravenna, the line runs on across the Rubicon to Rimini and Ancona, then follows the coast to Brindisi, and passes on to Lecce, whence it will be prolonged to Gallipoli.

On the other side, there is a gap between Nice and Voltri which involves a *vetturino* journey of at least three days along the western Riviera, nor is the communication yet open by rail from Genoa to Spezia; but from that town the line is finished to Lucca and Leghorn, and thence by the Maremma to Rome, and from Rome on to Naples, Salerno, and Eboli. A single day now takes you from Ancona to Rome, and from Rome to Florence by Arezzo. No long time will, we hope, elapse before the rail from Sienna to Rome is finished, and the comfort of the traveller will be even more promoted by the completion of the Corniche line. For the country, perhaps what we ought chiefly to wish is the completion of the links between Naples and Foggia, and between Eboli and Bari. Indeed, every additional mile of railway communication which can be laid down in the old Neapolitan States is an additional guarantee for the prosperity of Italy and the dominion of the house of Savoy. The

unfortunate condition of the finances is, of course, a sad drawback. All the more important works on the line between the French frontier and Genoa have been long since completed, and the rails are lying in vast heaps ready to be placed, but for the time it appears that nothing can be done.

The great Alpine line across the Brenner is now in full operation, and the completion of the Savoy tunnel may be looked for early in the seventies. Meanwhile, the Fell railway over the Cenis will effect a great saving in time as well as in wear and tear.

Italy will obviously play a considerable part as a centre of distribution. It is therefore very satisfactory that she has taken an early opportunity of putting herself, '*en règle avec la civilisation*,' by adopting, through the law of June 29, 1861, the metric system of weights and measures, which, although far enough from being, as some enthusiasts suppose, the flower and crown of human sagacity, is at least more likely than any other to obtain general recognition. In a matter of this kind sensible men will prefer to seize a clear and obvious improvement which lies near at hand, rather than to waste their time in pursuing the phantom of a perfection which will certainly never be reached in our time.

The substitution of the *lira*, equivalent to the French franc, for the cumbrous coinage of a few years ago, with the attendant endless troubles of exchange, is a great comfort to the traveller. In this respect, as in all others, the Pope's Government maintains its *Non possumus*, and an island of confusion and monetary barbarism has, therefore, to be traversed on the road from Florence to Naples.

Post-office arrangements have very much improved of late years, but there is still abundant work for the amending hand. We trust, but cannot venture to say, that anything like the confusion of the Neapolitan post-office, as it was in the days of Bomba of blessed memory, could not now be seen in any large city of Italy.

The telegraph, which has been pushed in all directions since the annexations, is continually increasing the power of the central government, and the tendency towards a real unity.

Much also has been done towards bringing people together by the disuse of the irritating passport system. A traveller from England will probably now not be asked for his papers till he arrives at Orte, the point where the chief line of communication from the north enters the territory of the Pope. There they will be taken from him, and returned a couple of stations off, at Correse.

Although neither the army nor the navy of the new kingdom have been up to the present time extraordinarily successful,

nothing has occurred which can lend any support to the allegation that warlike virtues are dead in Italy. There seems no reason to doubt, that both by sea and land the forces of Victor Emmanuel will be competent to all tasks that can fairly be thrown on them. At present both, although reduced, are still upon too large a scale to be permanently maintained, and the earliest opportunity will, we trust, be taken further to diminish both. If once the Roman difficulty is settled, a half-military police force might with advantage supply in the Southern districts, and in Sicily, the place of a larger number of troops. The navy might be reduced within very narrow limits, without in any way affecting the interests of the country, and the whole question of conscription might be re-considered.

There is a great deal of wealth in Italy—far more than is generally supposed; but it lies to a great extent idle, from the want of confidence which so generally prevails. The Government finds it very difficult to get at this wealth either by direct or by indirect taxation, for the first is extremely unpopular, and the second is easily escaped by a nation which is saving and abstinent to a degree which Englishmen find it hard to understand.

The state of the finances is, as every one knows, very far indeed from being satisfactory, but few perhaps realize how very serious is the state of affairs, or how thoroughly true is the remark, that what Italy before all things wants at this moment is a great financier.

The latest accounts represent the sale of the Church property, which began towards the end of October, as proceeding in a highly satisfactory manner. The prices realized on many lots seem to have exceeded the official estimate by from 50 to 100 per cent.; and we are informed by a writer in the *Chronicle*, a newspaper whose Italian information is always of great importance, that competent persons think, on the whole, that Italy will, 'beyond all doubt,' secure the 400,000,000 lire for which she asks. This will be a great help, but whether it will enable the country to weather the lee-shore of financial disaster, will remain for some time a question much easier asked than answered.

Turning from the material to the moral resources of Italy, we observe that she has one most conspicuous advantage for playing a great part in the world. There is throughout her population a most remarkable diffusion of ready and available talent. Really stupid people are by no means common in this land of quick sympathies. On the other hand, the misrule of centuries has done whatever it could to counteract the blessings of nature. There are counties in Sicily and the south, to say nothing of Sardinia, which are simply barbarous. Roads, bridges, and all the elementary apparatus of civilisation, are almost wholly wanting. The religion is in name that of Pascal

and Massillon, but in reality a cross between Christianity and the old heathen mythology degraded into Fetichism. How little effect it has in restraining the population from the worst excesses, the world saw in the recent cholera panic. Even, however, in places which are tolerably civilized, the iron yoke of the Church and of the State have crushed out anything like life amongst the people. Read Mrs. Gretton's sketches of life in Macerata, which has long had the reputation of being a kind of provincial capital, 'affording the attractions of good society.' Read the early life of Leopardi. Is it possible to conceive anything more dreary? Turn to the recently published Memoirs of Massimo d'Azeglio, a book, by the way, which our critics have surely overpraised, and see the kind of bringing up which most of the men of a certain age had, even in what we are now accustomed to think of as the progressive Piedmont, but which, it is fair to remember, was at least up to the accession of Charles Albert, by no means in advance of its neighbours. The wonder is not that commonplace, and the kind of vulgarity which is so admirably photographed in Mr. Browning's *Up in a Villa, down in the City*, are so common, but that there is anything better to be found. Religion, instead of being the promoter of all enlightenment and good works in Italy, has been the prime cause of her worst misfortunes, and it is really not surprising that the 'Reds' have transferred their hatred of those who have made it what it is, to things and ideas which, in societies where the priesthood is weak, could never be the object of attack. It is the clergy who are responsible for one of the greatest curses of Italy—the abject ignorance of the women in every rank of life.

It is the clergy who are responsible for having driven the men to the wretched frivolous *café* life, by barring all those outlets which stood open for the youth of Protestant Germany, even when the rule of the State was the sternest. Their sway has been as nearly as possible simply evil. The climate, and not they, has given the Italian his one conspicuous virtue—temperance.

It is natural for English readers to ask whether the political opposition to the policy of the Pope in Italy has resulted in any weakening of his spiritual authority. The answer must be in the affirmative. His spiritual authority is very seriously weakened.

There are at this moment at least half-a-dozen movements in Italy which threaten trouble to the Roman Church. First, there is an uneasy movement among its own ecclesiastics, now taking one form, now another, and constantly bringing to the surface new names.

How far this movement is likely to lead to speedy results, it

is very difficult to say. The thousands of priests, who we were told a few years ago were ready to follow Passaglia, have melted away before our eyes. The power of the hierarchy is so great and so organized, that it can generally crush clerical recusants without difficulty. Italian priests are, for the most part, excessively poor, and to quarrel with their bishops is to expose themselves to the danger of starvation. There can be no doubt, however, that there is an enormous amount of secret and half stifled discontent, that may at any time lead to a serious outbreak within the Church, in the name of ideas, which, although carefully avoiding the name of Protestantism, would have certain features about them which Protestants could only contemplate with satisfaction.

To encourage and assist any such tendencies would appear to be the principal object of an English association of clergymen and clericalising laymen, called the 'Anglo-Continental Society,' the Annual Report of which, published by Rivingtons, is worth consulting by those who are curious about Italian affairs.

These gentlemen distribute largely throughout Italy the works of Bishops Andrewes, Pearson, Ken, Dr. Pusey, King Kamehameha IV., and other writers of unimpeachable Anglican orthodoxy. It is still with them the day of small things, but they are very zealous, are largely patronized by the episcopate, and spend their thirteen hundred a year in an innocuous if not very useful manner. Their most active agent would seem to be Count Commendatore Tasca of Seriate, whose report for 1866 contains some noticeable accounts of not unsuccessful attempts to distribute Anglican books in Northern Italy.

The following passage from one of the documents published by it shows very clearly the ground which this society takes up:—

'We shall be very careful that our agents confine themselves to their legitimate work, that of enlightening and forming the minds of the members of the National Church with a view to the internal reformation of that Church. We shall not allow them to form or to minister to congregations separated from the National Church, because we believe that this implies the idea of setting up a new Church, into which men may transfer themselves from the present historical Church, whereas our object is to purify the existing organization, and we do not think it right in principle, or expedient as a matter of policy, either to make the chimerical attempt of instituting a new Church, with the view of absorbing the Italian people, or to establish or help in maintaining unattached and irregular congregations. This we believe to be the essential point of difference between ourselves and all other bodies of the like nature, and we do not shrink from calling to it the attention of the attached and instructed members of the Church of England as a special reason for their support. We do not seek the destruction of the Italian Church, but its deliverance from

Papal thralldom, and its constitution as an independent National Church under its own bishops and archbishops, its restoration in matters of doctrine to the purity of the primitive Church. We believe that the combined powers of political exigency and enlightened theological opinion are fast leading to a state of national feeling through which this hope may be realized.'

Altogether unconnected with this society are the Waldensian Missions, supported partly by the Waldensian Church (which has, since the liberal political movement got fairly hold of Piedmont, enjoyed full liberty), but partly also by subscriptions in Holland, Scotland, and other Protestant countries. The last account which we have seen of these is a small pamphlet published last year by Mr. Bracebridge, the honorary secretary of the Waldensian Committee in London. Missionary stations have been established at various points of the Peninsula, and in Sicily; but the results are, we fear, not such as to lead a calm observer to expect the respectable and interesting little Church, which sends them forth, ever very largely to increase the number of its adherents. It is, however, gratifying to observe, that after all its struggles, it now enjoys some repose and consideration, and that one of its principal institutions is established in the old Salviati Palace at Florence.

Unattached to the Waldensian Church, and not perhaps on the best terms with it, but like it in determined hostility to the Church of Rome, are a number of small and scattered congregations which have sprung up in various parts of Italy. By far the best account which we have met with of them is to be found in Mr. Talmadge's *Letters on the Religious Reform Movements in Italy*. Mr. Talmadge himself evidently inclines to the views of the Anglo-Continental Society, but he writes of these straying sheep without bigotry, and in a fair spirit. His pictures of the sectaries, guided as they are by honest but ignorant men, is not encouraging. In most of the congregations there appears to be no small tincture of the ideas of the Plymouth Brethren.

An article on the religious movement in Italy in the fifth or 1861 volume of *Unsere Zeit* is worth consulting, chiefly for its references to works on the Waldensian Church, and on the Italian Protestants generally, which are known to few in England.

Canon Wordsworth's two volumes record a tour made in 1862, for the express purpose of examining into the state of religion in Italy. They prove that there is a considerable amount of interest in questions of religious reformation in *certain isolated circles* in Italy, but they prove nothing more. They may persuade fervent Anglicans, or help them to persuade themselves, that a reformation, such as might be acceptable to Canterbury, is an event which may be looked for in the shadow

of the Vatican; but to come to this conclusion, the reader must open them with his mind more than half made up already.

The efforts of some of our busy and reverend countrymen take an odd direction. We have before us a list of the number of copies of various publications circulated in Italy by the Religious Tract Society in 1862, 1863, 1864. They amount to 233,967, which must represent no small expenditure of good English gold, though whether the Peninsula is likely to be grateful for the 24,000 copies of the *Sermoni del Rev. C. H. Spurgeon* may perhaps admit of a doubt.

It seems clear that the net-work of Protestant action is tolerable wide. We find such distant places as Lucca and Bartetta, Aosta, and Porto-ferraio included in it; and although the attempts of the foreign evangelizers may often be unskilful enough, yet such is the ignorance of the lower classes, that any troubling of the waters can hardly fail to do good by producing some sort of educational effect. It is something to bring home to the intellect of dead-alive Italian villagers that heretics have neither horns nor claws, although they may slight the saints and pay scant reverence even to the Madonna.

In some places, as at Naples, the efforts of the missionaries serve to take the direction of education. The three R's will probably remain, whatever becomes of the highly-spiced theology; and it is more than probable that without the delight of teaching the Assembly's Shorter Catechism beyond the Gargliano, the good M. Buscarlet might have had no temptation to engage in the useful task of civilizing the young savages of the beautiful and hateful city in which he dwells.

Beyond the limits of the Churches we see the action of other, but not less active forces. There are the remains of Voltairianism. There is the materialism, which is associated with the names of Carl Vogt and Moleschott; and in Naples, more particularly, there is the movement of religious revolt, which was described some years ago by M. Marc Monnier in an interesting article in the *Revue Germanique*.

A curious product of this school is the work of Rafaele Mariano, entitled *Il Risorgimento Italiano*. This writer, who was a pupil of Vera's, examines first the theory of nationality, and asks whether that can form a basis of national life. 'No,' he replies, 'it cannot. It is contrary to history and to reason. Italy must not attempt to recreate herself on such a foundation. She must, if she would really live again, become the exponent of a new idea. Only those States can be said to live which initiate.'

But independence and unity—surely these are ideas on which a nation may be built? 'Not so,' says Mariano, 'these are mere sterile forms, empty and devoid of life, unless they are animated by a spirit higher than themselves. Spain is as inde-

pendent as needs be, but is it to be a nation in that sense that Italy aspires?'

Well then, constitutional government, political liberty—can you work no charms with these? 'No. Both are excellent, both are invaluable, but out of neither comes the resurrection of a nation.'

Material prosperity, again; financial equilibrium—are not these things to strive after? 'Undoubtedly they are, but something more than either of them is wanted.'

Italy, which, by taking the side of the old against the new in the sixteenth century, stepped aside from the onward march of history, must repair her error, must take liberty of conscience for her leading idea, and make that the central thought of her national life. Rome may or may not be the capital, but there is no magic in the possession of Rome. There would be magic in the possession of this idea. Has not Hegel said, 'Political and religious revolutions are inseparable'? A people which makes a political, and does not make a religious revolution, stops in the middle of its task, and allows an antagonism to remain, which it ought to cause to disappear if it would not be itself overthrown.

The formula, 'a free Church in a free State,' will not help Italy. She must undergo a complete religious revolution, which shall sweep away as well the old Catholicism as the dreams of Gioberti and such halters between two opinions, and thus build up, on what appears to M. Mariano the one stable foundation, that of Hegelianism, a new and wiser Italy.

In spite of some expressions cited above, there is a good deal in common between the ideas of M. Mariano and the views which the great apostle of Italian nationality has recently laid before the British public in an article to which he has affixed his signature in the *Westminster Review*. He too believes that Italy can only be regenerated by a great idea. He believes that the Papacy, together with all that it symbolizes and represents, is a worn-out institution, which, great and beneficent in the days of Hildebrand and Innocent III., has been decaying for centuries, and is now a hopeless mass of corruption. Italy must sweep it from the earth, and in the place where it stood build up a new polity based on the recognition of the *moral law* as the *foundation of all true political science*, a polity in which the idea of *duty* shall take the place of the idea of *right*, and in which, for the obsolete dogmas of Catholicism, shall be substituted a firm and unwavering belief in PROGRESS as the law which guides all the dealings of the Almighty with mankind.

It is strange that this very remarkable paper did not excite more comment in this country, and he would, we think, act

unwisely, who, seeing at a glance the small bearing which it has on questions of immediate political interest, were to throw it aside without careful perusal. The following sentences appear to us well worth studying as the key to the way in which a section of the party of action has all along looked at Italian affairs :—

‘ My past, present, and future labours toward the moral and political regeneration of my country, have been, are, and will be governed by a religious idea.

‘ The past, present, and future of our rulers, has been, is, and will be led astray by materialism.

‘ Now the religious question sums up and dominates every other. Political questions are, necessarily, secondary and derivative.

‘ They who earnestly believe in the supremacy of the moral law as the sole legitimate source of all authority, in a religion of duty of which politics are the application, cannot, through any amount of personal abnegation, act in concert with a Government based on the worship of temporary and material interest.

‘ Our rulers have no great ruling conception ; no belief in the supremacy of moral law, no just notion of life, nor of the human unity, no belief in a divinely appointed goal which it is the duty of mankind to reach through labour and sacrifice. They are materialists ; and the *logical consequences* of their want of all faith in God and his law are their substitution of the idea of *interest* for the idea of *duty*, of a paltry notion of *tactics* for the fearless affirmation of the truth, of opportunity for principle.’

Italy has not as yet produced any school of critical theologians. The labours of the Germans in this direction have been kept away from the frontier, partly, perhaps, by dislike of the Tedeschi, but still more, we fear, by that want of interest in all questions relating to the Old and New Testaments, which is the common ground on which the majority of Italians of nearly all shades of opinion contrive by a strange fatality to meet.

As far back as 1853, Bianchi Giovini, who had long been known as an enemy of the priesthood, published at Zurich his *Critica degli Evangelii*. The book shows considerable reading, but is written in an aggressive style, and in a tone not likely to recommend it. More recently, the *Vie de Jésus* of Renan has sold in enormous numbers, and the denunciations directed against it by the clergy have largely contributed to its popularity and influence.

The work of Montalembert, on Catholic interests in the nineteenth century, called forth from an Italian writer, who uses the *nom de plume* of *Ausonio Franchi*, but whose real name is, we believe, Francesco Bonavino, a treatise called *La Religione del Secolo Decimonono*, which he republished in 1860 with an

appendix on the events affecting the Catholic Church between 1853 and 1859. His object is to show the essential opposition of Catholicism and Liberalism. Hence he is the determined enemy of that class of Catholic reformers which says, with Montanelli, 'You may be Catholics like Dante, like Savonarola, like Pascal,' bidding the reader take his choice between two camps, the one defended by the 'slaves of the Pope, the cavaliers of the Inquisition, and the satellites of the stranger,' the other by 'the believers in reason, in justice, and in national sovereignty.' *'Religione dei primi sarà il simbolo di Nicea, e religione dei secondi la legge dell' Umanità.'*

The reader of these remarks will probably come to the conclusion, that although there can be but little doubt that the recent changes in Italy will result in a powerful and widespread religious movement, it is as yet very difficult, if not impossible, to say what shape that movement will take. At present the attitude of most *men* of the middle and higher classes in Italy towards all religious questions, is one of supreme indifference. The contest about matters of immediate and present temporal importance, about the hearth and the home, have been so great as to disincline people to speculation, and the hatred so generally entertained towards the priesthood has largely increased the disinclination which is felt towards all theological questions. This state of things is hardly likely to be permanent in a race so highly gifted, and already, as we have said, there are indications of a change. Much will, of course, depend on the direction taken by philosophical and religious thought in England, France, and Germany in the next few years. Italy is not likely for a long time to come to be able to *initiate* anything. The chains of Rome have bound her too long and too tightly.

The revival of learning and its attendant enlightenment were not only checked but blasted, south of the Alps, by the counter-Reformation. Whether the cause of intelligence would or would not have prospered more in Northern Europe, under the guidance of men like Colet and Erasmus, than it did under that of the great Saxon reformer, is a question that has been often asked and never satisfactorily answered. If, however, we would see how great a gulf was fixed between the influence even of so repressive a dogmatist as Calvin, and that of the fanatics who obeyed or stimulated the violence of Caraffa, we have only to compare Geneva with Bologna.

It is more than doubtful if the wave of French conquest had not swept over Italy in the end of the last and the commencement of the present century, whether national life would have awoke even in our day. An Italian ought to understand, per-

haps even better than a German, the wonderfully eloquent passage in the *Reisebilder*, in which Henry Heine describes Napoleon as he appeared transfigured by the youthful imagination of the poet.

The miserable Governments which afflicted nearly the whole of Italy from 1815 to 1859, for the most part positively discouraged education. When they did not do this, they helped it in so feeble and foolish a manner as to do almost more harm than good. In 1847 Piedmont began to move, and soon the strong arm of Cavour pushed forward the good work. By 1859 a tolerable system had been organized in the old provinces of the house of Savoy, and in 1860 and in 1861 it was extended to Tuscany, Naples, and Sicily.

The great mine of information as to the present state of education in Italy is the Report addressed by the Vice-President of the Council of Public Instruction, Signor Matteucci, in November 1864, to the then Minister of Education, Baron Natoli. This forms a tolerably large quarto, and was published at Milan in 1865.

It covers the whole field of education, higher, secondary, and elementary, describes their actual state, and suggests improvement in all directions.

Italy had in 1865 fifteen universities, to which have since been added those of Venetia. She had also at Florence an institution almost ranking with a university. All these were supported to a very great extent by the State, and formed an immense drain on her resources, perhaps as much as £200,000 a year. There were also four free universities, or universities not connected with the State. Great efforts are being made to extend primary education, which is, in the southern provinces more especially, at a frightfully low ebb. It is said that of the whole population of the kingdom, excluding children under five, not more than one-fourth know their A B C.

Lord Taunton's Commission, the report of which may, we presume, be expected from day to day, directed Mr. Matthew Arnold to visit Italy, and to report on the state of the higher and secondary education there. We presume he will not tell us that there is much in the present state of that country to excite our envy or admiration. Wide is the interval between Germany and her fair sister of the south. Wide is the interval between the rigid system of France and the *dolce far niente* of Naples; but we are sure Mr. Arnold will have to tell us of able men at the head of affairs, struggling hard with all their might to retrieve past errors, and persuaded that if the higher, secondary, and primary education of their country can once be put on a sound footing, most other things will come right of

themselves. Amongst these no one deserves a higher place than M. Matteucci, to whom we have already alluded. Born at Forlì in 1811, this distinguished man dedicated the first part of his life to advance science, as he is dedicating the second part of it to extend and organize education. His researches in electro-physiology, and the application of electricity to the arts, have earned him a European reputation. It is right that his more recent labours should not pass unrecorded.

In some of the universities, as at Naples, the students are very numerous, and there is an active intellectual life; but in others the pulse beats very low indeed, and almost everywhere the tendency is to frequent nearly exclusively the professional as distinguished from the literary or scientific lectures.

The secondary schools of Italy are numerous, far too numerous indeed for the pupils attending them; the level of the instruction is low, the disorganization great, and the most searching reforms are everywhere required. Here, as elsewhere, all enlightened men are anxiously striving to replace the inefficient teaching of the classics by an efficient teaching of modern subjects, as well as to re-invigorate and ennoble classical teaching itself by the introduction of better methods, by making the intelligent study of the literature, the history, and the art of the ancient world replace the gerund-grinding and exercise-scribbling of the past. The theological seminaries, which are very numerous, are in a transition state, out of which they will pass probably very much altered in character and tendency.

The modern literature of Italy cannot be called brilliant, but has nevertheless far greater claims to consideration than most Englishmen suppose. The gigantic shadow of the old literature of the Peninsula hides from us the merits of the nineteenth century writers, as the gigantic shadow of Etna obscures at sunrise the other mountains of Sicily. It had become a proverb that Italy was the 'land of the dead,' until M. Marc-Monnier boldly picked up the gauntlet, and published his admirable little book. *L'Italie est-elle la terre des morts?* In a series of four-and-twenty chapters, written during the war of 1859, but composed of materials collected during a residence of twenty years in Italy, this most agreeable writer gives quite decisive reasons why we should return a negative answer to the question which forms the title of his book.

After a brief notice of Foscolo, he describes at much greater length the career and works of the Tuscan satirist Giusti, who has been made more familiar than many of his contemporaries to English readers by a pleasant book of Miss Horner's. He then notices the Lombard school, Manzoni, Pellico, and others. Next comes the Florentine or classical school, which repre-

sented the Ghibelline tendency, as the Lombards did the Guelph, and whose greatest name was that of Niccolini. Then he traces the career of the gifted and unhappy Leopardi, which twenty years ago was recounted to our countrymen by an English statesman in an article which is not even yet forgotten. The historians Troya and Ranieri come in for a share of notice, as does the family of the Poerios, of whom the most celebrated, but by no means the ablest, member lately closed his chequered life amidst the respectful sympathy of Europe. Next follow three chapters upon Naples and Sicily, which are, we will venture to say, full of matter which is quite unfamiliar even to well-read Englishmen. Other chapters are devoted to Guerazzi, to Gioberti, to Rosmini, and to a vast number of other personages, some, like Massimo d'Azeglio and Mazzini, more or less known to us; others, like Mamiani, Dell' Ongaro, and Aleardo Aleardi, about whom most people out of Italy know very little, although, by the way, we lately observed a long and elaborate notice of the last in the *North American Review*.

The perusal of this delightful work, of which we remember to have seen only one review of any considerable length in any English periodical, namely, in *Fraser's Magazine* for 1861, will, we are sure, convince all who are capable of being convinced, that there is far more literary ability in contemporary Italy than they have been at all accustomed to suppose. M. Marc-Monnier's pages are full too of facts which give us good hope for the future. He tells us, for example, that the lower classes of Naples, 'whose conversation resembles the most obscene pages of Rabelais, is in its songs the saddest and chastest in the world.' His chapters on Naples should be read in connexion with the article above alluded to, entitled *Naples Hérétique et Panthéiste*, which he contributed, since the publication of the book we are describing, to the *Revue Germanique*. An unequal, but useful little series of biographies, called *I Contemporanei Italiani*, may be consulted for the purpose of supplementing M. Marc-Monnier, and one fairly good Italian Review, the *Rivista Contemporanea*, seems to have naturalized itself in a few of the best English clubs and reading-rooms.

The physical sciences, especially those which lie farthest apart from theology, have long had distinguished representatives in Italy; and at the present day even Rome and the 'Great Order' itself can boast of one name of first-rate importance, that of Father Secchi, the astronomer.

In the study of her own antiquities, Italy has produced rather *multa* than *multum*, yet even here, towering above respectable names like Visconti, of which there are not a few, we have

De Rossi, the investigator of the Catacombs, who takes rank with the Döllingers, the Actons, the Renoufs, and the De Bucks, not only in virtue of his vast learning, but also of his scrupulous literary integrity, which no interest even of ecclesiastical party will for an instant turn aside.

Of political philosophers and economists, not a few might be named, such as Ferrari, one of the most brilliant and eccentric of living orators; Ferrara, lately Finance Minister; his predecessor Scialoja; and Carlo Cattaneo, a wild and impracticable politician, but a man of very considerable ability.

We mentioned above the names of two distinguished Romans; but nothing is more melancholy than to observe how little the vast resources of the Roman Church are doing at its centre for the promotion even of those departments of learning which have generally been supposed to be ancillary to religion. Among the Cardinals, there are not above two or three who have any pretensions even to classical learning. Amongst the Roman Princes, the name of the accomplished Duke of Sermoneta shines like a light in a dark place. In the swarms of more or less dignified ecclesiastics which crowd round the Vatican, there are hardly any of the slightest intellectual merit. Rational ideas are kept alive, in so far as they are kept alive at all, in the Pope's dominions, amongst the advocates and other laymen of middle rank, who are often intelligent and vigorous, but at the same time, from no fault of their own, very deficient in culture.

It was the lot of the writer, during the worst period of the reaction, to examine a large number of the journals of the Peninsula, and with the exception of some published at Turin, to see few other Italian journals until the end of the last and the beginning of the present year. Unquestionably the decade which had elapsed had improved matters, but still the quality of the writing remains very poor. Putting aside the *Perseveranza* of Milan, the *Opinione*, now published at Florence, and the *Unità Cattolica*, a fierce clerical journal, we can hardly name any Italian newspaper which is even tolerably written. The journals of Venetia, we ought perhaps to mention, are not known to us. As papers of secondary merit in other parts of Italy, may be mentioned the *Diritto* of Florence, and the *Italie*, published in French in the same capital. The papers are, however, too numerous, and too much in the hands of small cliques, who wish to ventilate certain questions, to be really good. The French press—the writing of which, if we put aside the names of Prévost-Paradol, Scherer, the brilliant writer who veils a real name under the *nom de plume* of Horace de Lagardie, and some half-dozen others, is poor to the last degree—has

exercised a very unfavourable influence on the journals of Italy, which in form and arrangement closely follow French models.

The Eternal City has three newspapers, all of them pretty extensively read, but all below mediocrity. The *Giornale di Roma*, of which Gregorovius truly says, that it is as harmless as an eclogue of Virgil, the *Osservatore Romano*, and the *Correspondance de Rome*, the last being intended chiefly for circulation amongst those circles in France which desire to keep themselves *au courant* of the last canard which is stamped with apostolic approbation.

It is natural to turn from journalism to public speaking. Here the first thing that strikes a stranger in the Italian Parliament is that more members than one would have expected, read their speeches, but there is no want of facility in others, and, as might be expected, there is too great a desire to speak; every man, in a country where organized parties hardly exist, wishing to please his own constituents, and to bid for power and place by showing his capacity for affairs.

The history of the five years' Parliament which consolidated the annexations of 1859 and 1860 has been told by Leopoldo Galeotti, who was one of its members, in a book which is, if somewhat dull, full of important information, and written in a fair and moderate spirit. The author, who belonged to the majority, takes, we need not say, a more favourable view of its proceedings than would be acceptable to the party of action, but on the whole, we do not think that he rates much too highly the labours of the Chamber. The army and navy had to be reorganized in accordance with the new state of things. The country had to be divided into provinces, and these again into smaller administrative circumscriptions. Public charity had to be reorganized, the census had to be taken. Public instruction and public works had to be attended to. Custom-houses and tariffs had to be reformed and revised. The Treasury and all that related to it represented another enormous mass of labour. The legislative unification of the kingdom required hardly less attention, while foreign and ecclesiastical affairs were so complicated and so important as to claim for themselves many sittings which could be ill-spared from other hardly less pressing matters.

The first Parliament of the Italian kingdom, and its short-lived Sardinian predecessor, which was born on April 2, 1860, and died in December of that year, had 831 sittings and passed 522 bills, besides doing a vast amount of supplementary work in considering petitions, making interpellations, and the like.

Free Italy can boast of but one statesman; but then not only are the twenty years which have elapsed since life began to stir

even in a single province of the Peninsula, only a moment in the existence of a nation, but the statesman whom she has produced has surpassed, we think, on the whole, any of his contemporaries. Far superior to Lord Palmerston in range of mind and depth of study, Cavour was more a man of the world than Thorbecke; bolder than Cornwall Lewis, though *he* was bolder than men thought, while he resembled Bismarck, with whom he is so often compared, in but one characteristic, the too ready acceptance of the maxim that the end justifies the means. Something less of this last peculiarity, something more of elevation and imaginativeness, would have put him in the very highest rank. As it was, he remained just below it.

In crediting Italy with Cavour, we should not forget that he was only half Italian. His mother was a Sellon, and alike in his education and disposition he was infinitely more Genevese than Sardinian. It was in the society of Pressinges that he was formed, and it was thither that he returned alone, and on foot, after the catastrophe and agony of Villafranca. It is, no doubt, a comparison beneath the 'dignity of history,' but the writer can never recall his voice and manner without involuntarily remembering the lines in which Tennyson has described the father of the 'Miller's Daughter.'

Victor Emmanuel has, of course, no pretensions to statesmanship. A mighty hunter and a brave soldier, he has till recently been hailed by all as a perfectly honest man, but the Castellani negotiation of last spring, and other unexplained transactions, raise a doubt, which will, we hope, turn out unfounded, whether a long course of debauchery, acting on a mind not devoid of superstitious inclinations, may not have imperilled his one great and saving virtue.

Rattazzi, intellectually so lithe and *svelte*, so soft and attractive in manner that he used to be called 'Mademoiselle,' is unquestionably an extremely clever politician; but whether he deserves to be called a statesman any more than most of our countrymen who bear that courtesy title, is a question which we hesitate to answer.

As unlike him as possible is Ricasoli, stiffest of men in features, figure, intellect, and character. Upright he is in intention, firm of will, sedulous in the management of his property, anxious for the good of the State, but surely a learner in statesmanship rather than a statesman.

La Marmora is more of a soldier than a Minister. In both capacities he has been unfortunate, but well-informed persons say that much of the blame which has fallen on him should by rights have rested on a loftier head.

Farini's course was short, and he certainly did not rise to the Cavour level.

Cialdini again has to show himself. His merits as a soldier have been proved long ago in the forgotten campaigns of the Spanish Revolution, and more recently, within the memory of all men, in his own country. His great speech on the Capital excited and deserved great attention, but with it our knowledge of his capacity for the higher walks of political life breaks off short.

Italy has no want of active and able politicians, the material out of which statesmen are made, and they come from all corners of the country. Even Sicily has contributed at least her share. Out of their ranks, and those of their successors, there can be no doubt that men will arise with that breadth of view and fulness of knowledge which Cavour had, and which we hold essential to constitute the statesman; but the Italian upper class must first bend to what will soon be a necessity for the upper class in all countries, and educate its children for some years away from the narrowing influences of the 'clocher,' in lands other than their own.

The ideas of young men in Italy are a sealed book to nearly all Englishmen, but any one who could give us trustworthy information as to their ways of thinking and acting, would go far towards helping us to cast the horoscope of their country. If we compare the first chapter of Massimo d'Azeglio's Autobiography with Mazzini's article already alluded to, we should be inclined to draw rather desponding conclusions; but both these writers, we trust, take too gloomy a view of the rising generation.

Let us now sum up the results of our survey. Italy has a large and increasing population, a great extent of fertile land still lying waste, over which that population may extend, together with an infinite variety of climates and descriptions of country highly favourable to a many-sided national life. In agriculture much has been done, but much remains to do, and agriculture must ever remain the main element of her prosperity. Her mineral resources, though not very great, may be much developed. Her fine winter climate, her works of art, her historical recollections, and the charms of her scenery, are so many veins of wealth as yet very imperfectly worked. As a manufacturing country she has no great future in the production of the commoner articles consumed by civilized man, at least for the purpose of export; but for producing works of art of every order below the highest, and, above all, for art manufactures, she has extraordinary facilities. Her position for commerce is admirable, and the return of prosperity to her Mediterranean neighbours will give indirectly a vast impulse to herself. Her people have great natural abilities, but they are very ignorant, and are in some districts mere barbarians, with a miserable superstition, which usurps the place of what in more

fortunate countries is called religion or morality. Even the civilized classes have broken with the middle age and its ideas without getting anything very much better to put in their place. A religious revolution or reformation, going very deep and very wide, is the necessary complement of recent political changes, but there is not yet sufficient *initiative* in the long-demoralized nation to bring this about. It must come from abroad, and Italy can do little but make the path straight for it, by improving her education. In literature, in learning, in science, there is much aptitude, but little contemporary performance. The periodical press is very poor. For a free political life Italy has shown excellent dispositions, and has hitherto kept herself pretty free from those evils which her detractors prophesied would disgrace her Parliament. She has many respectable politicians, but has produced as yet only one great statesman. Cavour has had no successor. Lastly, looking at the rising generation, we do not see any evidence that they are likely to be better than their fathers. Such evidence as there is, seems to point the other way.

Italy, if she has many advantages, has also, it must be remembered, some peculiar disadvantages, to contend with. Nowhere is the Church question so large or so difficult. The finances are in a condition which alarmists might call desperate. Brigandage is an evil which draws in its train innumerable other evils. The violent political changes of the last few years, and the unscrupulous proceedings at which successive Governments have had to wink, have disorganized society, and thrown far too great power into the hands of that vast idle and semi-warlike class out of which the volunteers of Garibaldi are recruited. Another very serious mischief is the intolerable number of *employés*, swarms of whom are wholly useless, but whose connexions can bring pressure to bear upon the Chamber. These, taken in connexion with other difficulties to which we have alluded, and above all with the miserable state of education, are things well calculated to make the most sanguine well-wisher of Italy hesitate to prophesy for her a very brilliant future during the next fifty years.

The best friends of Italy would, we think, address her somewhat as follows :—Keep your dynasty, in spite of any dissatisfaction that may be inspired by the King, or any want of confidence in his successor, but gradually diminish its power, thus obtaining the advantages of a republic without its agitations. Turn a deaf ear to the cries of ‘the heroic Trentino,’ till it suits Austria to part with it, and try to forget that Istria exists. Avoid as far as possible all foreign complications, and above all beware of interfering with the Eastern question, except for the purpose of preventing Constantinople falling to

Russia, while that empire has still the aggressive instincts of a semi-barbarous power. 'Seek peace and ensue it' with all the world, and more especially with Germany, from which country you may obtain what you most need, learned men trained to interpret your own past to yourselves; trained to reinvigorate your education, and thereby indefinitely to extend your power. Restrict the temporal power of the Pope, as soon as you are able, to the limits of the Leonine City. Never be satisfied until the Church is supported exclusively by voluntary contributions. Diminish your army and navy to the utmost, but take pride in having both services as perfect as possible. Spare no expense in keeping up with the latest improvements in weapons. Abolish all unnecessary drill, and recruit your officers, as is already done in Holland, by competitive examination. As long as the *res dura* and the *regni novitas* oblige you to keep up your armaments even at their present diminished size, comfort yourself by regarding them as a school through which your half-civilized population is passed, and make your period of service as short as possible. Advance elementary education. Concentrate your universities, and train your professors north of the Alps. Have a few first-rate gymnasia, but above all direct attention to the class of schools which are known in Germany as *Real-schulen*. Push on roads and railways. Encourage planting on a scientific method, as well as irrigation. Protect your works of art and your libraries, the last of which have been of late years not a little damaged. Give every possible facility to foreigners. Lay yourself out for a great transit trade, for being the emporium of the Mediterranean and the pleasure-place of Europe. Continually reduce your Customs duties, with a view of abolishing them altogether.

By these arts, Italy will, we believe, not only attain a cosmopolitan position infinitely higher than she now occupies, and a far greater degree of happiness than the most favoured portions of her territory ever possessed, but be incomparably more powerful than she would be if she attempted prematurely to assert for herself a high place in the councils of Europe, and interfere in the settlement of matters in which she has no concern. By these arts she will indeed attain a *Primato*, but a *Primato* of a very different kind from that which some unwise persons have claimed or desired for her. It is not likely that for many a day she will be able, however wisely she may direct her course, to compare herself with this country; but we English may be permitted to sigh, as we think that while amongst the elements of Italian prosperity, which we have enumerated, there is none which is likely to be materially affected by time, it is quite otherwise with ourselves.

ART. VIII.—THE SOCIAL SORES OF BRITAIN.

IF an outside observer at once competent and impartial—endowed with a vision clear enough and information thorough enough to see facts as they really are, and with a judgment swayed by no prepossessions as to races or individuals, and guided by a true instinct as to what is really worthy and noble in national life—were to pronounce in plain language his estimate of the British people, he would assuredly amaze them not a little. Perhaps few contrasts are so great, or would be so startling could it be adequately painted and made clear, as that between the opinion which England entertains of herself, and the principles upon which it is founded or the results which could be adduced to justify it. Our habitual attitude towards other nations, our mental feeling with regard to them, if not our actual language to them, is 'Stand aside, for I am holier than thou!' yet there is scarcely one of those belonging to the same stage of civilisation as ourselves whose superiority in some essential points is not undeniable, at whose feet we might not be content modestly to sit, and from whom we might not learn many things which it greatly concerns us to practise and to know. We ought, no doubt, to be wiser, better, happier, socially superior, more successful, and in a more satisfactory condition than any other European State; we might have been had we earnestly and skilfully used our means and improved our unrivalled opportunities; but no one who is not blinded by the fond partialities of national self-love will dare to say that we are. Ethnologically, probably, the English race is sprung from a blending of the finest organizations Europe has produced,—the Anglo-Saxon, the Dane, and the Norman, with just an adequate infusion of the Celt—whose blood always seems such a mischievous and embarrassing element when it predominates, but yet is such an invaluable and even necessary ingredient in the highest human types, when in due moderation and subordination. Physically, we believe, the unspoiled Englishman of the genuine sort is the strongest, healthiest, most energetic and enduring being on the face of the earth; for generations and for centuries he has had the fullest scope for the development of his faculties by an amount of individual freedom, and for the perfection of his national life by an amount of political liberty and security, unparalleled in the Old World; he has had his energies stimulated at once by the difficulties presented by a somewhat harsh climate and unspontaneous soil, and by the facilities offered by more genial zones which his maritime propensities led him to colonize and conquer; while, to crown

the whole, his historical antecedents have bequeathed to him—not, indeed, yet duly fused, but existing side by side—a depth and sincerity of religious conviction, and a freedom, or means of freedom, of religious thought, of which combined no other country has afforded an example. Yet, notwithstanding these rich gifts of nature and these rare advantages of circumstance, we are constrained to avow that in all that constitutes the happiness, the grandeur, in a word, the *success* and excellence of national life, we fall disgracefully short, not only of a very moderate, easily conceivable, and quite practicable and attainable ideal, but of what in several respects and at several times has been reached by other peoples, whom yet we presume to despise, and sometimes even to lecture. Our appreciation of the objects to be aimed at is faulty and astray, our estimate of the relative value of national qualities and achievements is often quite irrational, and even what we most directly aim at and most highly value, we only most imperfectly attain. The things we principally strive after are not the things we principally need, and the means we take to gain them are constantly clumsy, inadequate, or ill-adapted. We frequently fail most distinctly in the very fields in reference to which we most pride ourselves upon our special capacity and our manifest superiority; and are for ever singing pæans of glory and rejoicing when we ought to be pouring forth penitential psalms, and weaving garlands for our brow when, if ‘we could see ourselves as others see us,’ we should be sitting in sackcloth and strewing ashes on our heads. Our current language and tone, especially when we compare ourselves with other nations, is simply and ludicrously Pharisaic—

‘ An eternal and triumphant hymn
Chanted by us unto our own great selves.’

We look round on our vast dominions, squalid with misery, steeped in crime, seething with discontent, and the predominant sentiment which swells our heart is that of the Babylonian despot, ‘Is not this the great city which I have built by the might of my power, and for the honour of my majesty?’ Every fresh comparison we institute between our talents and opportunities on the one side, and our achievements and our condition on the other, throws new light on the singular inappropriateness of our national vanity, and makes its usual manifestations almost ridiculous. We had excellent original materials to work upon and to work with; we have had ample scope and verge enough for every experiment and for every acquisition; we have had a political constitution which enabled us to call to our aid all the practical ability, all the indomitable energy,

all the restless enterprise, all the matured wisdom, all the hived experience which might be found among the people; we have had a free press giving forth day by day the opinions, the knowledge, the suggestions, the exhortations of the highest intellects of the nation; we have had week by week twenty thousand pulpits echoing the sentiments of those who by courtesy are supposed to be wise and good, and who fill those pulpits avowedly and for no other end than to guide us aright; we certainly have had wealth and strength to accomplish any conceivable task which wisdom and righteousness might point out;—and yet, not only to the fancy of *frondeurs* and alarmists but in the estimation of the soberest observers, the social state of our country, amid much that is beautiful and good and something that is great and noble, is ‘full of wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores: from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot there is no soundness in it.’

These are strong expressions, but they are not extravagant, and a few moments’ reflection on notorious facts will suffice to justify them. Look first at our administration of justice. In no country in the world is the purity both of the Bench and of the Bar so free from the faintest shadow of suspicion or reproach. Nowhere does the morality of the entire profession—within professional limits, and according to conventional ideas—stand so high. Nowhere is the independence of the judges fenced round with such ample securities, both by public opinion and by actual enactment. Nowhere is their dignity or their reputation for ability so well sustained; nowhere are their decisions more respected or more implicitly obeyed. No country has had the benefit of greater writers on Jurisprudence; nowhere are the necessities of the case more strongly felt, and nowhere has the entire subject been more thoroughly studied or more ably expounded. We *ought* to have a perfect system of judicial administration, if any country can, for no people need it more, or are more willing and able to pay for it, and to provide it. Yet what is the state of the case? The essentials of a good administration of justice are, that it should be prompt, certain, uniform, accessible, and cheap. Ours is notoriously the reverse of all this; it is so slow that commonly many months, and sometimes years, elapse between the commencement of a suit and its final decision, and this even in common-law cases, and when there is no appeal. Our appellate jurisdiction is in such a condition of inadequacy and confusion, that some reform is apparently about to be forced upon us. The delays in Equity are even worse, and have become proverbial. Chancery suits still occasionally last till the suitors die, and the property is eaten up. Few Assizes pass without a number of cases being made

remnants, that is, being left over till next term, at a ruinous cost to the litigants, who had got their witnesses and documents and lawyers together, and who are thrown over simply because the judges have no time to hear their causes. For the same reason many other cases are almost forcibly referred to arbitrators, greatly to the disgust of the parties, who desired an authoritative decision from the Bench. All this arises merely from insufficient and defective machinery, which the energetic legislation of a single session, or the devotion of one single competent legal statesman, could supply. Then, as to uniformity and certainty, the decisions of our judges are, as is well known, doubtful in the extreme, and sometimes varying in different courts; of late we have seen several instances, and instances of the greatest importance, where, of five judges, three have gone for the plaintiff, and two for the defendant; in a word, the uncertainty of the law has become as proverbial as the delays of Chancery, and with as ample reason. It is so to an equal, or anything approaching an equal, degree in no other country. Elsewhere there is often corruption, ignorance, or incapacity; but nowhere do ability and purity co-exist with such uncertainty as to the results as in England. Lastly, the *cost* of obtaining justice, or judicial decisions, is so enormous as to be itself a denial of justice of the worst form, and to the greatest extent. Honest solicitors constantly advise their clients *against* legal proceedings, even where their cause is good, in consequence of the doubtfulness of the result and the certainty of the expense; and not a day passes over us in which citizens are not forced to submit to wrong and oppression, or think it wisest to do so, because to right themselves would cost so much and take so long. That is to say, in this free and civilized land, where liberty and law are thought to have reached their culminating point, we habitually and deliberately acquiesce in injustice, because justice is so difficult and so expensive to procure. We do not mean to assert that in these matters we are quite as bad as we used to be, or that we have made, and are making, no moves in the right direction; no doubt the County Courts, whose jurisdiction is being progressively enlarged, is a most material step, but the actual state of things in this year of grace 1867, is still undeniably and without exaggeration such as we have here described; and probably, in no European country, unless perhaps Spain and the Roman provinces, can similar enormities be found. In France, in Switzerland, in Prussia, even in Austria we believe, where no political matters are involved, in the Scandinavian countries, and in Belgium and Holland, justice as between citizen and citizen, between rich and poor, is incomparably cheaper, prompter, and more uniform

than with us. We well remember a speech delivered some years ago in the Council of State at Geneva by an enthusiastic reformer, denouncing the abuses of the courts of law, wherein the orator averred that the extravagant costs of law-suits had arisen to such a height as to amount to a substantial denial of justice to the poor, and seriously to menace the reputation and prosperity of the nation; and when called upon to specify the sum, he declared that he had known it reach even '*jusqu'à vingt-trois francs !*'—an anti-climax which to his audience appeared by no means as ludicrous as it does to us. How often do we see a law-suit that costs as little as twenty-three pounds?

If we turn from Civil to Criminal justice, the facts are even more startling and discreditable. The very first duty of a Government is usually understood to be the protection of the life and property of its citizens, not only against the oppression of power and wealth, but against the outrages and depredations of ruffians, to prevent and punish crime, to maintain order, and give security to the well-disposed. How does our Government discharge this duty? Our whole system,—a system to which we blindly and foolishly cling, and the associations connected with which colour our entire sentiments,—is adapted to a condition of circumstances utterly different from the present. We have outgrown it, but we will not alter it. It took its origin in days when the poor and feeble had to be protected from the high and powerful, when liberty and property were menaced *from above*, not from below; when the peasant and the citizen needed defence against the rapine of the noble or the tyranny of the Crown; when, as a rule, the accused and not society was in danger of being wronged;—and we are maintaining and endeavouring to apply it now when the danger that threatens us, and against which we need protection, is of altogether a different order, and comes from a different class. The comfort and safety of the community, the persons and possessions of industrious and decent citizens, the security of our daily life, are menaced now only by a criminal class, whom it is our reproach and our curse to have fostered and rendered possible, who live by outrage and depredation, who by profession and character are the enemies of the society in which they exist; and we are satisfied to contend against them, and endeavour to repress them, by the old, inadequate, outworn machinery of trial by jury, amateur magistrates, counsel for the prisoner, legal chicanery interpreting every doubtful point in favour of the accused; in short, by applying to criminals whom it is the object and interest of society to convict, the system which was contrived with a view to render conviction difficult. This criminal class is numerous, increasing, organized, daring,

and skilful, and growing more formidable and audacious day by day. And how do we deal with it? First of all, by a most inadequate police, which is neither clever nor numerous, nor ubiquitous enough to afford protection to all who need it; which is neither as keen nor as skilful in detecting and preventing crime as ruffians are in committing it, and which, whenever the 'roughs' choose to make common cause with the thieves, is nearly sure to be overpowered. *Secondly*, by a system of legal proceedings expressly contrived to favour the escape of all criminals respecting whose guilt there may be no moral doubt, but on behalf of whom the faintest legal possibility or the absurdest technical flaw can be alleged,—proceedings among which trial by a jury of twelve crotchety, foolish, or muddle-headed men, is, as we have often seen of late, by no means the least favourable to the prisoner. *Thirdly*, by inflicting sentences on those found guilty, so slight, so short, so inadequate, so inappropriate to the offence, as to in no way operate as a deterrent, as to leave the career of crime still a most lucrative one, a game far fuller of prizes than of blanks, and as to insure the reappearance of the same offenders time after time, to be imprisoned for repetition of similar crimes. When we multiply the number of reconvictions by the known proportion of depredations and outrages which escape detection, we may arrive at some faint conception of the inadequacy of our measures for repressing crime. *Fourthly*, by a system of prison discipline and of carrying out the sentences pronounced, which still (with all the recent and signal improvements introduced into it through the labours of Mr. M. D. Hill, Sir Walter Crofton, and others) is, and has long been, adapted rather to cultivate and multiply the criminal class than to reduce it. For generations back our system of punishment has actually fostered crime, and done so at a vast expense. *Fifthly*, and *lastly*, by a morbid, irrational, maudlin, and utterly unsound state of public sentiment on the subject of crime, which, acting upon judges and magistrates through social opinion and the press, and acting on legislation and Home-Office administration through speakers in Parliament, has discouraged the infliction of sentences of a wise and just severity; has perpetually insisted on their revision and mitigation, even when pronounced; has revolted from and usually prohibited precisely those appropriate punishments which the criminals themselves most deprecate and dread; which, in a word, out of tenderness to its own feelings, and in defiance of all experience, is for ever stepping in to save deliberate murderers from the gallows, and desperate and brutal ruffians from the lash.

Late events are beginning to work some change of feeling in

this respect ; but these events themselves are the greatest proofs we could adduce of the disgraceful blunders and the shameful incapacity of our past course. It is little credit to us to come slowly and partially to our senses, when the facts that bring us to our senses are such as have just come to light in Manchester and Sheffield, and as have been seen this year in the best streets of the metropolis. We need only to remember, that for some hours, in broad day, in the height of the London season, for several miles of streets, from the City, up Pall Mall and Regent Street to Paddington, passers-by were knocked down and robbed wholesale by a band of ruffians accompanying a militia procession, without protection or redress, and almost without interference ; that both in Manchester and London, vans conveying prisoners from court to jail can be attacked and opened with partial or complete success ; that for years, in manufacturing towns, and, there is every reason to know, in mining districts likewise, in the very heart of our wealthiest and most energetic centres of industry, oppression of the hardest and most vexatious kind has been habitually exercised on both labourers and employers, without any effectual interference by or protection from the laws, and submitted to simply because no redress could be obtained ; and that secret tribunals, illegal in their nature, have issued their unjust and arbitrary decrees, which decrees have been carried into effect by a sliding scale of violent penalties, beginning with robbery and fine, advancing to beating and mutilation, and culminating in assassination as deliberate and cold-blooded as any sentence of death pronounced by a judge and executed by a sheriff ; and that these things have gone on systematically in the face of police, magistracy, judges of assize, and Home Secretaries,—all of whom have proved too indolent, too incapable, or too feeble to prevent them. We need only remember and enumerate these things—to say nothing of a host of daily isolated atrocities—to warrant the assertion with which we set out, that our administrative arrangements for the repression of crime, and the protection of life and property, are, for their almost imbecile inefficiency, a disgrace to our civilisation.¹

¹ The following are the facts, as far as mere statistics can show them :—The population of England and Wales is, in round numbers, 20,000,000. The *known* number of the criminal classes at large and in prison is 141,000, or seven per 1000 of the entire population, and about fourteen per 1000 of the adult population. The number of persons *convicted* summarily, or on indictment of various offences, was 509,000, or twenty-six in every 1000. But this by no means shows the number of offences *committed* ; for, in the first place, only a certain (unknown) proportion of actual crimes and outrages come at all under the cognisance of the police and the authorities ; only a certain proportion of those known and reported lead to the apprehension of the criminals ; and again, only a certain proportion of those apprehended are

We have always been accustomed, especially when fostering our insular vanity by comparisons with other nations, to plume ourselves upon the grandeur and extent of our Commercial enterprise, the vastness of our private associations for engineering or industrial purposes, the magnificence of our public schemes, and the unrivalled skill with which we conduct them. It has been a common phrase, it was an uncontradicted one a few years since,—‘It is true our Government is an habitual blunderer; nearly everything it undertakes it does ill, expensively, and too late. Parliamentary administration is so ignorant, so hampered, so clumsy—and perhaps intrinsically so—that the more its functions can be restricted the better. But look at our private undertakings and our voluntary associations, and see how splendidly they do their work in comparison. They choose the best men, they set about their objects in the directest way, they understand their business, they achieve their ends. It is only our governing classes who are jobbing, blundering, and incompetent; our middle classes are beyond example honest, sensible, and efficient; our merchants, if intrusted with the enterprise, would have brought upon us no Crimean catastrophes. The country ought to have *contracted* with two or three of our great houses or joint-stock companies to take Sebastopol, and it would have been done in half the time, and at a tithe of the cost in men and money.’—There was a period when such language did not appear absurd, and when indeed it was in a measure warranted. Few would hold it now. There was a period, too, and not so long ago, when our merchants were princes, and had much of that delicate and scrupulous sense of honour which is supposed to belong to nobles; when a great merchant was as sensitive about his conduct and his fame as a woman about her chastity; when our commercial morality and reputation were the highest in the world; and when we deserved the character we held, and were proud of it. The events of the last ten or fifteen years have

convicted. It is believed (but this is only conjecture, though a conjecture founded on inquiry) that more than five offences (larceny) out of six escape detection altogether. Only 27,000 persons in 1866 were apprehended for 50,000 indictable (*i.e.*, grave) offences known to have been committed; of those 27,000 only 19,000 were sent to trial, and of these only 14,700 were convicted and punished—*i.e.*, not much more than one conviction to every four *detected* crimes. Of the total number of offences charged before courts of summary jurisdiction, namely 482,000, only 339,000 were convicted. The disproportion between crime and punishment is further illustrated by the fact, that coroners’ juries found verdicts of murder in 272 cases; the police report only 131; only 124 persons were apprehended for these crimes, only 94 committed for trial, only 55 were actually tried, only 26 found guilty, and only 12 executed—*i.e.*, only one person hanged, and one sentenced to penal servitude for every ten murders undeniably committed.—(See *Judicial Statistics for 1865-6*, Part i.)

dissipated much of this, and have gone far to turn our glory into shame. We have little in these matters to be proud of now.

Glance at the commercial world first, and pass over the mere times of wild speculative excitement and fraudulent bubble companies,—though these never could have spread or flourished as they have done if our morality had been sound, or our prudence even moderate. But call to mind the banks without number that have come to ruin, even though they had eminent and honourable mercantile names on their direction and sometimes at their head, through a career of the most incredible mismanagement, through the most reckless disregard of every sound principle of business, through questionable proceedings scarcely distinguishable from actual dishonesty, through ignorance, jobbing, and incapacity, to which scarcely any Government office could produce a parallel. Remember that these instances have not been merely in one locality, or in one year of crisis, but that they have been many, and in many cities,—in Manchester, in Liverpool, in Leeds, in the west of Scotland, in the metropolis; remember too the wide-spread desolation they have caused, the wretchedness their wrong-doing and folly have brought upon hundreds of families who believed they might safely trust the savings of their life and the property of their children, to men enjoying so good a reputation for sagacity, integrity, and wealth, as those who were responsible for the management of these undertakings. Look again at the revelations of utter rottenness at the very heart of much of our most extended trade which was brought to light by the catastrophe of last autumn,—what an apocalypse of pervading unsoundness where confidence had been most undoubting! It would be both invidious and painful to specify individual cases where the delinquents were so numerous, but the two examples of Overend and Gurney, and Sir Morton Peto and the railway with which he was more specially connected, may be adduced to show how far even the highest and most respected names may swerve from the clear and right path, and walk in miry ways. On the latter case we wish to pronounce no judgment as between individuals, for it is still *sub judice*, and it is barely possible that some light may be thrown upon it to make it seem less monstrous; but the admitted facts, whoever be guilty, or most guilty, are enough to shake all confidence in the ability, judgment, and even integrity of the greatest financiers and managers. The instance of Overend and Gurney is a crucial one; no firm used to stand so high in public estimation; the personal characters of the chief partners were even peculiarly eminent both for honour, solid wealth, and commercial talent; yet it turned out that for years the business had been carried on in the most unsound

fashion, and that, at the time it was sold for a large sum of money to a joint-stock company, the house was indisputably, and almost if not quite consciously, insolvent. No such shock to confidence, credit, and commercial reputation has been felt in England in ours or in our fathers' days. It forced upon every one the painful conviction that, as regards mercantile honesty we are not the scrupulous and trustworthy community we once were, and it has grievously impaired our repute in foreign countries.

The habitual frauds practised by retail tradesmen on the poorer classes—and there is reason to fear by no means confined to them—by means of false weights and measures, bad articles, and wholesale and sometimes noxious adulterations, which are now every day being brought to light and occasionally punished, show that the canker of dishonesty is far more widely spread among us than our national self-complacency believed. This sort of fraud is closely connected with an evil in our economic arrangements or condition, to which Mr. J. S. Mill was, we believe, the first to call attention, but which, important as it is, we can do no more than allude to here,—we mean the disproportionate number of those who live by *distributing* compared with those who live by *producing*. We have by far too many shopkeepers; they are so needlessly numerous in nearly every district that the competition among them for custom has become excessive; they can none of them secure a *clientèle* large enough to give them adequate profit without resorting to fraudulent practices. One baker, or butcher, or grocer, may thrive honestly in a place where *five* must either cheat or starve.

What is the explanation of these strange transactions, many of them of such questionable correctness, some of such unquestionable fraud? It is twofold. We do not believe that the sense of right and fair dealing is dying out or becoming obscured in the British mind. Many indications point to a directly contrary inference; we do not think that the genuine integrity and nice regard for pure reputation of the *individual* merchant is materially lessened. But of late associated enterprise has so largely taken the place of individual undertakings and of smaller partnerships, that a different standard of action and character has been insensibly introduced; the sense of responsibility has been weakened; men will do as a board and as directors of a joint-stock company, or will allow their colleagues to do, what no consideration would have induced them to do or to permit in their own partnership, or in their private capacity; they consider matters less carefully, they regard contrivances less sensitively, their voice has comparatively so little weight, and if they are outvoted they feel as if they ceased to be answerable; and then,

in short, both the risk and the infamy are divided among so many; and they fancy that people expect less scrupulousness in a Board than in a man. Many directors, again, are little more than sleeping partners, and regard themselves as such; they leave decisions to men who are cleverer and more active than themselves, and in these cases the cleverer and more active members of a Board are usually the most daring and the least nice. In short, partly from ignorance, partly from laziness, partly from careless, weak, good-humoured acquiescence, as we see every day, men do as a company things they would rather cut off their right hands than do as individual merchants. The second part of the explanation has its origin in the same circumstances. The gigantic character of most of the undertakings of recent years, which could only be carried into effect by great associations managed with great daring and working on a great scale, has introduced a sort of inflation and excitement into men's minds, eminently unfavourable to sober calculations, or small scruples, or regular humdrum principles of action; the same standard of propriety, the same caution and slowness of proceeding which suited the ordinary transactions of routine commerce, seem scarcely applicable to projects which are to change the face of nature; and men accustomed to deal with hundreds of thousands are apt to lose their head, and view matters through a magnified and hazy atmosphere when they find themselves dealing familiarly with millions and tens of millions. The magnitude of their transactions unsettles and deranges their ideas, at the same time that associated action with a number of other men, in a state of exaltation like their own, deadens their sense of the significance of their own individual share in their joint proceedings. Neither their brains nor their principles are quite strong enough for the novel and disturbing position.

Our railway system is unrivalled in extent, it was the first to come into existence, and it has been constructed with unexampled rapidity, but at a maximum waste of the national resources, and by no means with a maximum result of national accommodation. Our mode of proceeding combines at least three of the gravest errors it was possible to commit. We set about our work in the very worst way statesmen could devise. The aggregate of the capital expended reaches £400,000,000. It is not too much to say that as far as the gain of public convenience is concerned, two-fifths of this vast sum has been thrown away. First, it is calculated that £100,000,000 has gone in Parliamentary expenses, in fees to counsel, solicitors, and witnesses, in mad contests between rival projects, some *bond fide*, some merely sham and artificial, in silencing opposition

and bribing opponents in one form or another—by far the largest proportion of which would have been spared by the adoption of a sounder scheme. If, as in France, Belgium, and our Indian possessions, the Government, perceiving the gigantic and peculiar nature of the new class of undertakings, had recognised early in the day that they were national in character and aim, and required to be dealt with in a wholly different fashion from ordinary private schemes, had taken the matter into their own hands, and, calling the best wisdom and experience of the people to their aid, had laid down a comprehensive and well-considered plan, specifying what lines were most wanted, would best accommodate the public needs, and ought therefore to be first made, all the waste and private ruin caused by the insane competition we have witnessed would have been spared. We should not have had the discreditable spectacle of railways diverted from their best and most profitable course to buy off the opposition of an obstinate landowner, or to suit the private interests of a great capitalist; of lines which are not needed, and can never pay, constructed by one company simply to prevent them being constructed by another; or of two rival lines made where only one was required, or could ever be remunerative. This was the *second* great blunder,—for which Sir Robert Peel is more answerable than any single individual, but in the responsibility of which the whole nation shared,—that of admitting the principle of competition into a system of enterprises which in their nature are monopolies, and to which therefore it was quite inapplicable, and where, as the result has proved, its peculiar merit cannot operate, and where it can only produce mischief. Our *third* mistake was one which was early pointed out, in vain so far as England was concerned, but which both France and Belgium had the sagacity to avoid, at least in part. Railways, after their practicability was once proved, never ought to have been handed over absolutely and in perpetuity to private capitalists at all. Their promoters were forced to come to Parliament for powers to make them, and Parliament, had it been sagacious and forecasting, should have taken advantage of the position to insist upon terms which would at once have husbanded the resources of the country, secured the maximum accommodation to the people, and provided a vast future revenue for the Government. The petitioners for a Railway Bill claimed the property of others, asked for a virtual monopoly, and must therefore have been content to obtain their demands on whatever conditions the Legislature had imposed, that would have left them adequate profits and sufficiently promising prospects. If, in place of granting these monopolies to private companies for ever, the concession had been made only for terms

of thirty or fifty years, with reversion to the State, perhaps rather fewer might have been made, and less money would have been wasted, but before two generations had expired, the State, at little or no cost to itself, would have been in possession of a revenue raised with no more difficulty than that now yielded by the Post Office, and just as little onerous to its subjects, yet sufficient to enable it to dispense with or reduce every really objectionable impost, while, at the same time, it would have been able, under a better system of management, to reduce railway fares nearly to the Continental level. Instead of this ideal prospect, what is the actual fact? Railways yield no revenue to the State worth naming, and not half the revenue they ought to do the proprietors; English fares are higher, and English dividends are lower than abroad; and while engineers, contractors, jobbing speculators, and Parliamentary lawyers have made large fortunes out of them, railway companies have been a source of ruin instead of wealth to thousands and hundreds of thousands of our innocent and unknowing countrymen.

And this brings us to the worst feature of the case. The errors we have signalized were errors of judgment, lapses in sagacity, discreditable to our political capacity, but not otherwise shameful. The actual management of railways, in too many instances, as this year has made painfully notorious, has cast a slur upon our character for integrity and honourable dealing as deplorable as that signalized a few pages back in respect to the mercantile community. More than one of these gigantic enterprises has become insolvent under conditions which ought to have insured a fair measure of prosperity; more than one has concealed or endeavoured to conceal its insolvency by methods of 'cooking the accounts,' which it is impossible for a layman's eye to distinguish from distinct and deliberate fraud; more than one has brought on insolvency by a set of transactions so wild, so senseless, so indefensible, and on the face of them so *ugly*, as to imply something more than folly, when we reflect that it was the property of others, the property of helpless and confiding shareholders, that was thus recklessly dealt with. We need go into no details, the facts have been before the public too recently to be forgotten, and the revelations made by committees of investigation in reference to the London and Brighton, the North British, and the London, Chatham, and Dover lines, will bear out the harshest language we have used. Certainly, it is not of their railway management that Britons have reason to be proud.

Is their Municipal Government a thing to boast of? On the contrary, is not its utter incapacity and unfitness for the state

of circumstances to which it applied a subject of daily complaint, annoyance, ridicule, and mischief? In this, as in so many other matters, we, with our boasted powers of self-government and organization, are still trying to clothe ourselves in the garments and creep into the hovels which were contrived centuries ago, and are striving by a patch here and an addition there to make them fit and adequate. The internal administration of our vast metropolis, the largest, the most complicated, and in some respects the roughest in the world, is for the most part confided to the same parties and carried on by the same machinery which answered tolerably enough when it was a mere collection of neighbouring villages with one active commercial centre. For the supply, for the discipline, for the control, for the cleanliness, for the safety of three millions of people crowded into a few square miles, for the protection of such wealth as never in the world's history was concentrated into so small an area, for the management of a mass of poverty wholly without a parallel, we still trust, with scarcely an exception or two (and those of very recent date), to the antiquated contrivances of vestries and boards of guardians, unpaid and therefore careless, usually ignorant and often quite incompetent, to gas companies and water companies, unamalgamated police forces, paving boards, commissioners of sewers, Thames conservancy officers, and the like; and the result is a complicated outcome of impure water, bad gas, streets filthy and broken up, a poisoned river and pestilential drainage, abused and neglected poor, the law insulted, conflicting jurisdictions, crime rampant, and pauperism and disease swelling and spreading year by year; while, at the same time, we are paying for all these bad results heavier rates than under a wiser system would amply suffice for good ones. There is no exaggeration in all this, as every dweller in London knows to his cost, and we are at last awakening to the magnitude and menacing nature of the evil, and are *thinking* of some suitable effort for a remedy; but as yet we have done nothing save by dribblets, and Sir Robert Peel's Police, the Poor-Law Board, and the Metropolitan Board of Works, are about the only steps we have taken in a right direction; but even these, both in their extent and the powers vested in them, are inadequate to the work they have to do. The municipal administration of our other towns and cities is similarly unsuited and insufficient, though less glaringly so, inasmuch as they are less unwieldy, and the practical energy and sense brought to bear upon the matter by local authorities is less disproportioned to the task; but the want of a sound system is felt in almost every village whenever a crisis or a difficulty or a novel phenomenon appears. It would seem as if we fail here precisely in those qualities of our superiority in

which we are most accustomed to plume ourselves,—our common sense, our skill in applying practical remedies to felt grievances, our faculty of associated action, our power of doing for ourselves all that in other countries the people expect the Government to do for them. For certainly there is scarcely one of the great capitals of the more civilized countries in Europe—not Paris, Berlin, Brussels, Amsterdam, Bordeaux, Munich, Dresden, or Vienna—which, in all that regards municipal administration and its achievements, is not entitled to look down upon us.

The truest test, however, of a people's civilization,—of the degree to which the nation or the State has done its duty and attained its ends, has realized what is or ought to be its ideal as a Christian country in the very van of progress, has become that which it is guilty, unsuccessful, and humiliated if it be not,—is the condition, moral and material, of its lower classes, of those who live, as it were, from day to day, and subsist upon the wages of labour. They are the most numerous class in the community by far, and therefore the character of the community may fairly be measured (principally, at all events) by their condition. They are the most helpless class; and therefore their condition is a fair criterion of the degree in which the other classes, the rulers of the State, have been alive to their responsibilities, and have discharged their ruling and guiding functions with conscientiousness, energy, and wisdom. Now, what is the position of the working classes of Great Britain? Are they decently educated? Are they fitly cared for in those points in which, as they cannot care for themselves, it is for their superiors or for the State to care for them? Are they, as a rule, and where they are not themselves in fault, in comfort, and in reasonable plenty,—in such comfort and plenty, that is, as might be quite attainable, and as is attained elsewhere? Are they fairly housed? Do they habitually, *can* they always, or usually, lead a respectable life,—such a life as befits human creatures with such attributes and capacities, and such a destiny as we still believe in? Are our social arrangements such that diligence, sobriety, and prudence will enable our people to live in health and comfort, with such reasonable leisure for enjoyment and cultivation as is needed to make life a blessing and a worthy course, and to make provision for sickness and old age? Are they, as a rule, in harmony with society, or in a state of chronic discontent against it? Can we, in comparing our lower orders with those of other lands, feel any pride or satisfaction or ease of conscience at the contrast?

Consider, first, the *education* of the poorer classes in this country, both actually and in comparison with Continental

nations. We are not about to weary or disgust our readers with familiar or superfluous statistics; the few that are essential may be relegated to a foot-note.¹ In Ireland we established many years ago something like a national system, which, on the whole, has been admirably conducted, and has worked great good, but which is now menaced with overthrow from the hostility of the Roman Catholic clergy, who fear its operation in mitigating that severance and animosity between the members of the two religions, which every true friend to the people, one would fancy, must wish to extinguish. But in England, denominational jealousy and zeal has effectually prevented hitherto the introduction of any general system under the supervision of the State, though at the same time it has, it must be admitted, worked most energetically to supply the deficiencies thus caused. Yet what is the net result? We are not now comparing the present with the past, but what ought to be with what is. It is true we have made great strides towards improving as well as extending primary education; we have established a system of State grants-in-aid, which are augmenting every year; we have required the children employed in factories and some other trades to attend school for a fixed number of hours, and we are endeavouring to introduce a similar regulation among agricultural labourers; we are discussing the principle of a school rate, obligatory, but under local supervision; and we are even beginning to talk about compulsory education. Sectarian enthusiasm has done much; private activity and munificence has done something. Yet in spite of all our efforts and all our wealth, the notorious facts cannot be gainsaid,—that our agricultural population is for the most part uninstructed mentally, and undeveloped even to stupidity; that a very large proportion of our town population never go near a school, and grow up in absolute brutality; that not one-half of the children of fitting age are to be found under instruction, and that of those who do attend or have attended school with tolerable regularity, a large proportion have their education cut short at an age which leaves little prospect of their retaining what they have acquired, and that these have few opportunities

¹ According to the best information extant, the total number of scholars in average attendance in *inspected* schools, was, in 1858, in England and Wales, 736,000, or 18 per cent. of those between five and fifteen years. In 1866, it was 871,000, probably about 20 per cent. The number in attendance in all private and public schools together, by the Registrar-General's return, was in 1851, 1,754,000, or 44 per cent. of the youthful population. The expenditure on these schools was calculated to be in 1858 about £750,000, derived from miscellaneous sources, to which the State adds now about £500,000 more. Probably now one half the whole population may attend schools of some sort with more or less of regularity.

of supplementing their deficiencies in later years. In short, among the working classes, taking the country through, a fair and useful degree of *instructedness*—a degree which makes reading a pleasure, and enables it to bear fruit—is the exception and not the rule, while the mass, reckoning them by millions, is deplorably and disgracefully without the rudiments of culture. We are speaking here of England and Wales; Scotland and Ireland, we believe, are decidedly better off.

Without decent habitations for the poor, health, comfort, and content are unattainable, and self-respect and morality are made very difficult. Dwellings, roomy enough to afford the needful separation of the sexes, supplying the first necessities of air and light, drained or drainable so as at least to prevent them from becoming fosterers and propagators of disease, well-built enough to offer at least a shelter from the inclemencies of the weather, and within reasonable distance from the daily work of the residents, these would appear an indispensable condition in all civilized communities, and are certainly indispensable in every nation which aspires to look upon the position of its poorer classes with anything approaching to complacency. If the peculiarities of our social or legal arrangements be such that working men, if industrious and sober, cannot procure such suitable dwellings for themselves,—if they are too indigent, or too helpless, or too crowded,—it would certainly seem incumbent upon the superior ranks or upon the State authorities to provide them for them. We do not hold altogether the doctrines of that school which would throw upon the Government the obligation of taking entire charge of the people, and in all points rendering itself responsible for their well-being. It is evident that such an obligation would involve a corresponding amount of interfering and controlling power which would be alien to the habits and notions of a race so peculiarly jealous of its individual liberty as Britons are. But it is surely not extravagant to require that the State should render it *possible* for its poorer classes to be well-housed, to house themselves well, where individual effort could secure that end, or to combine, direct, and facilitate associated effort, where, as in crowded cities, individual effort would be inadequate or at fault. At least it is bound to remove every legal impediment in the way of the erection of suitable dwellings in suitable localities, and to discourage and condemn in the strongest manner all attempts and all arrangements to hamper or prevent the erection of such dwellings. Especially must the provision of decent habitations for the poor be the bounden duty of all who for their own wealth or convenience have encouraged the con-

gregation of large masses of labouring men into crowded or increasing localities, and where it is provable that such habitations can be provided so as to afford a reasonable remuneration for the capital expended on them.

Now what are the notorious unexaggerated facts of the case in these respects? Neither in towns nor in agricultural districts can the labouring classes build or purchase dwellings for themselves. They do not own the land on which to erect them, nor have the money necessary for the purpose, nor, except in the rarest cases, can they procure this money by even their best and steadiest exertions. In towns, of course, they cannot build houses without municipal or Government authority, or associated organization for purposes of street-paving and drainage. The establishment of railways, the erection of public buildings, the widening of thoroughfares, and city improvements generally, are day by day pulling down the houses where the poor huddled together in order to be near their work, and relegating them to greater distances. In rural parishes the same effect has been produced by the disinclination of some landowners, and the absolute refusal of others, to allow cottages to be built upon their property lest the rates should be thereby increased. Hence the terrible amount of crowding in towns, the fearfully demoralizing gang-system in the country, and in both, a cruel addition to the labour of the poor, who have not only to do their work but to walk a long way to get to it,—all evils and wrongs deplorably upon the increase, notwithstanding our few faint recent efforts for their mitigation. We attract vast multitudes to particular districts by the hope of high pay, and to further some hastily conceived or gigantic enterprise, whether engineering or manufacturing, yet rarely make any adequate provision for housing them,—a provision which, as we all know, it is simply impossible in the majority of cases that they should make for themselves. Lastly, late experiments, and experiments by no means on a small scale, though made under considerable disadvantages, have shown beyond dispute that, even in the metropolis, really comfortable, roomy, well-fitted dwellings for the poor might be provided in every quarter, at such rents as labour can well afford to pay, and yield such return in dividends as capital may well be content to receive,—nothing being needed to supply this first and greatest of our social wants, except the simplest legislative facilities, and the commonest associated enterprise. Yet the truth still remains that in our agricultural districts a vast proportion of the working classes live in hovels where decency is difficult and comfort and self-respect impossible, and that in many of our towns, and most of all in the metropolis, the number of persons who herd together in habita-

tions scarcely ventilated, drained imperfectly or not at all, with no water supply, and, in reference to the filth, indecency, and pestilential condition of which no language can be too unmeasured, must be reckoned by hundreds of thousands at the least. There is no question as to these facts, no question as to their extent, no question as to their remediability, and, therefore, no question as to the deep reproach they cast upon our civilisation, our public spirit, and our sense of shame. We do not say that they may not be paralleled elsewhere; we do not say that similar horrors may not be witnessed in Madrid, in Paris, in Naples, or in Rome; but in Teutonic and Scandinavian cities and countries we believe they do not exist; and assuredly it is not with the worst but with the best of our neighbours that English self-complacency can be satisfied to compare ourselves. We have no right to call ourselves as civilized a people as the Prussians, the Danes, the Norwegians, the Austrians, the Dutch, the Belgians, or the Swiss, while our toiling millions are not housed as comfortably and decently as theirs. We have no right to call ourselves civilized at all, in any sound and liberal meaning of that word, so long as the actual character of the average dwellings of our poorer classes falls so far short, not only of the ideal, but of the possible and the easily attainable.

We will say nothing here of that section of our people who are virtually out of the pale of civilisation, the 'City Arabs,' as they are appropriately termed, the 'dangerous' as distinguished from the actually 'criminal' classes; though that there should be any considerable numbers of uncivilized people in a highly civilized community must be held as a blot and a reproach. But we pass over this to signalize a far wider evil and a far deeper blot, viz., the *average* condition of the agricultural labourer in England. The first may be regarded as in some measure exceptional; the second is permanent, general, and the rule, not the exception. None of the other unsound features and symptoms of our social state appears to us so shameful or so perilous as this. Here, again, wishing to avoid the faintest approach to exaggeration, and preferring to be dull and unimpressive in our delineation to encountering the charge of over-vided colouring, we will speak with brevity and in measured language, and describe only what every one knows and will admit to be the truth. The cultivators of the soil constitute far the largest industrial body in Great Britain, as in fact they must do in almost every country; they are in a manner the nucleus, the nursery, the enduring substratum of the people,—the perennial sources which recruit our cities, our workshops, and our armies, the substance, the fountain, the backbone of the population. Now, is 'this bold peasantry our

country's pride' ? What is their habitual, average condition ? We will leave aside a few districts like the Lothians and parts of Lincolnshire, where improved and scientific farming has raised, as it always must, the earnings, the intelligence, and the social well-being of the labourer, and also the parts where the vicinity of large towns and the competition of manufacturing industries have nearly doubled the old rate of wages, and we look at the purely rural counties and parishes of England and Wales. There—that is, through four-fifths of the land—the families of the agricultural labourers are usually large ; the houses in which they live habitually scanty and inadequate, unless where some æsthetic or benevolent proprietor chooses to ornament the neighbourhood of his park or his mansion with exceptional cottages of a superior order ; their children always partly, often wholly, untrained and uninstructed, because schooling is costly, difficult, wretched, or distant, but still more, because their slender earnings are needed at the earliest age to eke out the subsistence of the household ; the wages of the head of the family, in five cases out of six, in ten months out of twelve, for four-fifths of his whole career, notoriously insufficient (even when all perquisites and easements are taken into account) to maintain his wife and children in health, decency, comfort, or frugal plenty, and, *a fortiori*, therefore, yet more insufficient to afford a possible provision for sickness or old age. The utmost industry can only secure *average* wages ranging from nine to thirteen shillings a week, and the utmost frugality, even if that frugality were aided by a culinary skill and a housewifely cleverness which the peasant's helpmate has rarely a chance of acquiring, would be unequal to the achievement of making these poor earnings feed, clothe, and shelter five or six hungry creatures—or at all events of leaving any margin after doing so. It is true that the resident gentry (and perhaps still more the clergy, to the extent of their limited means) are usually very charitable to their poorer neighbours, and mitigate their sufferings, and supply their most urgent needs in special cases, and that the parish often steps in to alleviate the extreme of poverty, or the incapacities of infirmity and age ; but what a condemnation of the whole system is it, when we are reduced to point with complacency, or in arrest of judgment, to such imperfect mitigations of an evil state of things which ought never to exist at all ! When we have said, when we can say without the possibility of contradiction, that the average, the almost invariable, the settled hereditary condition of the English peasant is such that, even when industrious and sober, he can neither own his own residence, nor provide in frugal plenty the fitting necessities of life for those dependent

on him, or lay by anything for an evil day, nor (except by eleemosynary aid) keep out of the workhouse in his old age, *nor rise out of his condition, nor enable his children to do so*; that (*nota bene*) he CAN do none of these things, whatever may be his steadiness, or willingness, or exertion; surely we have said enough to warrant the severest sentence of reprobation upon the State, or upon the ruling, guiding, enjoying classes of the State where such things are, and have long been, and are tolerated and passed over as normal and not unnatural. We do not say that such a chronic and universal mischief and grievance is easy of rectification; we do not even mean to say that we see a distinct or speedy way to mend it; but we do say that the bare fact of its existence ought to shut our mouths whenever we are inclined to look with eyes of Pharisaic comparison on other nations, and to cure us for ever of our inveterate tendency to self-complacency and self-laudation.

We have been in the habit of boasting, and with reason, of our unrivalled progress and our assumed supremacy in manufactures and the useful arts. By our commerce, our enterprise, our maritime skill, our industrial ingenuity, our practical science, we have succeeded in making our country, though small in area, with a poor climate and in many parts a barren soil, the richest, and perhaps the most powerful in the world. With scarcely a single natural production, except coal and iron, we have collected and turned to use the natural productions of every other land. Our woven fabrics are the cheapest and the most wide-spread, our cutlery is (or was) incomparably the best, our machinery the most complicated and the finest, and our workmanship in nearly all departments superior to that of any other people. The exports of our manufactured articles are increasing year by year at a rate that is absolutely wonderful; in fact, it is by those exports that we live and maintain our position among nations. This is the proud and bright side of the picture. Now turn to the shameful and the dark side. What is the condition of the producers of all this wealth? What are the mutual relations of the capital and labour which combine to create those articles that all admire and need? Is our industry so organized as to yield the fullest return and the greatest benefit to those concerned, or do waste and mal-distribution meet us everywhere? Are the skilled labourers and those who direct their skill and labour in relations of paralysing hostility or of cordial co-operation? What, morally and socially, is the condition of the artisans whose energy and capacity have so long supplied the sinews of England's power and prosperity? Is their comfort as great, are their lives as worthy, as these should be? Is the state of matters on the whole one for which

we can thank God, or one for which we ought to ask God's forgiveness?

In answering these questions, we have no intention of even cursorily going over the whole field of fact. We need only point to two or three features recently and still prominently before the public mind. We will not speak of the heathen brutality of our iron-workers, of the discomfort and bad health of our factory population, of the infant mortality among the artisans of our crowded cities, or generally of the unrecruited, if not unrewarded toil, which makes up almost their whole life. These have been often displayed before us, and some of them perhaps in exaggerated or discoloured forms. But the extent of our mismanagement and *failure*—for failure in the truest sense it is—may be in some degree measured by comparing the earnings of our best-paid workmen with the condition in which they live and the amount of enjoyment they get out of life. In many trades, in certain branches of the iron manufacture, in machine and cutlery shops, in portions of the cotton and linen trades, and in others which it would be easy to enumerate, the earnings of a clever artisan and his family, range from 30s. up to £4 a week,—from £80 to £200 a year (and sometimes more),—that is, from the pay of a curate to that of a merchant's clerk, or a good *employé*. Yet, except that they have ample food and clothing, what a scanty amount of comfort and respectability do the mass of them get out of this rich remuneration! They cannot, like the agricultural labourer, plead inability to rise, to lay by stores against a rainy or an idle day, to educate their children, or provide for their old age. They might easily do all these things; they do sometimes; they might become capitalists, they might purchase time to be wise, 'leisure to be good.' They might, in short, regulate and command their own life, might dignify and beautify it,—if they knew how, and desired those ends earnestly enough,—if they were sober, frugal, intelligent, and aspiring. Some do these things, but they are comparatively rare exceptions. The mass, as they find their earnings increase, spend their surplus in animal enjoyments, or in idle quarrels, or in actual debauchery, leave their work for a day or for a week as they may fancy, and devote this day or week of easily earned leisure, not to improvement, not to refreshment, but to drink.

Again, we have constantly the spectacle, we have had it recently, we have it now, of large numbers of our labouring classes out of work at one period of the year, because they will not accept the payment offered them, and at another because they cannot get employment on any terms; refusing four shillings a day with coarse insolence in harvest-time,—begging

with shameless hardihood as soon as the frosts of winter interrupt their usual avocations ; living wastefully when work is plentiful and well-paid, and left with nothing to fall back upon when work is scarce ; reckless and extravagant in good times, destitute and squalid in bad times, yet in receipt of aggregate earnings that would make, if husbanded, an ample average. We have seen, within a shorter period than two years, large bodies of cotton operatives agitating for scantier hours of labour, throwing themselves voluntarily out of work rather than take the liberal wages previously paid, and again supported by public subscriptions and local charity by the hundred thousands, and for months, because work failed them from a famine of the raw material of their industry. It is even asserted (and we believe it, though unable at this moment to find our authority for the statement) that at one end of the kingdom owners of coal-mines were asking in vain for miners to labour in their unworked or half-worked shafts, while at the other end numbers of miners were supported in idleness by their fellows, lest they should lower wages by competing with them for employment. And last winter, after a period of commercial and industrial activity and prosperity, long and glowing without a precedent, during which labourers could scarcely be obtained in sufficient numbers, or remunerated half enough, the eastern quarters of the metropolis saw thousands of dockyard labourers and shipwrights absolutely destitute, and subsisting on charity or on the poor-rate, because trade, over-stimulated at one moment, had undergone a temporary reaction and collapse, and no provision had been made for the very probable contingency. In December the same men might have been seen asking, cap in hand, food and cast-off clothes from the same masters from whom, in June, they had surlily refused five shillings a day. Nay, if facts published at the time can be trusted, the shipyards of the Thames, in the very midst of the distress, saw shipbuilders obliged to refuse contracts which would have enabled them to employ thousands of starving workmen, because the organizations among those workmen objected to a reduction of wages which might have established an inconvenient precedent. What credit do facts like those throw upon our national reputation for organizing and utilizing our industrial resources ?

But these circumstances, little honourable as they are to our sense and skill as a self-governing community, are mere trifles in comparison with the facts now in process of revelation by the Trades-Union Commission. We spoke of this subject so lately, that we need only allude to it now. The menacing and disgraceful character of those revelations can scarcely be overdrawn.

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In answering these questions, we have no intention of even cursorily going over the whole field of fact. We need only point to two or three features recently and still prominently before the public mind. We will not speak of the heathen brutality of our iron-workers, of the discomfort and bad health of our factory population, of the infant mortality among the artisans of our crowded cities, or generally of the unrecruited, if not unrewarded toil which makes up almost their whole life. These have been often displayed before us, and some of them perhaps in exaggerated or discoloured forms. But the extent of our mismanagement and failure—for failure in the truest sense it is—may be in some degree measured by comparing the earnings of our best-paid workmen with the condition in which they live and the amount of enjoyment they get out of life. In many trades, in certain branches of the iron manufacture, in machine and millery shops, in portions of the cotton and linen trades and in others which it would be easy to enumerate, the earnings of a clever artisan and his family, range from 30s. up to £1 a week—from £50 to £200 a year (and sometimes more),—that is from the pay of a curate to that of a merchant's clerk, in a good employer. Yet except that they have ample food and clothing with a scanty amount of comfort and respectability in the mass of their get out of this rich remuneration! They cannot like the agricultural labourer, plead inability to rise, to lay in stores against a rainy or an idle day, to educate their children, or provide for their old age. They might easily do all these things. They do sometimes; they might become capitalists. They might purchase time to be wise, 'leisure to be good.' They might, as poets regulate and command their own life, might regulate and beautify it,—if they knew how, and desired these things earnestly enough,—if they were sober, frugal, intelligent, and saving. Some do these things, but they are comparatively few in number. The mass, as they find their earnings increase, spend their surplus in animal enjoyments, or in idle quarrels, or in actual debauchery, leave their work for a day or two a week as they may fancy, and devote this day or two of weekly-earned leisure, not to improvement, not to recreation, but to drink.

Again, we have constantly before us the spectacle, well known recently, we have it now, of thousands of numbers of our population, classes out of work at one period of the year, for want of the payment of wages, and who, when they cannot get employment, by terms of their contracts, are obliged to wait with course in the

They show a disorganization of industrial elements amounting to internecine warfare, where co-operation is most needful, and would seem to be most natural; a persistent and suicidal effort on the part of skilled labourers to render labour not as remunerative but as unproductive as they can, and to clog and paralyse it by artificial fetters; an ignorance on the part of the masses of the simplest economic truths, and a cowardly supineness in the hands of their leaders, which, if not surprising, is at all events deplorable and dangerous; a folly, a tyranny, a brutal injustice exercised by workmen on each other, of which the occasional outbreaks into crime and murder are perhaps its least grave features; and finally, an abnegation of its functions of protecting life and liberty and repressing outrage and oppression, on the part of Government, which is nearly as imbecile and criminal as the conduct of the illegal tribunals at whose proceedings it has for years virtually connived. We doubt whether the operatives of any other country would have acted so wickedly or so insanelly. We are confident that the rulers of no other country would have tolerated such madness or such crime. Yet we fancy ourselves entitled to look down upon our neighbours and to lecture them.

Perhaps, however, even these things are less sad than the general impression which a wider observation and comparison of the poorer classes in England, and in other countries, force upon every impartial mind of the superior *respectability*, worth, nobleness, and *sense* of Continental peasant and artisan life. On this subject we cannot do better than say what we have to say in the words of a recent writer, who spoke out of the fulness of heart of what he saw around him:—

‘Certainly the first characteristic, the most marked point of difference from the state of things at home, which forces itself on the Continental traveller in Sweden, Norway, Germany, Switzerland, and the North of Italy—we say nothing of Spain and Russia, for they are not civilized, nor of France, for that country has social sores as deep and patent as our own—is the superiority of their poorer classes, both in comforts, in manners, and in the degree and mode in which they enjoy life. We know that they are not usually nearly so well paid as our labourers and artisans, but their wages go much further, their life is far more respectable, their homes less dismal and squalid, their temper milder and more cheerful. They may not toil quite as hard, quite as efficiently, quite as ceaselessly; but they do something else beside toil. Their ideal of existence is decidedly higher, and they approach nearer to it. Indeed, when we have said that they *have* an ideal, we have at once signalized one main cause and point of their superiority. They seem to know how to enjoy themselves, and they enjoy themselves in a way our poor do not. They drink, but they drink moderately and socially. The Swiss or German imbibes light wine or pure beer with

his family and friends at a tea-garden. The English artisan or peasant of the same class either gulps down a fierce dram at a gin-shop or besots himself at an ale-house. Bulwer, in his *England and the English*, written a third of a century ago, relates that one day in Normandy he overheard a peasant excusing himself for not accepting the convivial invitation of a comrade by saying, "I have promised to take my wife and children to the guinguette, dear souls!" A week later he had crossed the Channel and was riding in Dorsetshire, when he heard a labourer calling out to a great hulking lad swinging on a gate-post, "Bill, thee look to the old sow. I be just a going to the Blue Lion to get rid of my missus and the brats—rot 'em!" The contrasted phrases speak volumes, and the contrast really is scarcely an exaggerated one. If you hear a number of men singing in the streets or lanes of English towns and villages, especially of an evening, or in numbers, ten to one it is some drunken carol or some obscene chorus. In Switzerland and Germany, and we believe in Sweden and Denmark too, the singing out of doors is ceaseless after the day's work is done; and it is generally good, always decent, and most often sentimental or patriotic. The very amusements are different, and, what is even more characteristic, the corresponding amusements are carried on in a different fashion. Music and dancing are often introduced into English (especially city) public-houses and gin-palaces, but these music saloons are among their worst and most disreputable attractions. In most towns and villages in Teutonic countries you find large rooms fitted with rude orchestra alcoves, all furniture and accessories being of the humblest and simplest description, but the music is always of at least moderate excellence, and the behaviour and manners of the frequenters usually unexceptionable.

'It is not easy to see why there should be this mortifying contrast. The race is not naturally nobler or cast in a more refined and gentle mould. The reverse indeed should be the case, for the English have the Teutonic substratum, and have mingled with it the two finest organizations in Europe—the Danish and the Norman. It does not appear to depend upon political institutions, for the same peculiarities are found in the eminently free Switzerland and Denmark, the eminently despotic Austria, and the eminently bureaucratic Prussia. It does not belong to religious influences, for it is equally observable in South Germany and the Tyrol, which are superstitiously Catholic; and in North Germany, which is rationalistically Protestant. Climate has something to do with it, but less than is generally supposed; for the winters of Germany are more inclement than our own. It is partly owing, no doubt, to the fact that in these Continental States the communities have never, as with us, outgrown their governmental institutions, so as to have got from under the hold of State control or of upper class influence. The population has never got congregated into such utterly unwieldy masses as we find in England. There is somebody to look after everybody; and the degree in which the authorities do look after every one, which would fret Englishmen, and which we are prone to regard as a symptom of their want of individual liberty,

It is not unexceptionable. I see why there should be this mortifying contrast. It is naturally nobler or cast in a more refined and gentle mould. Indeed should be the case, for the English have the advantage, and have mingled with it the two finest elements—the Danish and the Norman. It does not show itself in political institutions, for the same peculiarities are to be seen in the politically free Switzerland and Denmark, the eminently free Switzerland and Denmark, the eminently free Switzerland and Denmark, the eminently free Switzerland and Denmark. It is the result of religious influences, for it is equally observable in the Tyrol, which are superstitiously Catholic; in Prussia, which is rationalistically Protestant. Climate has something to do with it, but less than is generally supposed; for the climate of the Continent is more inclement than our own. It is partly the result of the fact that in these Continental States the communities have grown up under the hold of State control or of despotic government, as we find in England. There is something in the degree in which the authorities would fret Englishmen, and which we fret them, from the want of individual liberty,

has a great deal to do with the result we are signaling. The general diffusion of education must be one main contributor no doubt. All do and must go to school, and the education given there has an æsthetic element mingled with it, which our schools lack, and the refining and softening effect of which is invaluable. Then this universal training, which, since it is universal, there is nothing in after life and in their daily *entourage* to undo (as there is in England), enables them at once to make moderate earnings go a long way, and to be satisfied with those simple and rational enjoyments which are compatible with very moderate means, if only the desires are moderate also; and which, in fact, need nothing but reasonable leisure and reasonable sense to be brought within the reach of every one. Many are very poor: but no degree of poverty seems to preclude a relish for the great boon of existence, or to degenerate into wretchedness and squalor.

'There appears also in Germany—and this must be one of the great helps to that respectability of life among the poor of which we are speaking—to be an entire absence of that very lowest and most degraded class whom we call "City Arabs"—habitual paupers, and the like. There is not only a smaller "criminal class," but apparently no rascally, villainous, utterly brutal and vicious class at all. The "dangerous classes" in Germany have never been suffered to grow up, to congregate, to come to a head as it were. The Governments have looked after their duties far too vigilantly for that. The State may have been often unenlightened, selfish, and repressive, but it has never so abnegated or forgotten its functions as we have done. Among all its errors, the error of *laissez faire* has been avoided, and what *laissez faire* has done for England and the English masses we are just beginning to be dimly conscious. On the whole, of the two opposite systems it can scarcely be said that ours, to judge by such results as we can measure, has been the most successful. The insular one has secured freedom, but has paid very dear for the blessing. The continental one may have cramped men's energies and repressed their individual capacities and wills; but at least it has something to show for its proceedings in the shape of diffused comfort and sense, simplicity, and respectability of existence. The "dismal illiberal life of Islington," the ruffianly life of Sheffield, and the brutal wallowing life of St. Giles's seem alike unknown in Central Europe; and it is this which makes it so resting and refreshing for an English philanthropist to travel there.'

But it is not the life of the lower classes only that is unsatisfactory and unworthy. That often, perhaps we may say habitually, led by the middle and upper ranks is not such as can be contemplated with complacency by any one who has a due conception of the purposes for which life was given, or the fruits it may be made to yield. We are not referring here to actual wrong-doing or to positive neglect of duties; we merely mean that life is neither used as it ought to be, nor enjoyed as it might be; that though, next to the Americans, the most striving people upon earth, yet for want of a fit standard of the

objects worth striving for, half our efforts are wasted ; that, for want of a rational understanding of what constitutes happiness, our lives are incomparably less happy than they ought to be, and than we have the means of making them. Life among the middle classes is a race, a hurry, and a toil—often a mad rush ; the predominant feature is that of struggling to *get on* ; every man is labouring to be rich, and to be rich quickly, not that he may have enough to enjoy, to earn rest, to moderate his pace, but that he may grow richer and richer still, and rise into a higher social niche. No doubt this characteristic makes us the energetic and achieving people that we are ; but it has its dark and indefensible side ; it makes us dwell in means and forget ends, *propter vitam vivendi perdere causas* ; it gives us success, but success often in objects that neither embellish, nor endear, nor dignify existence, objects which we scarcely relish when acquired, and which, if we did relish, would rather sink than raise us in worthiness. Continental people *enjoy* while we are incessantly striving to *acquire*, and to acquire what often brings no peace and little pleasure. We spend all our years in gaining wealth, but we do not spend our wealth when gained so as to secure happiness ; we neither repose, nor pause, nor stop in our pursuit ; we have no *content* in us ; we purchase spreading vines, and plant shady fig-trees, but we never sit under them to enjoy the shadow and the fruit at leisure.

With a great proportion of the upper classes the case is different, but even more unsatisfactory. They have ample wealth, but wealth with them only purchases luxury, and luxury does not bring them happiness. The requirements of society increase as affluence increases, till life becomes almost as difficult to the rich as to the poor. Thousands upon thousands of men and women in the higher circles (as all know too well who mix familiarly among them) are wretched because they have nothing to do and nothing to desire, and commit every folly and extravagance simply because life offers no object, and yields them no joy.

‘ I know you, Clara Vere de Vere,
 You pine amid your lordly towers,
 The languid light of your proud eyes
 Is weary of the rolling hours.
 In glowing health, with boundless wealth,
 Yet sickening of a vague disease.’

We do not complain of the one class because they toil for money, nor of the other because they squander it, but of both because they seem incapable of so using it as to make life enjoyable and bright. If they either devoted it to great aims or

spent it in real pleasure, it would at least yield some appropriate fruit. As it is, Englishmen, while the wealthiest people in the world, are, with the exception of the Americans, the least happy or contented, and all through mistaken views and unchastened tempers.

The increasing luxury of the age, and luxury of an unworthy and unrewarding kind, is, as we all know, the trite theme of moralists, and we have no idea of repeating their teachings and reproaches. But before closing this paper, we wish to signalize one feature of our present social state, which, if it has not escaped attention among close observers, has, so far as we know, been little spoken of in print, which has deeper meaning and consequences than are at first view apparent, and which we believe is almost peculiar to Great Britain among European nations. It is closely connected with the luxury of which we have just been speaking. We refer to the increasing disuse of and disinclination to marriage among the upper and upper middle ranks. England has always been the country of old maids; it is becoming so more and more. In France, in Germany, on the Continent generally, nearly all women are married sooner or later, usually pretty soon; female celibacy (out of conventual life) is a rare exception;—in this country, in the higher ranks at least, it is growing alarmingly common.

Let us first look at a few facts and figures. As a general, almost universal rule, it is well known that while more males than females are born, more females are always living than males. At birth there is a preponderance of the male sex to the extent of three or four per cent., but boys die faster as well as men, so that towards the age of eighteen the sexes are about equal in number, and after that age women preponderate. The average excess of women would appear to be about 3 per cent.—i.e., 103 women to every 100 men,—or, above the age of twenty, 5 or 6 per cent., say 105 women to every 100 men. This excess varies in different countries, and there is some reason to believe that it is gradually increasing.¹ Now, without going into any discussion on the point, we may assume that this proportion points to the ratio of women who, in a natural state of things, would remain unmarried, there being no mates for them, or they having no vocation for married life, or Providence having other duties for them to discharge. Some reasoners are of opinion that it may indicate a provision for limited polygamy. We are

¹ According to the figures given by the Registrar-General for Scotland in his report on the census of 1861, the proportion is as follows:—Sweden, 6·3 per cent.; Norway, 4·2; German Union, 2·3; Holland, 1·8; Spain, 1·5; France (1856), 1·9; do. 1860, 1·05; Denmark, ·8; Prussia, ·7. In America, as might be anticipated, there is an excess of men of about 5 per cent.

all well aware that some such moderate number of single women is greatly needed; we should get on ill indeed without them; they are often the most valuable and indispensable members of society. There are also, probably, about this proportion, say 4 or 5 per cent., who prefer celibacy from taste or temperament. But as a rule, it would seem as if all except this small excess were intended to marry, and as a rule also, we know that in most countries they do, and that when social circumstances do not interfere they generally would, and on an average by the age of twenty-five years. Now, what is the case in England and Wales, to which, for the convenience of figures, we will confine our statement?¹ The excess of women, taken at 3 per cent., would be 300,000;—it is (*at home*) 513,000, or, allowing for soldiers and sailors abroad, 350,000. The excess of women over the age of twenty is 390,000. The excess between the ages of twenty and forty is 280,000. The *inevitable* number of spinsters of mature age would therefore be (say) from 300,000 to 400,000. The *actual* number is 1,230,000 between twenty and forty years of age, and 1,537,000 if we take all ages over twenty. That is to say, whereas, naturally, only about 400,000 women over twenty would be unmarried, as a fact 1,537,000 are so. Of all adult women 5 per cent. would naturally and voluntarily be spinsters;—as a fact 27 per cent. are so. Of women of marrying ages,—*i.e.*, between twenty and forty,—58 per cent. are married, 39 per cent. are spinsters, and 3 per cent. are widows. Or, to place it in a succincter form still, three are married and two are single out of every five. The proportion varies much in different parts of the country. Thus, in London, 41 per cent. of the women of the specified ages are spinsters; in Surrey, Sussex, Middlesex, Westmoreland, and Cumberland, an average of 45 per cent.; in Staffordshire and Monmouth only 30 per cent. In fact, the ratio ranges from about a third to nearly half.

Now, it is to be presumed that of the million and a half of adult women who are spinsters, upwards of a million, probably a million and a quarter, would have been married if they could; that is, if they had had offers, and eligible offers, if they had not had more pressing ties and obligations, if the men who proposed had been able to maintain them, or if they had not feared falling into a lower grade of comfort or society, or if, in some way or other, marriage were either not out of their reach, or had not to be bought too dear. In other words, the difference between the 4 or 5 per cent. who **MUST** remain in celibacy, and

¹ The excess of women of all ages is in Scotland 11 per cent., and in Ireland 4½; of women between twenty and forty years of age, 23 per cent. in Scotland, and 9 per cent. in Ireland. Scotland is quite abnormal in this respect.

the 27 or 39 per cent. who DO, is *the measure of our divergence from a thoroughly natural, sound, healthy, social condition.* We scarcely see how this inference can be evaded or invalidated.

But these figures do not give us accurately the full measure of the evil we are signalizing; mere figures never can. An inordinate proportion of these involuntary and undesirable spinsters is to be found in the upper and upper middle ranks,—in what Basil Hall used to call the spending classes,—in what we are accustomed to regard as the ‘easy classes,’ and what would be the easy classes were our ideas rational and our life worthy. Putting aside domestic servants, the great majority of women in the lower classes do marry, and often marry early. The same may be said of the lower middle class. Men in both these ranks *want* wives, find them in many respects a help rather than a burden, and have no substitute for them. It is when we reach those who have fixed incomes, who have ‘appearances to keep up’ on moderate means, who do not see any way of rising, and yet are anxious not to sink; and still more when we go higher, and come to those who live among the rich without being rich themselves, who possess what to a country clergyman would be a welcome competence, but to a swell guardsman, or a scion of a noble family, or a ‘younger son,’ is a bare pittance, who would despise trade, and have no brains or industry for a profession; in a word, who have enough for a luxurious life, if single, but only for a pinched, or at least for a retired and humble life, if married; it is these who avoid marriage, and who condemn the women of society to celibacy. No one who knows anything of the ranks of which we speak can fail to see that marriage for at least half, perhaps a majority of their women, is becoming rather an improbability than otherwise; but only those who see into the interior life of those ranks can be fully aware of all the misery, the deterioration of character, the loss of health, the bitterness of feeling, to say nothing of actual vice and sin, which spring out of or are connected with this unnatural state of things. It is a positive and a growing social gangrene, which is eating very deep into the heart of the nation, and the various symptoms of the malady react upon and aggravate each other. It is unnatural; and nature always avenges herself for any departure from her instincts and her rules. It is of no use blinking the facts: celibacy is as abnormal a condition for women as for men. Leaving out of view the exceptionally intellectual, the exceptionally spiritual, the exceptionally occupied,—those who are nuns and *sœurs de charité* spontaneously and by inherent vocation—marriage is the natural and normal state for women, for many at eighteen, for all before five-and-twenty;—those who embrace single life from sincere, deliberate, native

preference, will always, in a healthy condition of society, be comparatively few. Those on whom it is forced by the selfishness and self-indulgence of men, by their own love of luxury and show, by the fancied requirements and the iron tyranny of their own circles, by the inveterate habit of grasping at the shadow and not at the substance, are deplorably many. The mischievous operation of this enforced celibacy is multifarious; we can only glance at a few of its manifestations; some of them it is even difficult to hint at. We need not say much of its effect on health and temper; the victims themselves know a little of this; mothers know or guess at something more; physicians only are or can be fully conscious of the depth or prevalence of the mischief. Next to this comes the *désœuvrement* that makes the life of girls in the upper ranks, after the first glow of youth is past, so profoundly uninteresting; *they have nothing to do*; pleasure has begun to pall; no distinct duties press upon them; amusements and social recreations and shallow accomplishments are the nearest approach to duties or *functions* they have never known. Having no husband or children, the thousand little cares and toils that fill up and bless and harass the lives of others are lost to them; dawdling over painting or music or books don't answer the purpose; they have no employment for the rolling hours, and are weary of them; they vainly try to find occupation or to make it; and to our fancy the sun in his wide circuit scarcely shines down upon a sadder or more touching spectacle than that of a crowd of beautiful lay nuns turning charitable or missionary or ritualistic because debarred from the natural vent for their emotions and capacities. Half the ritualism, as well as half the 'fastness' which infest our high class life, is nothing but a form and an outbreak of unconscious or suppressed hysteria. But this is not all; most of the fierceness with which pleasure is pursued by women of rank and fashion; most of the costly excess in ornament and dress, is traceable to the same source. Children and domestic life—if children and domestic life were the almost invariable rule, and could therefore give the tone and lay down the law—would soon tame down all that wild extravagance. Pleasure is sought because life must have some interest to render it endurable; and pleasure grows morbid, eccentric, and meretricious, because its ordinary forms soon cease to please. Pleasure, too, can afford to be expensive, because the pleasure-seekers have no babies to nurse or to provide for. There is worse still behind; women, because marriage is so often unattainable, do not seek it or desire it less for that; on the contrary, for desirable or desired connexions they are willing to make the most stupendous sacrifices and exertions; the more shy the deer

the greater the skill and courage necessary for the stalking; to please and to win, things are done and manners are assumed which ought not to please any man or to win any prize; and the *monde* is seen to imitate and trench upon the *demi-monde* in the hope of rivalling its attractions and enticing back the victims it has lured away. Nay, we have been assured by those who have good means of knowing the facts, that even the above enumeration does not exhaust the entire catalogue of mischiefs and insurgencies arising out of the evil we have signalized. This is a matter which it is not easy to speak of, and which it is impossible to prove; but we believe it is so, and we should be astonished were it otherwise.

Now, whence, in the last resort, does all this spring? No necessity can be pleaded for it, and therefore no excuse. It is not more difficult to live than formerly, but less so. Population has increased, but wealth has increased far faster. Production has increased at a greater ratio than our numbers; and the production of nearly every article of comfort or necessity. It is that luxury has increased in the greatest ratio of all; that our wants—our *requisitions*, not our *needs*—have increased faster than our means. It is not that the same income, which in the last generation enabled a man to maintain a wife and children, in the present generation will enable him only to maintain himself; and this, *nota bene*, not because the prices of the real necessities of life have risen—for often where they have risen, the rise is due to the very mischief we are signaling (our wasteful extravagance of life)—but because he insists on having more of them; because he drinks champagne now where he drank port then; because he keeps a powdered flunkey where his father was content with ‘a neat-handed Phillis,’ and was incomparably more comfortable with her; because he will keep a cab and be a member of one or two luxurious clubs. No common income will enable a man to burn a candle at both ends, to keep horses and carriages and *a wife as well*, to indulge in all the luxuries and amenities of the most gilded civilisation in the world, and in the sweeter and deeper joys of domestic life into the bargain; and the young men of this generation, the *jeunesse dorée* of the day—with their puny passions, their languid affections, and their feeble wills—deliberately prefer to forego the wife, for whom they can find a passable substitute, rather than surrender the smooth, self-indulgent, unanxious, amused existence, the unworthiness of which they have no brain to recognise, and the hollowness of which they have no heart to feel.

The fault lies with the men. The women are to blame, but men are incomparably more so, for it is they who do, or might

give the tone on all social matters. Thousands of women would prefer love to splendour,—a bare competence, even a struggling poverty, with children, to the most luxurious life without,—if men had the courage to offer them the choice. But the force and romance of passion seems so to have died out among our higher circles, the love of this generation of young men is so languid and feeble a preference, that they will dare and sacrifice nothing for it; still less embrace a life of toil for it. They engage the affections of young girls, or find them within their reach, and then sheer off, and (as they call it) ‘save themselves,’ because they find they will have only seven or eight hundred a year to live upon, and ‘that, you know, my dear, is squalid poverty.’ They prefer a vicious and heartless youth, and a joyless and loveless old age, because they have no nerve to work, and no fortitude to forego; or because they have no true conception of what are the essential realities, and what the mere accidents and appendages of life. There is yet another and more conclusive reason why men must take the lion’s share of the blame. They will not marry, but they do not lead a life of celibacy; it is notorious that they do not. If their choice lay, as that of women in their rank ordinarily does, between chastity and marriage, there is no question that they would choose marriage, though they would enforce chastity on women. But they provide themselves with the physical indulgences of love at what they consider a cheaper rate; and as for the sentiment and the affection of love, they value those too little to be willing to pay the necessary price. They can afford themselves a mistress, but not a wife; at least they fancy so, though sometimes the mistress turns out in the end the costlier luxury of the two. But they obtain the one without the daily *gêne*, and without the life-long tie, and without the *possible* sacrifice of social position and accustomed self-indulgent luxury, and therein lies the secret of the ignoble preference.

We have no wish to *preach*; no writer accountable to God for the use of his time would preach on such a subject to such an audience. We have no idea of calling upon the luxurious classes of society to give up the pursuit of ease because it is unworthy, or the practice of pleasure because it is vicious. But if all would merely forego those luxuries which bring them no enjoyment, and that splendour which yields no real comfort, and that indolence which renders life a burden sometimes very weary to bear; if they would cut down those large establishments which they constantly complain are a trouble and embarrassment, and not a facility to life; if they would abandon those heavy feasts which entail disease and dyspepsia in place of health and strength; if they would give up the ponderous and fatiguing magnificence which makes the *monde* so dull, and sends

so many of its votaries to the *demi-monde* for relaxation ; if, in short, they would limit their expenditure to that which really adds to their enjoyment, without retrenching a single article that gives them a balance of pleasure, the battle would be nearly won. We do not ask them to cultivate simplicity of life, though thousands of the rich and great sigh after that wisely, but feebly, and therefore in vain ; but if they would cut off all those superfluities and complications which neither oil the wheels of life, nor embellish, nor enrich it,—which, in a word, they do not relish or enjoy ; let every one follow out the calculation and see where it would land him. Fewer servants, and those that were retained in consequence far cheaper, more efficient, more willing, and valuing their places more, in fact real helps instead of lazy and powdered encumbrances. Fewer horses and carriages, less state to keep up, *i.e.*, less *gêne* to endure. Banquets shorter, wholesomer, less costly, and incomparably livelier and more agreeable ; society far easier, simpler, more attractive. Prices of nearly every thing lower, tradesmen more honest, because better looked after, if perhaps a trifle less obsequious. Life less monotonous and wearisome. Larger allowances to younger sons, larger dowries to marry daughters ; marriage brought within the reach of thousands now really or in fancy debarred from it ; substitutes for marriage in consequence less common, and by degrees considered less reputable. Incomes now held to be insufficient, becoming adequate and ample ; a host of carking and degrading anxieties falling away from the liberated soul of man. How few noble and wealthy families might not cut down their expenditure thirty per cent., and be the happier for the saving ! and what a change would come over the whole face of ‘society,’ if this were done ! If something of this kind be not done, the higher classes will grow weaker and less energetic—less *living* and less worthy to live—as those beneath grow stronger and more powerful, and society will be recruited from below instead of being influenced from above. And if some change of this sort be not wrought, there will be small reason to regret the inevitable issue.¹

¹ Mr. Hepworth Dixon, in his astonishingly wordy but most curious and suggestive book, *New America*, depicts analogous social evils to some of those alluded to in the text, as existing in the United States in even an aggravated form, and as springing there from a disproportion of the sexes in exactly the opposite direction to that which prevails here. According to him the aggregate excess of *white* women there is 730,000 ; only eight of the States show an equality of the sexes in number. In some of the more newly settled territories the disproportion is frightful, there being often three or four men to one woman. We scarcely know to what extent his general and more unstatistical statements can be accepted as unreservedly accurate and trustworthy, but all who wish either to get to the heart of this intricate and

Burke said, nearly a century ago, that he could not draw up an indictment against a whole nation. We, it will be thought, have done so, and the nation is our own; and on every count in the indictment a verdict of guilty must be recorded. If we have denounced much, we have passed over even more. We have not said a word of Army and Navy mismanagement, of the mal-administration and incapacity which, especially in the former case, wastes so much money, sacrifices so many lives, blunders over so many enterprises, fails in so many efforts, incurs so much ridicule and reproach, and does all this annually, repeatedly, perennially, with impunity and apparently without shame. We have not even touched upon the wide and disgusting field of workhouse abuses, of the brutality of officials, the cold, vulgar, parsimonious cruelty of guardians, the languid apathy and frequent inefficiency of the central inspection. We have been silent upon the false delicacy and wretched affecta-

painful subject, or to gain an adequate conception *how* intricate and grave it is, should read the second volume of his work with care, especially chapters iii.-xxv. He declares that in New York, and in other cities of the Union, the very same reckless profligacy—only in a more outrageous and extreme form—which here has been considered to be caused or promoted by the great redundancy and consequent poverty and helplessness and enforced celibacy of women, is there traceable to the redundancy of the other sex (ii. pp. 28-31). He affirms further (ii. pp. 265-272), that the ladies of the Eastern and more polished States, both New England and New York, though they habitually marry and have a choice in marriage rarely vouchsafed to their European sisters, object to becoming mothers, and are in a sort of tacit (not always tacit) conspiracy to limit the number of their children; and that to such an extent is this carried, and so obvious are already its effects, that the native-born population is diminishing, and Irish and Germans bid fair to be the chief progenitors of the future citizens of the United States. We have no means of knowing how much of truth, and how much of exaggeration, there may be in this statement. We believe, however, that confirmatory statistics might be appealed to; and we remember meeting with an assertion (by an American writer), quoted some years since in Captain Marryatt's *Diary on America* (iii. p. 177), corroborative of some of Mr. Hepworth Dixon's assertions. Mr. Dixon traces, with much apparent reason, to this scarcity of women in the United States, not only the commanding position they assert and hold, but the wild vagaries into which they often run; their agitation for 'women's rights'; their new and daring social and sexual experiments, such as Mormonism, Shakerism, Free-Love, and the like; their eccentricities in dress and customs; their demand for professional equality (or *promiscuity*, if we may so call it) with men; the rational desire of many to amend the laws relating to the marriage-tie; the irrational notion of others that it may be superseded altogether, or some substitute or supplement contrived for it. Mr. Hepworth Dixon, in these remarkable chapters, has opened a great question, but has not fathomed it. Indeed, how could he, in a work expressly designed for a wide and miscellaneous circulation?

It must, however, be noticed, in qualification of his argument, that in all the New England States (except two) where these female vagaries most break out, there is an *excess* of women, as also in New York, where vulgar profligacy is said to be most rife.

tion which insists upon shutting its eyes to some of the most eating cancers that prey upon the public morals and the public health, while they spread and deepen and grow inveterate under our fostering neglect. We have passed over the prevalent vice of drunkenness, which is known to lie at the root of half the misery, and more than half the crime of the lower classes, and which yet we do so much to encourage, and so little to check. We have not even alluded to our frivolous literature, our feeble and divided Churches playing feebly with the greatest problems of the age or shirking them like cowards, our sham religion and our fierce impiety, the false gods we follow after, the miserable creeds we impose on others and half fancy we believe ourselves. But we have enumerated evils, wrongs, and grievances enough to give work to our legislators, moralists, and philanthropists for long years to come, and one would hope to cure us for ever of our incredible propensity to self-acquittal and self-glorification. *Pavoneggjorsi*, as the Italians picturesquely express it, ought to be our national vice no longer. We have seen that our boasted purity in the administration of justice succeeds neither in righting wrongs, nor in deciding disputes, nor in repressing crime, nor in protecting property and life; that we neither educate our people, nor house our poor, nor drain our streets, nor govern our cities with even ordinary decency or skill; that our vast associated enterprises are as gigantic in their blunders and their failures as in their aims, and are not free from a terrible stain of immorality; that our most brilliant national industries display a grievous lack of that organization and internal harmony, without which nothing can flourish long; that the largest section of our working class is the most hopeless in its condition and its prospects, the most helpless and the least helped; that, in a word, the habitual life of both upper and lower ranks is in its truest essence neither happy, respectable, nor worthy; and that society, in what may be termed the easy and leisure classes, is deeply tainted with a new and growing evil, of which no eye can measure the full mischief or trace the ultimate ramifications. In short, while careful to avoid not merely any statement that could be questioned, but any delineation of unquestioned facts which could be charged with over-colouring or exaggeration, we have drawn a picture of a nation unsound in many of its most vital parts, yet almost unconscious of its diseases, and even proud of its fancied health.

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